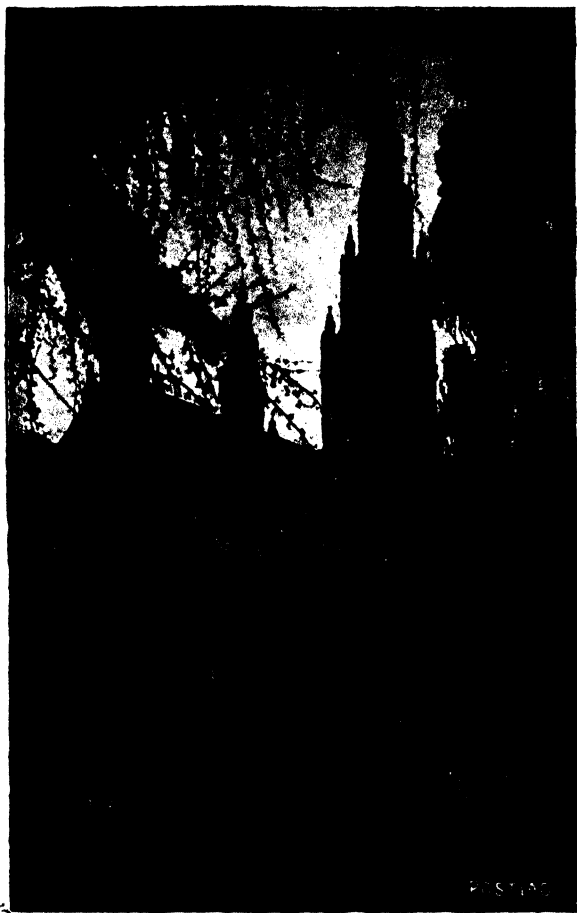


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VIENNA YESTERDAY AND TODAY

BY

J. ALEXANDER MAHAN, M. S., M. D.

WITH FIFTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THIS work is not intended as a competitor of the many guidebooks of Vienna to be found on the market. One cannot really learn a city from guidebooks. They supply only the skeleton or framework upon which the living body of a city hangs. With them many of the most interesting features must be much abbreviated in deference to completeness.

The book represents an attempt to select the most important places of the city and the most striking characteristics of the people, and to describe them in an interesting and popular way. The aim has been to produce such a volume as the traveler or student would like to read when visiting or studying the city for the first time.

While the text discusses politics it was not written for any political purpose. It is absolutely unbiased. The author has no politics from an Austrian standpoint.

J. A. M.

PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION

THE necessity for a fourth edition of this book enables the author to revise it and bring it up to date. This has been done by changing the text in certain places and by adding a supplement which summarizes the important events since the first edition. The supplement is divided into chapters corresponding with those of the text, so that, after completing a chapter of the book, the reader may readily turn to the supplement, immediately preceding the index, and read the additions and corrections.

The special feature of this book is that it tells more of the life and history of the city than is usually found in a guidebook, and the author is more than delighted with the many expressions of appreciation received from readers. The work is dedicated to the task of making the stranger's stay in the city pleasant and profitable, and giving him something to carry home as a pleasant souvenir of his visit.

It is also hoped that this volume may be considered worthy of a place in the library of the general reader, because of the information it contains and the pictures of Viennese life it presents.

Dr. J. A. Mahan.

I.

VIENNA'S CALL

VIENNA, the third city in population and the largest in area on the continent of Europe, is located on the Danube with an arm of the river flowing directly through the municipality. It has a population of nearly two millions, an area of 276 square kilometers and an elevation varying from 151 meters on the Danube to 543 on Hermannskogel.

It claims to have the greatest area of open parks, the finest array of public buildings, the best kept streets and the best water system of any city in Europe. For transportation, police protection and sanitary conditions it belongs in the highest class of the old world cities. As a continental center for English speaking students it unquestionably holds the first place, partly due to its scholarly attainments and partly because so many of its professors and instructors speak the English language.

As a place of amusement it rivals Paris. It certainly surpasses the French capital in operas and concerts, but is rather outdone in the matter of revues and night life. As a point of historical interest, Vienna is excelled only by Rome. Before the time of the crusades it has little to offer, but from that epoch to the era of Napoleon it was

in the thickest of every contest. As to its place in art there may be some dispute. Like Paris, Rome, Florence, Madrid and several of the German cities, it has acres of painted canvas and a most bewildering collection of monuments and sculptures.

In the matter of shopping it offers advantages, in certain lines, over every other city. Its leather goods are very famous and for some special forms of jewelry and etchings it is the best market of all the European cities. For picturesque environs it stands unrivaled by any large city on the continent of Europe. In the political and financial world Vienna is the most interesting municipality on the face of the globe; the only large one (if we may exclude Russia) in which radical socialism has had full sway for an extended number of consecutive years. The student of political economy may linger for weeks finding new measures to condemn or extol according to his personal convictions.

Vienna has a long list of hotels and pensions with prices and accommodations graduated to suit every taste and purse. At the present time it is more expensive than the French cities, but cheaper than Italy, Germany and England.

In no city of Europe, not even excepting those of the allied countries, will the American find less of which to complain in regard to the attitude of the people. Vienna has many very good reasons to be friendly toward Americans and none to be otherwise. Moreover the people are naturally of a most amiable disposition. Like all the inhabitants of Europe, they want American dollars, but, unlike some, wish to give something worth while in exchange. They will make the visitor's stay

so pleasant that, upon departure, instead of saying "Good-bye," he is apt to return their hearty "Auf Wiedersehen."

If all the above is true, and the writer knows from much travel in Europe that it is, the tourist can scarcely afford to strike Vienna from his European itinerary.

II.

VIENNA OF YESTERDAY

THE founding of Vienna is usually accredited to the Romans, although it is known that there was a prior settlement of Celts on the Danube where Vienna now stands. The Roman legions seized this settlement and converted it into a fortification. The beginning of the Celtic town is lost in antiquity and the date of the appearance of the Romans varies somewhat according to different historians. The Romans called the stronghold Vindobona, which also seems to have been the name of the Celtic town.

It is known that the tenth legion of the Roman army was here in the year, 70 A. D. Vindobona was not only an army-post but also an important trade center. It was one of the principal shipping points on the Danube. Its population was not so great as that of Carnuntum, about thirty miles farther down the river, but in the end it managed to hold out longer.

It is pleasant to linger a moment in contemplation of these old fortified Roman cities, for this is the region from which came the people that eventually conquered and destroyed Rome. Information concerning these outposts has been largely derived from excavations.



Hoher Markt in 1500 A. D.

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The very heart and center of the old stronghold of Vindobona seems to have been in what is now known as the Hoher Markt. Here was the Praetorium, or residence of the commanders of the legions. Adjacent were the markets, baths, brickworks and banks. A little toward the Danube, was the watch-tower from which signals could be exchanged with others located along the southern banks of the river. There were fortifications at Salzburg, Linz, Carnuntum and on down the river to Buda-Pesth. Vindobona was an important link in the strong chain that held the line of the Danube. All these stations were connected by land roads and river navigation. From Vindobona the road led through Baden and the healing qualities of its springs, now so completely utilized by the Austrians, were known and used in the time of the Romans.

The German barbarians living in this vicinity were called Marcomanni, and were seldom at peace with their conquerors for any great length of time. There are records of bloody battles fought on the banks of the Danube to the southeast of Vindobona, in which the slaughter of the natives was most appalling. The Romans gave them credit for great bravery. Even the women fought with hatchets and, when defeated, threw themselves upon the Roman spears and died rather than submit to captivity.

Vindobona was surrounded by a strong wall and the enclosure was reserved entirely for the Romans. Although the barbarians were never friendly with their conquerors, they eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity to learn something of the sciences and arts; especially the improved methods of warfare. They took

up residence just outside the wall and maintained a lively commerce. Hence Vindobona was Roman inside the bastions and German outside. Under instructions from the Romans the barbarians learned to work the mines and forests and till the soil. They brought their produce to the gates and traded them for manufactured articles, and often, clandestinely, for implements of warfare. More than once the Romans were wounded in battle by spears that had thus found their way into the hands of the barbarians.

Trajan, in the first century, bridged the Danube and pushed his conquests beyond to the north and east. A record of his adventures in this northern country is inscribed at great length upon the celebrated column that bears his name in Rome. The territory beyond the Danube was soon abandoned by his successors but the line of the river was held for nearly five centuries.

Many of the mighty Caesars trod the streets of Vindobona. Marcus Aurelius resided here and at Carnuntum most of the time for ten years. It was here that he wrote some of his most celebrated works. He died at Vindobona and was cremated with great pomp and ceremony somewhere near what is now called Ulrichs-Platz. His wife, Anna Faustina, was also in Vindobona and his heir, Commodus, who became the famous "Conqueror of a Thousand Gladiators" in the Roman Colosseum, hastened from here to Rome to become the next emperor. In his eagerness to depart, he negotiated a disgraceful treaty with the Germans; the beginning of the decline of the Romans on the Danube. The soldiers of the tenth, thirteenth and fourteenth legions were

drilled in the space where now stands the beautiful monument in the *Hoher Markt*.

The Romans built largely of bricks and had the habit of marking them with inscriptions before they were burnt. These with the coins and imperishable articles buried with the dead have furnished much reliable information as to the customs of the people and important historical events. In 325 A. D., Christianity became the official religion of the empire and the Germans were largely converted to the faith. This religious belief they have maintained from that day to this.

Then came the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Attila, the Hun, captured many of the Roman posts on the Danube. He died in 435 A. D., but his successor continued the warfare. Carnuntum fell, and later Vindobona. From the latter place the last of the Roman legions withdrew in 488 taking with them "*Kind und Kegel*," as one German historian remarks.

At Carnuntum there remain standing to this day the ruins of a Colosseum that originally seated eight thousand people, but in Vindobona every building was razed to the ground. However many imperishable articles remained in the soil. It is said the bricks were gathered and used in the foundations of the oldest churches; St. Peter's, St. Stephan's and St. Ruprecht's. Vindobona passed from existence and was forgotten for the space of nearly three hundred years, and, when the place is mentioned again, it appears under the new name of "*Wien*." The name was originally pronounced "*Vi-en*," and this pronunciation is conserved in the French "*Vienne*," in which the last letter is of course silent. The High-German pronunciation is "*Veen*," but many

of the inhabitants of Vienna pronounce it "Vay-an." While there is no authority for the statement, it seems likely that the English spelling is derived from the French by simply changing the final "e" to "a". In this round-about manner it has come to pass that the English name has three syllables and the German only one. The new German city rose almost exactly where the old Roman one stood.

From the destruction of Vindobona till the coming of the Hapsburgs, toward the close of the thirteenth century, the valley of the Danube was several times swept clean by contending forces that came alternately from the east and west. The Avari came from the steppes of Asia and pushed the Christians upstream far beyond Vienna. All the lower country returned to paganism and the inhabitants grew rich from the gold mined in the mountains. They occupied the land for two and a half centuries. They were a nomadic people and there is no record that they rebuilt any of the old Roman cities.

Next, from the west came Charlemagne, a mighty Christian warrior, bearing a sword in one hand and the cross in the other, destroying everything as he advanced and appropriating the rich hoards of gold accumulated by the Avari. According to his own historian, the devastation of the land was so complete that one might travel for months without encountering a single dwelling. It was during the time of Charlemagne, near the close of the eighth century, that Vienna again appeared in history. The great conqueror was in the region of Vienna much of the time between the years 788 and 796 A. D.

It was during that period that the present church of St. Ruprecht was built. While it has been much re-

stored at different times, it is claimed that it has the same form as when first erected. This church therefore has the honor of being the oldest building in the city of Vienna. St. Peter's, just off the Graben, also dates from that time but has since been completely torn down and reconstructed.

After the time of Charlemagne, the current was reversed and the Huns and Magyars appeared in this region. They migrated up the Danube and occupied the country to a point above Vienna. As reliable an account as any of the origin of these people states that the Huns are Turks and the Magyars, Mongolians. They were pagans, being devoted to a religion called Shannanism, which is still practiced by some of the people east of the Black and Caspian Seas. They are said to have allowed their Christian prisoners to retain their religious faith and, in some instances, permitted them to promulgate their doctrines among their captors. In this manner Christianity was re-established throughout this region.

In 955, Otho I., one of the successors of Charlemagne, defeated the Huns and Magyars so decisively that the Huns were practically annihilated. This restored the territory surrounding Vienna to the Germans. He placed the region in charge of Leopold I. of the house of Babenberg. This may be regarded as the beginning of Austria. The fifth duke of the line moved his court to Vienna and this may be considered the beginning of Vienna as the capital of Austria. The name of the duke, who first took up residence in the city was "Jasomirgott", so called from his habit of exclaiming, "Ja, so mir Gott helfe".

It was during the reign of the Babenbergs that the crusades began. The Danube became the path to the Holy Land and Vienna prospered from the traffic of the passing expeditions. It became the most important station on the great river.

In 1246 the line of the Babenbergs was extinct and Ottocar of Bohemia took possession of Vienna. He was a foreign king but did much to improve the city. He built the famous ring fortifications which stood till 1857. On several occasions these fortifications served the city most excellently.

In 1273, Rudolph of Hapsburg, a German count of Switzerland, was elected king of the Germans by the electors called together by the pope. This entitled him to the crown of Austria and he at once advanced to Vienna and fought for his rights. Ottocar capitulated and was afterward slain in a battle to regain the crown. Thus was Rudolph firmly established as ruler of Austria and became the first of the long line of Hapsburgs who ruled the land for a period of nearly six hundred and fifty years. No royal house in Europe has wielded greater power nor had a greater influence in history than the Hapsburgs. They not only ruled Austria but through their relatives also controlled many of the other thrones of Europe at different times. To properly describe the reigns of the Hapsburgs would be to record the history of Europe for more than six centuries. There was scarcely an important political or religious event during their times in which they did not play a most important role.

In 1529 Soliman, the Turk, appeared before Vienna and laid siege to the city. This was soon after the intro-



Old Vienna Costumes

duction of artillery and he lost his cannons on the way up the Danube by having some boats sunk at Pressburg. The walls of the ring were too strong for him to break without the use of heavy guns and, after attempting for twenty-eight days to destroy them, he abandoned the siege and returned down the Danube. One might say that the walls of Ottocar saved Christianity. On at least two occasions, Soliman attempted to return to the task of taking Vienna, but each time he was foiled by some apparently providential occurrence.

In 1683 Vienna was again besieged by the Turks and finally rescued by a Polish king. Thus twice did its walls stay the rising tide of Mohammedanism that threatened to engulf all Europe.

During the reformation, the Hapsburgs generally, but not always, supported catholicism. Their attitude in this regard is, of course, strongly condemned by some and just as ardently approved by others. In the beginning, the Austrian and Hungarian crowns were bestowed by the pope, and each king was supposed to be approved by the head of the church before being considered legitimate. But as time passed, the approval of the pope was regarded with less seriousness.

Napoleon fought three severe battles near Vienna. In 1805 he defeated the Austrians under Mack and marched triumphantly into Vienna, taking up residence at Schönbrunn. He captured several hundred cannons that were eventually melted to form the Column of Vendome in Paris. Shortly after entering Vienna the Corsican met and defeated the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz about half way between Vienna and Prague, a place now in the territory of Czechoslovakia. In May

1809, Napoleon was again in Vienna living at Schönbunn, and on the 21st received a stinging reverse at Aspern, now a suburb of Vienna. This was followed by the defeat of the Austrians at Wagram, about twenty miles northeast of the city.

In the autumn of 1814 assembled the famous Congress of Vienna for the purpose of reforming the map of Europe that had been torn to bits by the amazing Corsican. This Congress was one of the most brilliant gatherings, both socially and politically, in all the annals of history. The shrewdest politicians and the most beautiful women of all the courts of Europe graced the occasion, and one may easily imagine the grandeur of the banquets and the gaiety of the balls that took place. Wine flowed like water and all Europe waltzed and feasted in gladness at deliverance from the terrible Napoleon. The glorious meeting was prolonged till spring, when the appalling news was received that the great warrior had returned from Elba; then the delegates scattered like scared rabbits.

The year 1848 is well remembered in the history of Austria. Owing to the weakness of the ruling monarch, Ferdinand I., and the arrogance of a capable but stubborn prime minister, Prince Metternich, a revolution occurred and the city became the scene of mob violence. The emperor abdicated and the last great Hapsburg, Franz Josef, took the throne. This remarkable monarch sat on the throne of Austria for 68 years.

Owing to disputes over Schleswig-Holstein, Austria became involved in a short but disastrous war with Prussia in 1866. As a result of this conflict Austria

lost all of her German confederates and was obliged to pay an indemnity. This treaty marked the passing of the empire from the ranks of the first powers. From this time forward the leadership of the German people was relinquished to Bismarck and the Kaiser of Germany. Austria looked to them for protection and became somewhat passive in the hands of the powers at Berlin.

In 1914 came the great World War that terminated in the disintegration of the empire. Its events are so recent as to be within the memory of most readers.

But the foregoing is not sufficient to give the reader a true picture of Vienna of Yesterday. It still requires some coloring. Something must be said concerning the private lives of the Hapsburgs. Any one with a sensitive disposition may skip this portion.

The domestic life of Franz Josef has been much discussed. The Emperor's fondness for Frau Katrina Schratt seems to have started about 1885 and continued till his death. The Frau was established in a villa at Hietzing where she had a house containing many beautiful things donated by the Emperor. She was an actress at the Burgtheater, but her principal care seems to have been to make life pleasant for the Emperor. An English army officer writing from Vienna in the nineties speaks of the people crowding the theater to see the Frau display the costly jewels given her by the Emperor. Some writers intimate that the Empress did not remain long in Vienna on account of Frau Schratt, and others suggest that she may have been glad of the intimacy as an excuse to absent herself.

There was scarcely a branch of the Hapsburg

family that was not stigmatized in recent years with degeneracy or madness. Empress Elizabeth was a most lovable character, but part of her biography reads like that of an insane woman, and she did not entirely escape the tongue of calumny. There is mention of her devotion to a Count Andrassy in the early years of her life, but this may have been nothing but gossip.

Archduke Ludwig Victor, the Emperor's youngest brother, was apparently sent out of the city to live at Salzburg on account of moral aberrations that were embarrassing to the Court. He disappeared from Viennese society entirely.

Karl Ludwig, the second brother, was famous for his meanness to his wives, but this did not prevent him from marrying three women of royal blood. He was the father of Franz Ferdinand whose assassination at Sarajevo started the great war.

Another son of Karl Ludwig, Archduke Otto, was very handsome but likewise mean and degenerate. He lived in the old castle at Augarten and was renowned for his drunken and obscene orgies. One night he was having a party with some women in a private room at the Sacher, a well known restaurant, when he left the room clad only in gloves and cap and invaded the public dining room. Some ladies present were much shocked, and the spectacle is said to have injured the patronage of the place. It is told that he delighted in keeping oxen for a week without water, and then watching them drink themselves to death. Also that on one occasion, he induced one of his servants to drink brandy till unconscious and then poured raw spirits down the poor fellow's throat causing his death.

In the end his Nemesis overtook him and he acquired a loathsome disease that ate off his nose and finally killed him.

But the disgrace of the royal house reached its climax in the conduct of Crown Prince Rudolph, the only son of Franz Josef and Elizabeth, and heir to the throne. He became engaged to Princess Stephanie of Belgium, which was most agreeable to greedy old King Leopold. There is a story to the effect that, on one of Rudolph's visits to his betrothed, he took with him a mistress and kept her in Brussels while making love to Stephanie. His fiancée heard of it and started a great row, but married him just the same.

Rudolph had many fine qualities. He had an active bright mind and was the author of a monumental history of the Austrian Empire, still quoted as a high authority. He was much loved by the Viennese people some of whom continue to defend him against the many charges that have stigmatized his memory. It is unfortunate that the worthy portion of his life has been so completely forgotten while his unconventional conduct with women continues to be rehearsed without end. "The evil which men do lives after them, the good too oft is interred with their bones."

His marriage with Stephanie was an unhappy one, and there is little doubt that he asked and was refused a separation by the pope. This may be taken into consideration when passing judgment upon his unhappy life.

Among his many affairs with women after his marriage was the one with Baroness Maria Vetsera that proved to be his undoing. This beautiful young girl was the daughter of one of the aristocratic families

of Vienna. There are many stories of his liaison with this girl, but perhaps the most thrilling is the one published by Countess Marie Larisch, a favorite niece of Empress Elizabeth. The countess acted, either voluntarily or otherwise, as a go-between for the Crown Prince and the girl. She tells of accompanying the Baroness through a secret passage that led across the roof of the old Hofburg to the private apartments of the Prince. Rudolph remarked that the passage was not dangerous for it had been much used without mishap. It seems that the Baroness traveled this way once too often. She was abducted, probably not unwillingly, by the Prince and sent to his hunting lodge at Mayerling. After spending the night together there in secret, they committed suicide. The details of this awful tragedy, which deprived Austria of a future emperor, were carefully concealed by the imperial house and the Vetseras were spirited out of the country, never to be seen in Vienna again. It is claimed they were sent to Venice from where they gave out a news report saying that the Baroness had died after leaving Austria. It is also claimed that every servant or coachman who knew anything concerning the affair was bribed into silence. Countess Larisch says the body of the poor girl was put into a rough box of wooden boards and hurried into an unmarked grave like a dog, while the Crown Prince was given a royal funeral.

There are other versions of this tragedy. Some say the Crown Prince was killed by one of Baroness Vetsera's jealous lovers, and that she was bribed to disappear. The whole affair was hushed up as well as



Stubentor in Old Vienna

possible by the Emperor. When consulted as to what story should be given out for publication Franz Josef is said to have exclaimed, "Any version is better than the correct one!"

Rudolph's only child, the Princess Elizabeth Maria, married Prince Windisch-Grätz with whom she fell in love at the first ball she was allowed to attend. To obtain the imperial permission to her union with a man who, although of excellent family, was not of royal blood, the seventeen-year-old Princess signed away all claims to the throne. The marriage, however, proved unhappy and has been dissolved. The Princess and her three children reside in Vienna where she shocks her titled associates by her whole-souled participation in the Social-Democratic cause.

The royal house was forever concealing the disgraces of its members. Accounts published in Germany were forbidden to be brought into the country. Consequently all sorts of rumors found listeners. It was impossible to conceal all the escapades of the family. The day of printing presses and universal reading was at hand. Public morals had improved to such a degree that the conduct of the Hapsburgs grated upon the nerves of the populace. In the time of Maria Theresa and Louis XV. affinities of royalty were admitted into the best society. But it was a century too late for careers such as that of the celebrated Madame Pompadour. There were those in Austria at the time of Franz Josef who prophesied that another Hapsburg would never be allowed to occupy the throne.

The personal habits of Franz Josef were most commendable in many regards. He was an early riser,

a hard worker and in many respects a plain liver. The Viennese tell that one time he and King Edward of England were taking a cure at the same bathing place in Bohemia, but that they scarcely saw each other. Franz Josef rose every morning at five o'clock, just as King Edward retired. In the evening the matter was reversed and Franz Josef retired at seven just as King Edward rose.

During the latter part of his reign Franz Josef was certainly far from despotic. His prerogatives had diminished until he was not much more than a social emperor and a bureaucrat. He exercised his authority most leniently, often granting things that he had previously refused. The throne of Austria was assuming more and more the same status as that of the British Empire.

III.

DARK HOURS AND THE DAWN
OF TODAY

THE weight of the disasters of the World War rested upon Vienna more heavily than on any other city of all Europe, and Austria fared worse than any other power at St. Germain and Versailles. Nevertheless it is a mistake to attribute the dissolution of the great empire of the Danube entirely to the war. It merely fixed the time as many of the Viennese understand and appreciate. Germany was likewise defeated and underwent just as serious a social and financial revolution. Yet but little or none of her territory was lost that would not have voted by a fair plebiscite to remain with the fatherland. Austria on the other hand, went to pieces as if shattered by a central explosion. The fragments gladly established themselves as independent states, thus adding much to the political and commercial confusion of central Europe. Was this due to the war? Not at all. The war was only the occasion.

There was but one bond that held the monarchy together and that was the dynasty. Its strength was due to catholicism which like a liquid cement permeated

all the subject races. It was a most powerful binder and finally outlasted the dynasty itself. But, with the progress of suffrage and democratic ideas, it lost its strength in political affairs and held firmly only in religious realms, where its power is still just as great as before the war. This change, which was very gradual, extended over a long period of years, but was most marked during the reign of Franz Josef.

A reasonable interpretation of Austrian events and conditions indicated the approaching dissolution long in advance, as we shall now explain. The official figures for the year 1910 show the following proportion of nationalities in the empire in millions (fractions omitted).

Austria proper	German	10
	Czechs	6
	Poles	5
	Ruthenes	4
	Croats, Serbs, Slovenes	2
Hungary	Magyars	10
	Rumanians	4
	Germans	2
	Slovaks	2
	Serbs and Croats . . .	3
Bosnia and Herzegovina .	Croats	1
	Serbs	<u>1</u>
	Jews, Italians, etc. to total . . .	51+

In this enumeration, Bohemia is included with Austria proper. Each nationality had its own language, a most important consideration. Hungary had tasted the fruits of partial self-government and was clamoring

for more independence. Many sharp disputes had occurred with Bohemia, while Bosnia and Herzegovina had been forced into the empire against their wills, at the Congress of Berlin terminating the Russian-Turkish War.

As time advanced and the people wrested the right of suffrage from the crown all the jangling nationalities asserted themselves in racial disputes and quarrels. Sometimes the delegates of one nationality absolutely refused to meet the others in a national assembly at Vienna. Thus the reign of Franz Josef was marked with endless wrangles and frequent threats of secession by various groups. The Emperor may be considered as having gone far to conciliate his subjects, in view of the fact that he probably believed himself endowed with authority from on high to rule absolutely.

The Magyars in Hungary had time and time again proved untrue to the Hapsburgs, and in 1866, when Prussia had crushed Austria and deprived her of the support of the German states to the west, Hungary had taken advantage of the Emperor's helplessness to demand equal rights with Austria in the government. The name of the empire was changed from Austria to Austria-Hungary and a separate Reichsrat established at Buda-Pesth. After that time the kingdom was a dual monarchy.

The Bohemians, an entirely different race, had also quarreled and fought with the Hapsburgs from the time of Rudolph I. They demanded the right to use their own language in legal matters, and a more prominent part in the government.

The Poles were aggrieved because a Hapsburg had

been a party to the partition of Poland. They remembered that a Polish army had saved Vienna in 1683 and regarded the dynasty as ungrateful. Lastly Bosnia and Herzegovina had been forced into the empire at the point of the bayonet, and sullenly refused to



Schubert's House

participate in the affairs of the nation. There were other races; all with grievances, and held in subjection only by force of arms and the influence of catholicism.

As Emperor of all this polyglot and dissatisfied population sat the venerable Franz Josef, old and experienced, and consequently supposedly very wise. His popularity was most marked among his German subjects although they often taxed his patience severely. His many domestic misfortunes appealed most strongly to the sympathetic nature of the Viennese. There was the attempt on his life in 1853. His son Rudolph had

committed suicide under circumstances that gave rise to many humiliating rumors; his wife had been murdered in Switzerland and his favorite brother, Maximilian, had been executed in Mexico.

Like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, one day in 1914, came the news of the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo in Bosnia. The crime grew out of a conspiracy originating in Servia. Almost immediately the world beheld the curious spectacle of all Austria seemingly united and clamoring for war. Even the Arbeiter-Zeitung, the organ of the socialist party, which always had opposed wars on general principles, joined in the chorus advocating it in this particular instance. This unity of mind was not due to any popularity of the Archduke in Austria and especially not in Vienna. The truth is that in Vienna his death was probably not seriously regretted. He was looked upon as likely to cause much commotion upon his accession to the throne. He was very much disliked by the Viennese, and Franz Josef was also supposed to have had a special antipathy for him. He had made a morganatic marriage with a woman of Czechoslovakia and she had proved to be what might be termed a royal social climber. She was continually claiming new titles and asserting herself in social affairs as if she were of royal blood. The children of the marriage were not supposed to be eligible to the throne of Austria, but the people of Vienna thought there would be an attempt to make them so.

But the assassination was a national insult, and of course national pride demanded that it be avenged in some manner. Franz Ferdinand had gone to Bosnia on

official business. Austria depended upon Servia for a large part of the pork for the markets of Vienna. Hungary was also in the hog business and Servia's pork had to be shipped through Hungarian territory to reach Vienna. Now Hungary seems to have had skilled veterinarians. In fact they were so skillful that they could always find something the matter with the hogs from Servia that rendered them unsafe to be shipped through Hungary. While Franz Ferdinand went to Sarajevo ostensibly to attend military manoeuvres, his most important mission was to look after the matter of importation of hogs. So that in one sense pigs started the great World War.

Austria certainly gave Servia an unreasonable ultimatum; not because of any love and affection for the heir apparent, but probably because she wished to get the war finished before outside intervention occurred. She feared an intervention from Russia. Russia was immense in territory and population, and had most powerful allies. The very thought of Russian intervention sent one big shiver through Austria, beginning in Vienna and extending to the limits of the empire. The idea seems to have prevailed that little Servia could be punished quickly and have the matter over without turning loose the avalanche from the north and east. None of the divisions of Austria thought of independence at first. It is possible that this idea did not arrive till it came from the voice of the American President.

At the close of the war, Vienna was the most helpless of all the cities of the central powers. She was conquered and acknowledged it. The flower of her

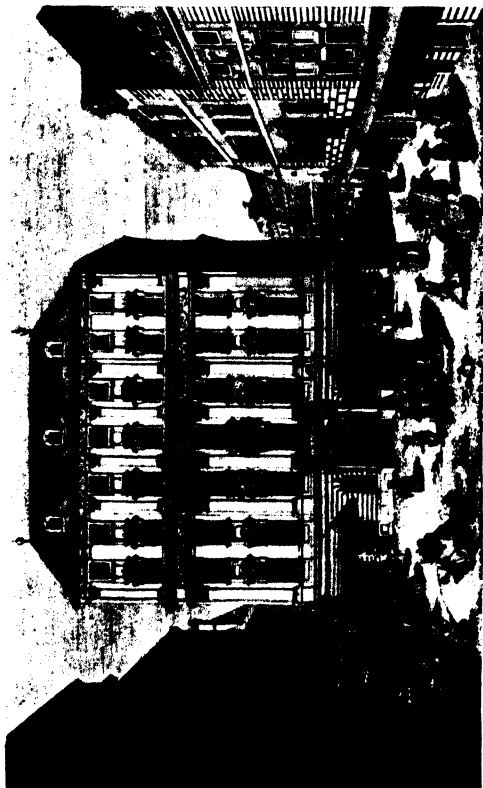
manhood lay mouldering upon foreign battlefields and the city was filled with the maimed. She was starving inside a circle of unfriendly frontiers, that allowed little or no food to pass. There was a closer circle of peasants in her own land who concealed and hoarded what little they had to eat. Winter was at hand and no coal available. The treasury was worse than empty. There was a multitude of officials and industrialists; sufficient for the capital and metropolis of an empire of forty-five millions. These now hoped for employment in serving a state of only six millions. Franz Josef was lying in a sarcophagus in the Capucine Church. His successor, Karl, after frantically and vainly endeavoring to save the dynasty, had abandoned the throne and left the government. There was a torturing suspense while awaiting the action of the peace conference at Versailles. The city was weak in man power and without funds, food or fuel. It was without government, full of wounded and starving, and uncertain as to what mercy to expect of its conquerors. If ever a city seemed doomed to starvation and disintegration, that city was Vienna. There was but one possible source of succor and that was its former enemies. The most promising was America and it was from that distant land that the first aid came. Hoover was sent to organize a relief and with his aid enough food trickled through to prevent actual starvation.

A provisional government was formed and Dr. Otto Bauer became foreign minister. His efforts were largely confined to assisting in the task of getting food into the city. "At that time," he states, "we were entirely in Hoover's hands." That there was not more rioting

and bloodshed from the hungry population must be credited to the patience and good sense of the people.

Almost immediately began the process of inflating currency, a measure that in the end produced more misery to the people of Europe than anything else short of the war itself. The provisional government, confronted with imperative demands in the presence of an empty treasury, resorted to the simple device of printing money. The printing presses spun till the value of the kronen was practically extinct. This meant a total loss of savings to all who had their funds invested in war bonds, municipal bonds, mortgages and all other interest bearing securities.

Today, if one speaks German and takes the time to circulate among the people and engage in conversations, he will find numberless pitiable old people, who had provided for declining years by investing in securities, living in poverty and want on account of inflation. But inflation carries in its wake many other evils difficult for anyone to understand who is not an expert in finance. It gives rise to speculation and produces a class of *nouveau riche* which is not a credit to society. This process continued until, by means of a loan from the League of Nations, a stabilization, but not a return to former values, was established. It requires fourteen thousand of the present kronen to equal one of the former gold kronen. One may reflect upon that simple statement for days, and still not conceive of all the evil results of such a change in the monetary values of a nation. It punishes most ruthlessly the very best classes, and rewards a few who are clever and unscrupulous. Austria was apparently compelled to do this



Linen Market in Old Vienna

when confronted with starvation and bolshevism. Other nations did it from different motives. Into this area of turmoil and confusion stepped the socialist parties and began organizing the machinery of a republic and appealing for funds to start industries.

In the beginning, the Entente was diffident and inclined to leave Austria to work out her own salvation or starve to death. But, to the glory of the Allies, better motives soon prevailed, and the question of how to get reparations out of Vienna was changed into the problem of how to make Vienna able to take care of herself.

The attitude of the new republic was such as to win the confidence of the Entente. The Austrians resorted to no subterfuges nor misrepresentations, but laid all their cards on the table in plain sight, asked for assistance, complied with prescribed conditions and received substantial aid.

The League of Nations dealt with the republic through Dr. Seipel, leader of the Christian Socialists. Vienna as a municipality was not directly a party, which fact, as we shall see, left her somewhat free from the restraints imposed upon the republic by the supervision of the League. The city is now in the hands of the radical socialists, or so-called Social Democrats. It is in the municipality that socialism has advanced to such a state as is to be seen nowhere else in the world. For this reason the operations of the municipal government are worthy of the closest observation. What the city is doing is quite original and may be regarded as an experiment in socialistic government. It is feeling its way rather boldly, but nevertheless somewhat tentatively.

But a study of the political parties of the republic brings a much better understanding of affairs as they exist at the present time. We will give a brief resume of each.

GERMAN NATIONALISTS

The German Nationalist Party had its beginning far back during the time of the empire and developed in the struggle among the races of which there were three somewhat equal groups, Germans, Magyars and Slavs. The first two constituted the dual monarchy and based their rights to rule upon Apostolic authority as represented in the accession of the Hapsburgs, and the crown of St. Stephen, the emblem of regency in Hungary. The right to these crowns, both derived from the pope, was represented in the ancestry of Franz Josef. By the disastrous war with Germany he had been compelled to turn his face to the east and had annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, both Slav countries. This rendered the Slavs the most numerous race in the empire and aroused the Germans and Magyars to resist their influence. The Emperor made certain concessions to the Slavs, which served to intensify the jealousy of the other races. He conceived it to be necessary to consolidate the Monarchy by allowing all to participate in the government, thus compensating for the loss of strength to the west. He relied for support upon catholicism which was the prevailing religion of all the races. The result was a bitter fight against the Slavs by the other two nationalities. This struggle, with the Emperor sitting somewhat uneasily as a judge, continued for many years and must have been most trying to Franz Josef. The oppo-

sition to the advancement of the Slavs became united into a political party and was called the German Nationalist Party. A large portion of the party was eventually lured into the Christian Socialist Party by Karl Lueger, who made use of anti-Semitism in his political agitations. The use of this propaganda secured the support of the catholics and thus undermined the foundation of the dynasty. When Lueger was first elected burgomaster of Vienna, the Emperor frowned upon him and declared the city under martial law, placing the administration into the hands of a representative of the crown. When Emperor Karl came to the throne in 1916, he pardoned several Czech political prisoners and this further alienated the support of the remaining German Nationalists.

In October, 1918, the party openly abandoned the support of the dynasty and advocated the separation of the empire into states. It further advocated that the German portion unite with Germany. In this cause it was joined by the Christian Socialists. Soon after the armistice the Allies forbade union with Germany, but a few of the western provinces tried to accomplish it by a plebiscite, partly encouraged by influences from Berlin.

In 1921 Dr. Hans Schober, later president of the police force, a farsighted and honest statesman, was elected chancellor and shrewdly discerned that Austria was "training with the wrong crowd." He put a stop to the agitation for an Anschluss with Germany and cultivated the good will of the Entente, thus preparing the way for his successor, Dr. Ignaz Seipel, a catholic priest, to secure favorable consideration from the League of Nations. Through the offices of Dr. Seipel,

Austria secured a long release from reparations and a loan to stabilize currency. In this manner she was reconstructed and her industries reorganized long before Germany attained the same results by passive resistance. Since the union with Germany has been vetoed by the Entente, the German Nationalists have united with the Christian Socialists to form the conservative party of the republic. However the idea of uniting with Germany has not been abandoned. The party still maintains an organization under the name of Greater German Party and in the event of a removal of the ban by the Entente is likely to assert itself again.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS

The Christian Socialist Party came into existence soon after the enfranchisement of the bourgeois class in 1882. It attained great strength immediately and for rather peculiar reasons. In 1873 Vienna was visited by a most disastrous financial panic, which was, probably falsely, attributed to the Jews, the money lending race of the city. This impression lasted till after the act of enfranchisement. The new voters found a shrewd and able leader in Karl Lueger, who had remarkable ability in conducting political campaigns, and who very quickly saw the value of an agitation against the Jews in securing the support of the new catholic voters. The party soon became one of the strongest in the city and empire. The anti-Semitic propaganda was strong enough to divert many German Nationalists from their task of opposing the Slavs. The party was not favorably regarded by the dynasty. Lueger was repeatedly elected

bourgomaster before the Emperor permitted him to serve. It was under his administration that the Stadt-Bahn, the water-works and many other modern improvements were completed. The party being principally bourgeois, has always had a large following in the country, where most of the peasants are land proprietors in a small way.

After the war the Christian Socialists united with the Social Democrats to form a coalition government. At the present time the Social Democrats have a majority in the city while the Christian Socialist is the ruling party of the nation. It has lost much of its anti-Semitic tendencies and is engaged principally in combating the radical legislation of the Social Democrats. The party being responsible for the loan from the League of Nations has become especially conservative and is in a measure subject to supervision from the League. It is opposed to the rent laws and the building of apartments by the municipality of Vienna.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS

The Social Democrat Party originated as a labor movement. The right to organize was first granted the workmen in 1869, but the laborers were not fully enfranchised till 1907. During all these years the party could exist only as a movement. By means of strikes, boycotts and agitations of its leaders, of whom Dr. Victor Adler was very prominent, the movement commanded much attention. It fought for labor unions, eight hour day, control of child labor, old age pensions, health insurance and the enfranchisement of the proletariat. It

opposed war, but apparently joined in the general enthusiasm for avenging the murder of the Archduke at Sarajevo in 1914. During the war the party was closely watched and most of the industries placed under military control to prevent strikes. Hence during this time it almost disappeared. But it manifested itself in one great demonstration, the assassination of the prime minister Count Stürgh, by Friedrich Adler, son of the great agitator. The murder occurred in October, 1916 and Adler was not tried until six months later. During the trial he made most violent and defiant speeches against the government and received a death sentence, which was changed to imprisonment for life by Karl, the new Emperor. In October 1918, Adler was freed with a tumultuous demonstration and immediately became prominent in the affairs of the party.

The Social Democrats received more votes than any other party at the first election in 1918, but were obliged to form a coalition government with the Christian Socialists. In later elections they lost control of the republic, but regularly won in Vienna, the leading province of the state.

So influential is the city of Vienna in the councils of the Republic of Austria, that it is able to manage its own affairs and even dictate, to a certain extent, to the nation. It supplies more than half the funds and a still greater proportion of the brains of the country. It is extremely difficult for the Christian Socialist Party, which is really not a socialist party at all, to force any measure through the state legislative bodies without modifying it to meet the approval of the Social Democrats of the city. Furthermore the municipality is not



Water Vendor in Old Vienna

responsible to the League of Nations, and hence free to do about as it pleases in arranging budgets and taxation. This is in one sense fortunate, for the city is thus enabled to give the world a free and untrammelled object lesson in socializing a large city government. The transient visitor who looks at the art collections, streets, palaces, cathedrals and places of amusement and then passes on, has missed noticing one of the most interesting things in the world; a city government conducted along purely socialistic lines by competent men.

Socialistic legislation provides for the inhabitant from a few months before he is born till he is cremated or buried in the soil. It looks after his health, regulates wages and employment, provides doles for unemployment, makes suggestions as to his marriage and divorce, undertakes to house him, provides care in sickness, bathes him and does other things too numerous to mention. All this is carried out according to the best knowledge of the day commensurate of course, with the financial ability of the city.

The avowed intention of the municipality is to make luxury provide for the sanitation and other needs of those unable to supply themselves unassisted. It is not the intention here to express any opinion as to the justice or advisability of any or all of these measures, but, granted that what they are doing is desirable, one may say that it could not be better done. Of all the socialistic measures, the housing plan is the one most criticised and condemned. It will be fully discussed in another chapter.

Taxes of those living in luxury, and also upon industry are heavy — almost too heavy. This criticism

is answered by saying that the conditions are most unusual, which no one can deny. Stock in Vienna was certainly quoted very low just after the war. The Social Democrats have at least held the population together and enabled it to live, and probably kept the country from going into red bolshevism. At the present time the city has very little indebtedness and a nice surplus of cash in the treasury. Inflation wiped out pre-war debts, radicalism closed the doors of credit at the world's great fountains of money and high taxation provided the funds.

There are complicated restrictions thrown about the dismissal of employees that cause complaints on the part of employers. The number of people in the employment of the city is more than fifty thousand, but anyone who knows the cost of living will agree that they are not overpaid. Tramway conductors receive less than ten dollars per week. Skilled workers in electricity but little more. The wages of unskilled workmen are considerably less. These samples furnish a fair idea of the prevailing wage scale.

The Social Democrats are supposed to be anti-catholic and the population of Vienna is predominately catholic except on election day. In matters of government the city, once in a while, breaks out with some demonstration to prove that it can do as it pleases in secular affairs. It built a large modern crematorium, something that is not tolerated by the catholic church, and had a lawsuit with the state upon attempting to use it. The catholics do not allow divorces, so the city made some divorce laws and ground out a few divorces. This started some very embarrassing lawsuits which are as yet unsettled.

COMMUNIST PARTY

The Communist Party also exists in Vienna, but has never registered a single accomplishment, except to start the only riot in which there was bloodshed during the entire revolution. Owing to the nearness of Russia and of Buda-Pesth, which city once had a bolshevistic government, the Communists endeavored to establish themselves in Vienna, and came near succeeding. They were thwarted by the Social Democrats. It is said the less radical elements of the city supported the latter on account of fear of bolshevism. The Social Democrats have always been opposed to Russian Bolshevism. The real contest in every city election is between the Social Democrats and the Christian Socialists.

JEWISH PARTY

There is also a Jewish Party in Vienna, but it polls only a small fraction of the Jewish votes. The members of this race are too shrewd to throw their votes away in such a hopeless minority party. Many of the wealthier Jews vote with the the Christian Socialists, in spite of their traditional opposition to the Jewish race.

STRENGTH OF THE PARTIES

In the city election of April, 1927, the Social Democrats polled 694,099 votes and the Christian Socialists 421,198. It is apparent that the Social Democrats are still in firm possession of the municipal government.

MUNICIPAL TAXATION

Below are enumerated some of the principal taxes (not including the rent tax) levied by the municipality.

Entertainment Tax. — This tax has been recently reduced. At the present time it is five per cent for operas, ten per cent for revues, seven per cent for concerts, twenty per cent for circuses and from ten to twenty-eight per cent for kinos.

Restaurant Tax. — Amounting to fifteen per cent or less of the receipts in all restaurants and cafes of luxury.

Motor Tax. — Quite heavy and amounting to from six to forty-five dollars per month, according to power and luxury. However taxis pay only about ten dollars per annum. Tourists are allowed to use their cars for one month without tax. The tax on a Ford is about two hundred and fifty dollars per year. Austrian cars are built with low power and consequently are taxed much lower than most foreign makes.

Servant Tax. — Levied upon all households employing more than one servant and increasing rapidly according to the number of employees.

Welfare Tax. — Amounting to a little more than four per cent of the wages paid each employee and payable by the employer. In the case of banks it is about eight per cent.

Hotel Tax. — This was thirty to sixty per cent of the receipts for rooms, but has been much reduced recently. It now ranges from ten to twenty per cent according to luxury and it is provided that a large part of the tax may be remitted upon condition that the

money be used for improving and modernizing the buildings and furniture.

Increment Property Tax. — A tax levied upon the increase in value of property as indicated by sales over and above the value in 1903. This may in certain instances amount to sixty per cent of the increased value.

Fire Insurance Tax. — Amounting to one third the premium of all fire insurance policies.

Concession Tax. — Applied to many trades which are licensed by the city. In some instances it amounts to as much as fourteen dollars per annum.

Dog Tax. — One dollar and seventy cents is collected for each dog in the city.

Advertisement Tax. — This with a few exceptions is thirty-five per cent of the price of the advertising.

There is also a heavy income tax payable to the state, a large portion of which is returned to the municipality.

BENEFITS RETURNED

It is pleasant to turn from this array of taxation and consider what the municipality is conferring upon its citizens. It has an unusually wide ownership and control of public utilities and beneficent institutions. A partial list is noted below with certain explanatory remarks.

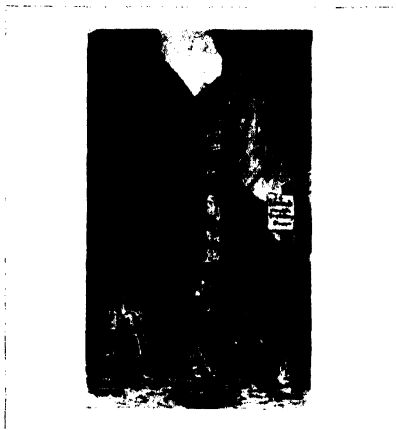
Water. — Brought from two distant mountain sources and supplied to an amount of thirty-five liters per person daily without charge.

Electricity. — Good service at a cost of less than seven cents per kilowatt-hour.

Gas. — Costing about three cents per cubic meter.

Tramways. — Good service at a fare-price of about four cents for any distance. Passenger retains ticket which is good for transfer within one hour to any car going in the same direction.

Schools. — Comprising one hundred kindergartens and an adequate common school system free of tuition.



Street in Old Vienna

In addition the municipality pays about half the cost of certain continuing schools, in which are given courses in agriculture, animal husbandry, commerce, building and architecture.

Removal of Garbage. — Done by means of autos and metal containers without cost to the household.

Hospitals. — Comprising one large general hospital,

two children's hospitals, one institution for tuberculosis, one for maternity and one for venereal diseases. In addition there is a home for the aged, one for the indigent and two for the insane.

Bath Establishments. — There are twenty of these; one, the Amalienbad, newly constructed and claimed to be the largest on the continent. It accommodates thirteen hundred bathers at one time. A small charge is made for baths.

In addition to these institutions, the city has a large number of business enterprises operated for profit. Among these are a brewery, meat market, slaughter house, coal mine, insurance company, savings banks, advertisement bureau and more than seventy industries connected with supplying materials for building purposes. It loans money to help wage earners to build cottages and allots over thirty thousand gardens in the suburbs. One might fill several more pages in describing what the municipality is doing for its wage earners but this is sufficient to show the general character of the city's activities. We repeat that the avowed purpose is to take from luxury and distribute to those in need of assistance.

The city also surrounds wage earners with a network of protective measures against arbitrary dismissal and collects from the employer funds to care for laborers in sickness. It pensions workmen under certain conditions and the state pays a dole for the unemployed.

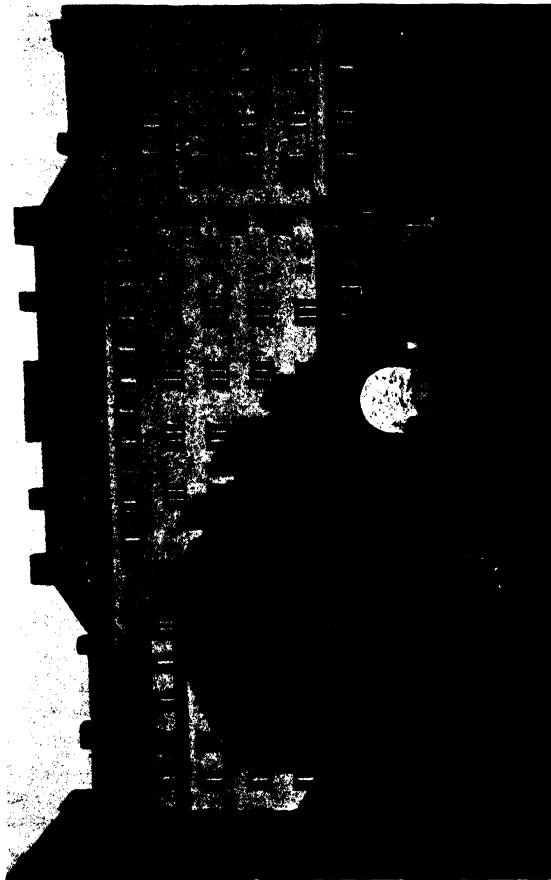
IV.

HOW LUXURY PAYS THE RENT

TO PROPERLY understand the present remarkable undertaking on the part of Vienna to construct apartments for its wage earners, it is necessary to return once more to the latter days of the empire. In those days, according to good authority, the wage earners of the city were the worst housed of any on the continent of Europe. Thirty thousand families lived in small one-room apartments, each dwelling having but a single window, opening usually into a narrow dark court. These homes were devoid of, or meagerly supplied with electricity and water, and the access was by means of long dark stairways. For such dwellings the family paid usually not less than one fourth of its earnings.

On the other hand the landlords were generally persons belonging to the wealthier class. Being influential in politics they were usually well taken care of at the expense of the wage earners, who had little or nothing to say in matters of government.

At the close of the war, after inflation started, the owners of bonds saw their savings dwindle to nothing. It was otherwise with the landlords. War restrictions



A Municipal Apartment (Fuchsfeldhof)

could be repealed and rents raised to compensate for depreciation of the currency. They were peculiarly favored in that they were not injured by inflation. Furthermore, if they happened to be carrying mortgages on their tenement houses, they had an opportunity to settle them for practically nothing. To use a slang sentence, "They were all to the good."

Then the Vienna statesmen found a way to add the landlords to the large company of wailing bond and mortgage holders. They enacted a rent-control law fixing all rents in the city. They appraised all renting property at its pre-war value in gold kronen and allowed the landlord to charge five per cent of the amount as annual rental — but payable in paper kronen. The five per cent was no doubt suggested on account of its being the rate received by the bond holders as interest upon war bonds — likewise payable in paper money. The landlord's rental was now five per cent of the pre-war value of his property divided by a little more than fourteen thousand. If his pre-war income was fourteen thousand dollars it was now reduced to one dollar. He was placed, with most meticulous exactitude, into the same position as the holders of government bonds. No one could say that the government had not treated the two classes of investors with equal justice.

But this was not a measure of revenge. It was done to relieve the tenants at least temporarily, of their unbearable rent burden, and to open the way for the municipality to substitute a tax for the rent and thus begin its most extensive program of apartment construction. The number of dwellings completed and occupied at the present date is in the neighborhood of

thirty thousand, and the city has already passed its announced intention of building not less than twenty-five thousand.

The tax which replaced the rent is but a small fraction, generally about one-eighth, of the pre-war rent, and fixed in such a manner that the tenants of the cheaper houses pay a much lower rate than those living in places of luxury. The result is that all rents are ridiculously cheap, the city has a fund of several million dollars annually for construction and the landlord is getting nothing except the satisfaction of knowing that when the law is repealed, he will have the city as a competitor.

The municipality went further and decreed that householders occupying their own houses should limit themselves to a definite number of rooms per person and either rent the others or pay for their use. Most of them paid and this increased the fund for construction. So much in earnest was the city in the undertaking, that it did not hesitate to add money derived from other sources to the building fund. It also made use of bonds issued upon the future receipts to hasten the program. Such bonds did not find a ready market and were not a large factor. There were also short loans from the banks. In this manner a surprisingly large sum was assembled and the work progressed rapidly.

The stranger who wanders into the outlying districts is often surprised to come upon a huge building under construction, especially since he does not expect to find much building in a city that is certainly not increasing in population. One of the most active areas of construction is at Meidling which may be reached in

twenty minutes by tramway from the Opera. The visitor should by all means make this little excursion and see some of the splendid structures. They are all designated by inscriptions of the "Gemeinde Wien."

A mere glance at the finished buildings and those under way will convince any one that the construction is of the most permanent character and being carried out according to well conceived plans and methods. It is interesting to look into the interiors of some of these houses and note the comforts afforded the occupants. One quickly discovers that there are no elevators, but the ceilings are low and most of the dwellings are not more elevated than the third floor. Higher floors are generally rented for other purposes. The stairways are wide, well lighted and of concrete and iron construction. Most of the floors are tiled. The walls and partitions are of brick and stucco, so that the buildings are practically fireproof. Much ground is occupied and used for large airy courts with trees, flowers, seats and sometimes fountains.

The apartments are rather small, usually consisting of two or three rooms in addition to a kitchen; the latter equipped with a most efficient gas range. Every apartment has a wash room with running water and a toilet, but no bath. There are many balconies large enough to serve as small verandas.

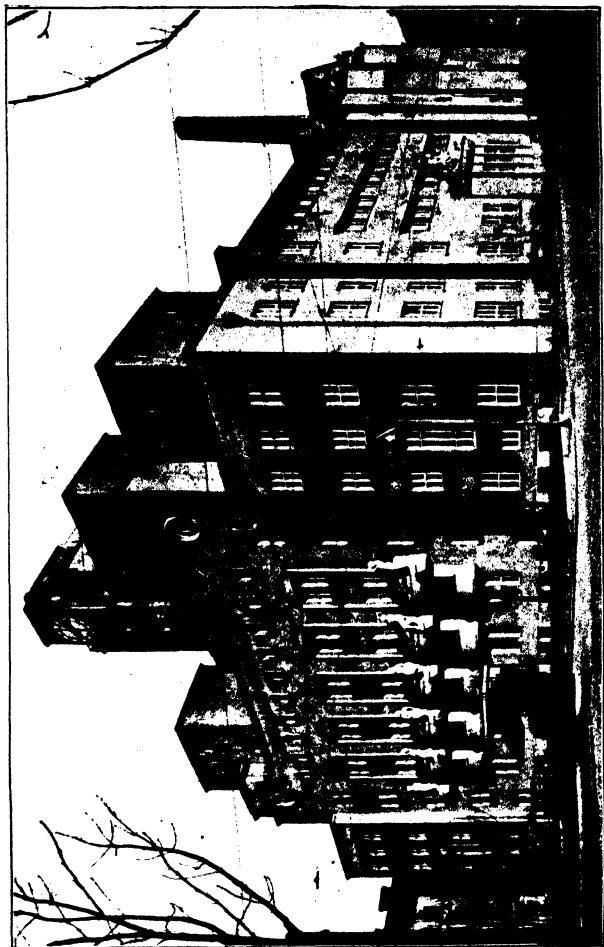
But we must not forget the many community conveniences that go with these dwellings. There is usually an ample and commodious bath station with many private showers and tubs, served by a huge boiler. Baths are furnished for about ten cents each. All the newer buildings are supplied with large and wonderfully

equipped steam laundries, including many washing machines, centrifugal wringers, dryers and mangles. All these are for the use of the tenants. They say that the right to use the laundry goes "with the key," meaning that it is included in the rent. Next, one is apt to encounter a kindergarten, a kino and a reading room, for the use of which the tenant pays what seems to the foreigner a most ridiculously small sum.

In visiting the apartments we are apt to encounter a good natured house keeper and, if we can make her understand that we are merely looking things over and not trying to sell her a lottery ticket, she will drop her work and accompany us as a guide. After she has shown us all, we are apt to conclude that the Viennese wage earner must be very well paid in order to afford such comfortable quarters. We finally summon sufficient courage to politely ask how much rent the family pays. She smiles and answers, "Twelve shillings per month." We are surprised and humiliated to think we have understood her German so badly. She notes our surprise and repeats the statement. Gradually it dawns that the family is paying only one dollar and seventy cents per month for its comfortable apartment!

Naturally there is a sharp demand for such dwellings, and there is always a long waiting list. They are reserved exclusively for wage earners of the city, and are assigned according to a carefully worked out system. The object is to use them for families most in need of homes.

It may be seen that this building program does not seriously injure business nor raise taxation in general. The burden rests entirely upon the landlords, whose



One of the Municipal Baths (Amalienbad)

rents are abolished in every sense, except principle and hope. On the other hand it gives many workmen employment and helps all whose occupations are in any way dependent upon construction.

It is not the announced intention of the municipality to continue this building program indefinitely. The question of removing the rent control, or at least modifying it so as to allow the landlords to collect something for themselves, is the principal issue at every municipal election. The Social Democrats are for continuing the present control and the construction of new apartments, and the Christian Socialists are against it. In Vienna practically everyone lives in apartments, and, as no one wishes to have his rent raised, the result of the election is easily foretold.

At the beginning the foreigner is apt to condemn this program as being absolutely unjust, but, after listening to the stories of high rents and poor houses before the war, he is likely to withhold harsh criticism and may even express sympathy.

It is needless to remark that about all the new building in Vienna since the war has been limited to that of the municipality. Also it is apparent that real estate in the city is without a market. No one wishes to buy a place among the unfortunate landlords any more than he wishes to buy the old Austrian War Bonds. The Social Democrats argue that when enough apartments are completed, the city will be in a position to regulate rents by competition and thus prevent the landlords from returning to the extortionate methods of the days before the war.

It is easy for any one to see these apartments and

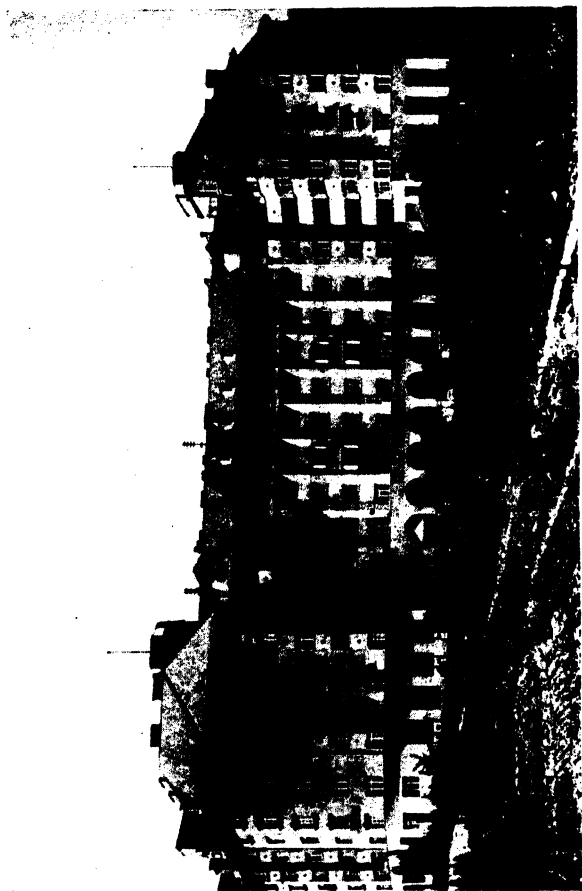
the building-master at the *Rathaus* will gladly supply those interested with literature in German upon the subject.

A TENANT'S STORY

But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If we cannot eat it ourselves, we may ask others sitting at the feast how it tastes. We are likely to find that different diners give different opinions. Likewise upon consulting different residents of the city of Vienna concerning the rent-control laws, we hear a variety of expressions.

Suppose we take tram No. 62, ride for twenty minutes, get off at *Meidlinger Bahnhof* and inquire for *Fuchsenfeldhof*, one of the *Gemeinde Wien Wohnungsgebäude*, or city apartment houses. Our *Wegweiser* (way shower) will probably point out a huge building reminding us of a modern *Hofburg*. It sprawls over several acres, encloses numerous courts and spans a half dozen streets. It has twenty-four entrances and embraces four hundred and eighty dwellings.

If we ascend the right stairway and knock at the proper door, it will be opened by a very old gentleman, stooped, and wizened like a dried apple. He stands leaning heavily on a large cane, is very plainly clad, has snow-white beard and from his mouth dangles a pipe with a long rubber stem. He is a perfect picture of the *echte Wiener* of the past generation. It instantly occurs to us that he can tell us all about the days "*vor dem Kriege*". If we make him a present of a can of "Craven Mixture", and tell him we are seeking information about affairs in Vienna, he will very likely invite



A Municipal Apartment (Mazlainevalar Hof)

us to sit and chat for an hour. His dialect is broad, but by listening carefully, we are able to understand about all he says.

We fill our Dunhills and light up long before he has finished cramming the bowl of his strange German pipe with tiny pinches tamped in with his long claw-like little finger. Finally between automatic puffs, most enjoyable to him on account of the finer flavored tobacco, comes the story of his life. It is a drama ending almost in a tragedy.

He was a locomotive engineer on the State Railway for thirty-five years. Wages were low and rents were high. Many times he watched the aristocracy entering the luxurious compartments of his train, and sometimes he saw his landlord's family getting aboard for Italy to escape the winters of Vienna. Several times he pulled the Emperor and Empress on their trips to Budapesth. The old gentleman mentions these incidents with a certain pride and yet with an apparent sense of class consciousness. But the proudest accomplishment of his life, was the fact that by rigid economy during all those years of toil, he had been able to lay by twenty thousand kronen which could have been exchanged into four thousand dollars. The money was all invested in government and railroad bonds, supposed to be as safe as the rock of Gibraltar, and yielded an annual income of a thousand kronen or two hundred dollars. All this he had saved while rearing a family of three sons and one daughter, and they all lived in a one-room apartment. He emphasized the last part of the sentence. He considered himself as absolutely independent and viewed the approaching evening of life with composure.

Then came the great war. The three sons were hurried into the service and made the supreme sacrifice on foreign battlefields. The son-in-law also went and never returned, leaving behind a wife and two children, a son and daughter respectively fifteen and fourteen years of age. From living so long in the bad air of a small room and from inhaling the smoke of his engine, he became afflicted with asthma and moreover his eyesight grew too dim to continue on his engine.

But he felt secure on account of the neat little bundle of bonds that were sure to keep the wolf far from his door. He could live with his daughter and provide the actual necessities for the entire family.

One day he went to the bank to cash his coupons and they offered him only bits of paper that were almost worthless. He demanded gold as it was written in the bond. The banker shrugged his shoulders and said, "Kronen sind Kronen." There were the ragged scraps of paper and he could take them or leave them as he wished. His thousand kronen would now buy only one cent and a half of the money of the United States of America which had become the standard of the world. One cent and a half was all the family had to live upon for a year. The only hope was the grandson who was now employed by the Südbahn. But in the course of a few years he fell in love and married. Certainly he meant to help the old folks, but soon found this impossible on account of the needs of his rapidly increasing family. What then?

The granddaughter was young and beautiful. She was no longer a child but a young woman with an eye for hats and gowns. She began searching the

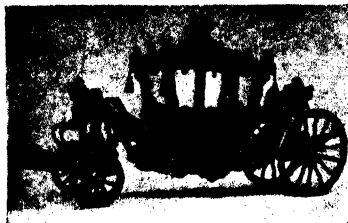
city for employment and inquired at a dancing school. The *Besitzer* (proprietor) liked her appearance, but looked significantly at her clothes. By completely draining the scanty resources of the family and borrowing from a friend, she managed to apply again in a new dress and was taken on as an extra girl. The institute charged the equivalent of fifty cents in American money for a lesson of one hour. Twenty cents of this went to the municipality for taxes, ten cents to the *Besitzer* and twenty cents to the girl. She tried hard to please the men who came to dance with her and once in a while won a tip of twenty cents. It was a hard road and beset with a thousand temptations, but thus far she had traveled it safely. Now and then came a wonderful windfall. Some pupil from a foreign land asked her to accompany him to a five o'clock tea to practice dancing in public. She went and received the enormous tip of one dollar. Most of her pupils were gentlemen, but a few were not. Money and gifts were sometimes flaunted, and life was more or less a defensive battle. The old man pauses several times to express unbounded faith in his granddaughter.

That brings his story up to date. They are all living from the earnings of one young woman. Talk of living cheaply! What an American tourist spends in Vienna in one day would last this family for a fortnight — perhaps a month.

We glance about the rooms. The apartment is new, neat, sanitary and comfortable. The furniture is old, but durable and well preserved. There is a gas-oven going in the kitchen and the mother is preparing a

meal, pausing now and then to catch scraps of the conversation, concerning which she is unable to conceal her curiosity. The odor of cooking cabbage permeates the whole apartment, reminding us that some regard is had for economy in the selection of food. The daughter will presently return tired and hungry. Dancing is hard work for a young lady, when she must drag beginners over a floor for five or six hours per day.

Having heard his interesting story through, we wish to close the visit by hearing him express himself on the policy of the city in building apartments for the needy. He tells us the girl is paying one dollar and



Empress Elizabeth's wedding Carriage

fifty cents per month for the apartment and cannot pay a cent more. Certainly this brave little bread winner is carrying all the burden she can bear.

There is an election coming soon and excitement is running high. If the Christian Socialists win, rents are to be raised. The Social Democrats have plastered the city with flaming posters, picturing a man with

his pockets bulging with money, driving poor families from their homes. But these posters are not more eloquent than our old friend. He grows excited and his dangling pipe swings most dangerously as he condemns the landlords. You may wager your last dollar that he will have his little flock, together with every friend he can muster, at the polls to cast votes for the Social Democrats. Who can blame him? Theoretically it is all wrong, but practically it seems otherwise. An old lion will fight for its cubs.

A LANDLORD'S STORY

Now let us return to the Stadt and take the tram to Schmerlingplatz, just to the rear of the Reichstagsgebäude. There we find a little park with flower-beds, trees and a few statues, located between the Parliament Building and the Palace of Justice. Pedestrians stop here to rest in the shade and many of them bring crumbs to feed the sparrows. It is a quiet attractive nook for a few moments of relaxation.

Just across the street is a block of splendid apartment buildings. They are all privately owned. We know this because there are no signs displaying "Gemeinde Wien," and moreover they are older than any of those built by the city. They are of five and six stories, of brick and stone construction and well ornamented with figures chiseled in marble and granite. Giant caryatids support the walls of the second story and flank the entrances. The ground floors are occupied by neat retail shops. They are smart apartment houses in a most desirable quarter of the city.

Presently we cross the street and enter one of the wide doors leading to a stairway fit to grace a public building. The entrance hall is heavily pillared in marble and the floor is tiled. There is a strong roomy elevator at hand and the porter is waiting to send us up.

"Where is the *Besitzer*?"

"On the second floor."

That does not sound far, but second floor in German means fourth floor in English. We enter the elevator, pay our fare of one cent and a half and up we go. In answer to our ring, a door opens a trifle and a very old lady peers out with a most questioning expression.

"Is the *Besitzer* in?"

"*Ja wohl*."

"May we speak with him, please?"

"*Ja, bitte*."

She ushers us into a dingy room dimly lighted from a court window. The furniture is very old and very plain. There is a bed with a plump feather mattress, a table covered with an old lace spread, a few chairs and in one corner a writing desk littered with papers. The room has the appearance of being used as a bed-room, sitting room and office. A feeble old man rises from a couch in the darkest corner, making use of a heavy cane.

"Please, may we speak with the owner of the building?"

"I am the owner," he answers.

Is it possible that the owner of this magnificent building lives in such a mean room?

He invites us to be seated and waits for us to state the business of our visit. When he learns that we are seeking information concerning rent conditions, he is much excited. We assure him that we have nothing to do with the government, and our poor German corroborates the statement. Being relieved on this score he is quite communicative, and unfolds a strange story. He owns the building which consists of eight apartments of eight rooms each, and in addition a retail store on the first floor. Each apartment has a bath, kitchen and a large entry-hall. The floors and woodwork are of heavy oak and much of it is richly carved. The partitions are brick covered with hard plaster and tastefully painted. Presently we arrive at the question which is the real purpose of our visit.

"How much income do you receive from your building?"

"Gar nichts." (Nothing.)

"How's that?" we ask.

Then he qualifies by saying that his net income from the property is sixteen thousand kronen per annum. That sounds altogether different. We figure it into currency of the United States of America, and it comes out more than one cent short of a quarter of a dollar. We figure again with the same result. We cannot understand this for we are paying twenty-eight dollars per month for two rooms in one of the apartments, and consider the price very reasonable.

"Why do you get so little?"

"Mieterschutz." (Rent Law.)

It seems incomprehensible that for this whole building the owner is receiving the net sum of twenty-

four cents per year. It is outrageous. Next we inquire how much the lessee from whom we sublet, pays for her eight-room apartment. He consults his books and tells us that she is paying about nine dollars per month, but that it all goes to the city as tax for the fund used in building city apartments. A little more figuring brings us to the conclusion that she is receiving enough from us for the two rooms to pay her rent, and have left nineteen dollars. We know that she is renting two more rooms, which apparently gives her a clear profit of forty-seven dollars per month over and above her rent. From such an amount we have good reason to believe her family can live in comfort in Vienna, and still have the four best rooms for its own use. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The sixteen thousand kronen are still clinging in our minds, and we wonder how the government ever arrived at such a ridiculous sum.

"How much rent did you receive before the war?"

"Sixteen thousand kronen."

More pencil work makes us realize that before the war that amount was equal to three thousand two hundred dollars. The difference between that sum and twenty-four cents is the result of inflation. We are immediately reminded of our old friend in Meidling, whose two hundred dollars annual interest shrunk to less than two cents. It is precisely the same thing. But somebody must be profiting. The answer seems apparent. The city's new apartment houses plus the profits of the landladies plus the salaries of certain officials at the city hall represent at least a part of the loss of the house owners.

Now we understand the dinginess of the room. The poor house owner is no more fortunate than the beggar in the streets except that he has free shelter. He is hemmed in on all sides. His tenants can profiteer with his rooms all that the traffic will bear. He cannot even give renters notice to vacate. They are more independent of him than of the porter who runs the elevator. The owner cannot even dismiss the janitor on account of the maze of laws holding employees in their places. In fact the owner is the least important character about the building. If any of the tenants disturb him or injure his property, his only remedy is to apply to the police. His fine house in one of the best quarters of the city is absolutely confiscated. The old gentleman seems warm and unfastens his shirt collar, revealing a most unsightly tumor of the neck. It seems like a dangerous growth.

"How old are you?" we ask.

"Seventy-four."

"You should consult a doctor about your neck."

"I have no money."

Then he tells us about a friend of his, a lady eighty years old who lives on Josefstädterstrasse. She has a fine house of six apartments, but must go to the country and live with a farmer friend because she cannot buy food in the city. Yet before the war she was considered a rich woman.

"What do you think of the coming city election?" we ask.

He throws up his hands in disgust.

"The Social Democrats will win, of course," he says

"I suppose you will vote the Christian Socialist ticket."

"It makes no difference," he answers. "There are enough tenants in my own house to out-vote me ten to one."

He brushes his hand across his neck and says. "Oh well, it won't be long."

"Have you a family?" we inquire.

"No, Gott sei dank," he replies.

We have now seen both sides of the picture and have perhaps learned enough concerning the operations of the Apartment-House Law.

V.

VIENNA SMILES AGAIN

DER echte Wiener ist immer gemütlich. This sentence is untranslatable. The best one can do is to say. "The real Viennese is always good natured," which is not quite the same thing. One may toss several words into the opposite side of the scales before "**gemütlich**" is completely balanced. "Philosophical" and "agreeable" are certainly comprehended in the term as exemplified in the usual Viennese.

"Gemütlichkeit" is the quality that saved the citizens during the dark days of the war and the torturing period following the armistice. What else could have prevented the most violent outbreaks against the peace, when they saw their savings turned to waste paper by inflation and the value of their property totally obliterated by legislation? What else can sustain the clerk when he has lost his place and is unable to earn enough to supply his actual wants? In former years he might have migrated to other lands, but now, upon securing a passport to a neighboring state, he finds his visa stamped with a reminder that he must not engage in any employment to earn money.

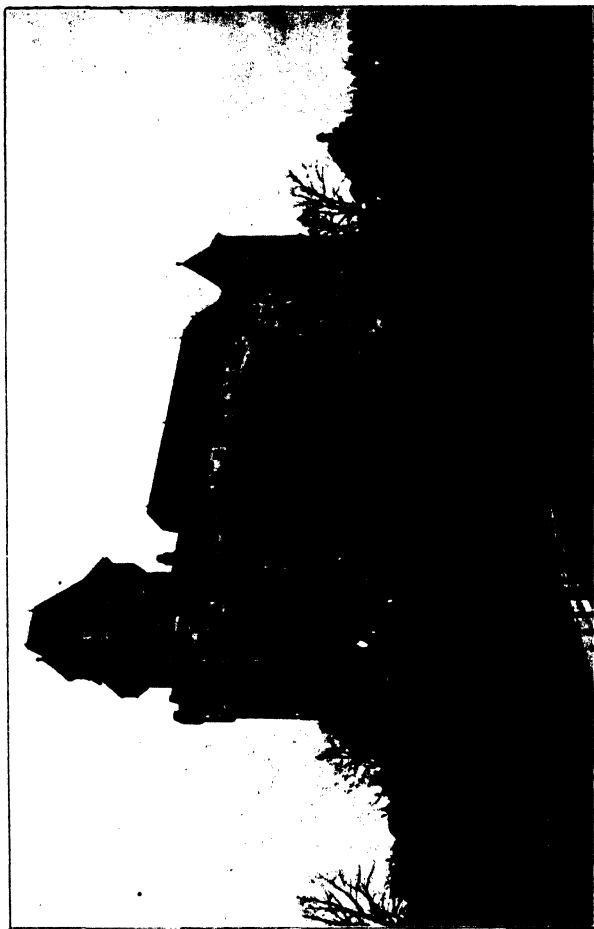
In thousands of cases life was continued purely on the strength of philosophy and good nature — by "Gemütlichkeit." In a sadly large number, even this failed and a few lines in the next day's dailies told the gruesome story. But as a rule the Viennese does not sulk in his chamber, brooding over his unsolvable problems of life, but goes forth, joins companions and proceeds to banish sorrow by conversation upon more pleasant subjects.

CAFES

The best place to observe this peculiar quality of the native is in his cafe. We have not, and never had, in America, an institution that occupies the same position in our society that the cafe holds in Vienna. If we had enlarged our saloons, substituted chairs and tables for the bars and brought in the ladies, we might have had a somewhat similar place of enjoyment.

The cafes serve coffee, tea, beer, wines, cakes, sandwiches and generally ham and eggs. The Viennese do not go there to eat and drink; that is incidental, but, of course, important to the house. The guest comes to read, smoke and visit; to see and be seen. In the cafes are to be found all the magazines and newspapers of the day. One finds them in English, French, German, Czech, Hungarian and Italian. The guest orders a cup of coffee or a stein of beer and settles himself for the afternoon.

The traveling salesman brings his customer there to take orders, the business man writes his letters and the students con their books and lecture notes. The



Burg Liechtenstein

damsel meets her beau at the cafe. Little parties gather and a common sight is a group of Frauen whiling away the afternoon or evening playing cards, reading magazines and eating Schlagobers. Not infrequently the women bring their sewing or fancy-work and use their fingers for profit while their tongues wag for pleasure. The thrifty German who gives language lessons to the foreigner likes to use the cafe for a studio for reasons that are not difficult to guess. The people come in merry groups after the theater or dance to chat and gossip over a late cup of tea or coffee or a few Semmeln and Würsteln washed down with a bottle of cold beer.

As a rule each Viennese has his own cafe, by which is not meant that he owns it, but that he has adopted it. He comes regularly every day, generally at about the same hour, pays his little tribute and enjoys the warmth and general hospitality. The same statement applies, perhaps more completely, to the women. If you are seeking a Viennese, find out which is his cafe and you can usually locate him at the proper hour. If he does not appear, it may be well to inquire at the hospitals. He cannot remain away from his cafe any more than the wild animals of Africa can stay away from their water-holes.

Every man connected with the service in a cafe has a title, the use of which clothes him with honor, requires subjection to those who outrank him and obedience on the part of his inferiors.

There is the Besitzer, or owner, who is every whit as important in his place of business as an American bank president in his gilded banking house.

Then there is the Herr Ober, who takes the orders and in the course of time receives the money. You may know him by his air of importance and his insignia of office, a large leather purse, a writing pad and a pencil; always conspicuously displayed. When a guest has finished his stay, he calls out "zahlen," without even lifting his eyes from his magazine. This brings no response and is not supposed to. In the course of ten minutes he calls the same thing again, and after another ten minutes screams it. This brings the Herr Ober, who allows him to state what he has consumed and pay accordingly.

The next official in rank is the Speisenträger, who brings the refreshments and, after the guest has finished, takes away the cups and saucers, returning with two glasses — always two — of cold water. They are to prevent the guest from being embarrassed by sitting before an empty table during the remainder of his stay. There being two glasses he may prolong his visit indefinitely and still continue to make a pretence of drinking.

There is yet another dignitary, whose exact rank the writer has not been able to determine; the Kuchenträger, who carries a whole pastry shop about on a large platter. He sells, by preference, for cash on delivery. One may summon him by yelling "Kuchen!" or by sending any of the other officers to bring him.

It may be well for the reader who contemplates spending a few weeks in Vienna to note what has been said concerning the officials of a cafe, for the same organization of caterers is encountered in the

beer gardens and restaurants and are to be dealt with in the same manner.

Now that we have mentioned restaurants we may be excused for introducing the jolly little fellow whose function it is to carry the beer and water. He bears the romantic title of *Piccolo*, and, since this word is not in the German-English dictionaries, we shall endeavor to have it inserted and translated into the hitherto unauthorized term *snapperjack*. Due to the fact that in rank he is supposed to occupy a station as far below the *Herr Ober* as it is possible for the human mind to conceive, the American doctors have formed the habit of referring to him as the *Herr Unter*. The real high class *Piccolo* masquerades about the restaurant in a frock suit with coat tails long enough to keep the heels of his shoes automatically polished. He calculates his tips in *Groschen*, the most insignificant coin of the realm; but — and woe to the guest who forgets this — he expects his remuneration, and has the power to sentence a delinquent patron to the torments of enduring thirst.

Furthermore many cafes have an honorary official who wears a cap inscribed with the word, *Dienstmann* in bold type. He is there for the alleged purpose of carrying messages and performing any other services requested by the guests. In winter he is usually found in the warmest corner next the stove, his head cosily poised on his bosom, and sound asleep. In summer he is apt to be found outside the front door, likewise reposing in the arms of *Morpheus*. A *Dienstmann* is the most perfect antithesis of nervousness to be found in the German states.

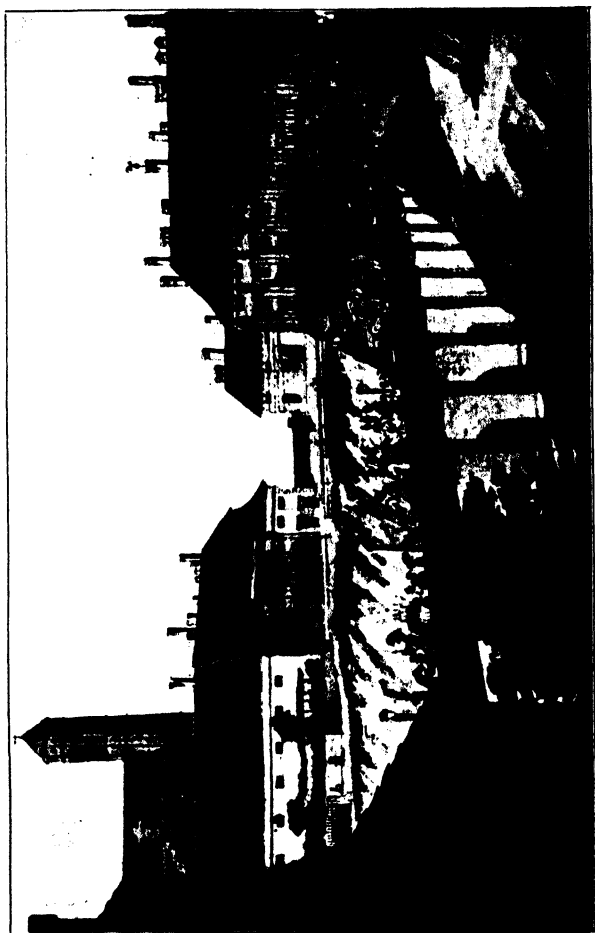
If one is economically disposed, he may spend a

whole afternoon in a cafe at an expense of perhaps fifteen cents, plus ten per cent *Trinkgeld* (tips) which he should not forget to divide between the *Herr Ober* and the *Speisenträger*. Failure to do this at once marks him as an *Ausländer*. The contribution for the *Herr Ober* is handed him at the time of the settlement and that for the *Speisenträger* is left upon the table. The *Kuchenträger* also expects ten percent for service on whatever is purchased from him.

In no other city in the world is the cafe so important and interesting an institution as in Vienna. In Paris it is more strenuous and less *gemütlich*. Berlin is too busy and Rome does not bother with them very much. Rome keeps the visitor busy looking at her ruins and buying souvenirs. It pays better than allowing them to waste their time in a cafe. Buda-Pesth has them but they are not so common nor so pleasant.

In Vienna, spring is not heralded by the robins, pussy-willows and violets as in America, but by the cafes. When the foreigner observes that the chairs and tables of the cafes have begun to migrate from the stove-heated interiors and dispose themselves upon the airy sidewalks in front, he may be sure that spring is in the offing. There will yet come chilly winds and he must not take the matter seriously enough to pack away his overcoat or buy a straw hat. It is only a prophecy, an omen.

There are eleven hundred and fifty-four cafes in Vienna, and *Herr Breitner*, the head tax-collector, has them all registered in the *Rathaus* for purposes of



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cruel taxation. A *Besitzer* once told me that "*Herr Breitner ist nicht gemütlich.*"

BEER GARDENS

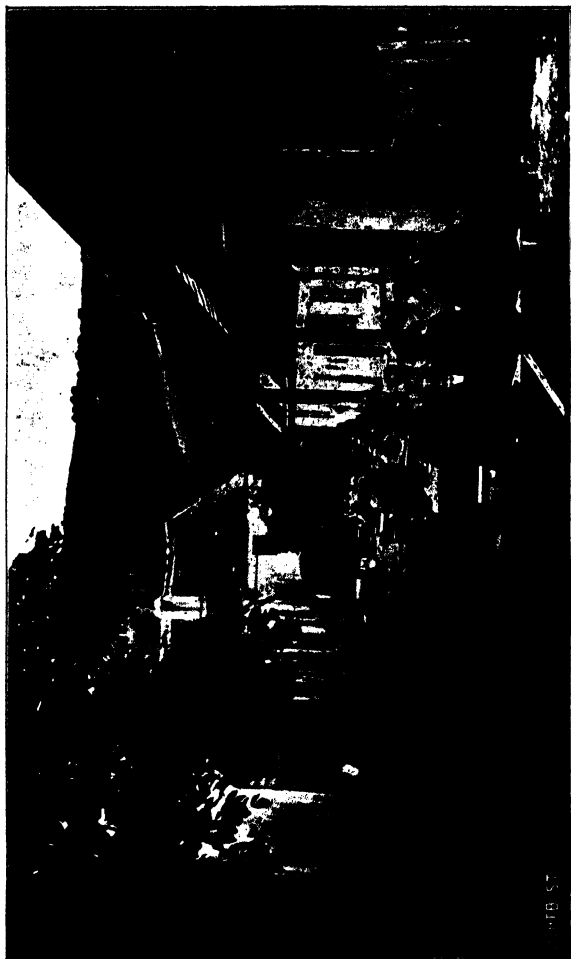
The beer-garden, a most conspicuous summer institution of all German countries, is very common in Vienna. It is little else than an out-door cafe. It does not usually supply newspapers and magazines, but generally has an orchestra during the afternoon and evening. The guest must contribute something to this orchestra either in the form of an admission fee or in the form of a charge rendered by the *Herr Ober*. The amount is usually small and the music almost always excellent. In the beer garden of the Volksgarten, and in the Kursalon of the Stadtpark, one hears orchestras that would make any other city famous. The programs consist of selections from the operas interspersed with popular numbers. One may order beer or coffee and remain for the entire program, but most of the guests also patronize the *Kuchenträger*. The beer-gardens are widely distributed throughout the entire city. Many of the cafes have them in connection with their places during the summer months.

THE HEURIGEN

In many suburbs of Vienna, especially in the neighborhood of Grinzing (reached by tram No. 38 from the Schottentor) are to be found restaurants where food and new wine are served and small troupes of comedians perform. These places are very amusing, even though the vaudeville stunts are not of a partic-

ularly high order. They are the favorite resorts of the bourgeois and the guests furnish as much amusement to the foreigner as do the entertainers. The stranger should remember that the new wine is unusually potent and likely to be followed by considerable reaction on the following day. The guests assemble at about 7 P. M. and conduct themselves with exemplary decorum until the wine begins to undermine their restraint, after which any conduct may be expected. The entrance of a party of Americans is apt to be signaled by the musicians playing "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" to which the party is supposed to respond by much applause and a substantial contribution. A similar appreciation is expected when the musicians station themselves before the party and perform especially for its benefit. Under such circumstances the *Ausländer* become the recipients of the attention of the entire assemblage and it is useless to resist. A few shillings properly distributed at this moment give the party inside membership in the merry *Gesellschaft*. All this ceremony may be looked upon as an initiation, and a failure to "join" is in bad form.

As the wine vanishes, mirth and conviviality appear and amorous outbreaks are common even on the part of those whose behavior was most reserved at the beginning. Merry laughter and clever jokes ripple over the gay throng, but "roughhousing" and quarreling are unknown. The guests join in singing old Viennese songs, and wineglasses tinkle as toasts are offered to everybody, including the foreigners. An evening at a *Heuriger* is well worth while and



Heuriger in Grinzing

the two most famous ones are Hengel's and Rockenbauer's, both reached by tram No. 38. A Heuriger is indicated by boughs of evergreen hung over the door.

DANCING

In few cities of the world is dancing a more prominent and universal entertainment than in Vienna. It is the proud birthplace of the famous Johann Strauss waltz. The Viennese couples spin round and round like tops, in the same direction for perhaps five consecutive minutes, preferably to the strains of the "Blue Danube." Why they do not fall to the floor from dizziness is to the foreigner an unsolved mystery. The first ten revolutions with a Fräulein are heavenly but after that the American is more or less unconscious, hanging like a drowning man to a floating mast. After the dance is finished she will drag him to his seat and seemingly float away like a kite in a summer whirlwind. As soon as objects have settled themselves into fixed positions, she will smilingly accept an invitation for another spin.

The favorite dancing places are the five o'clock teas at the various hotels and cafes. Their number in the city is legion. The Viennese woman does not, as a rule, demand the ceremony of an introduction before consenting to dance with a foreigner. She thinks it quite a lark to dance with one who does not speak her language. Often she speaks a little English and is delighted at the opportunity to practice it. All the Tanz-Lokale have on hand male and female professional dancers who expect a tip of a few shillings if the stranger dances with them frequently.

There are a great number of Tanz-Institute in the city, where lessons may be had for a very reasonable fee. The character of nearly all these places is above reproach and the stranger of either sex need not hesitate to patronize them.

If one's visit to Vienna happens to be during the Fasching, or carnival season, (between the New Year and the beginning of Lent), he should arrange to attend some of the famous Redouten (mask balls). Gentlemen are required to appear in costume or "Smoking" (dinner suits), and ladies must wear wigs, masks and evening gowns. The balls are usually held in the largest halls and are attended by thousands. At many of these functions the aristocracy is well represented. Dancing begins at about ten o'clock and lasts till daybreak. The scene is one of gayest festivity and the stranger is likely to have many spicy encounters. The great concert hall of the Grosses Konzerthaus, one of the most beautiful halls in Europe, is often used to accomodate large and brilliant balls. Occasionally even the Staatsoper is cleared of seats and used for a Redoute. There are countless smaller balls during the season. The writer recalls that one of the dailies in 1926 announced that there had been over four hundred balls given in the city during the first ten days of January, and these, of course, did not include the regular dances given at the many Tanz-Lokale.

Vienna dances but little during the summer time. The people prefer long excursions on foot to the Wienerwald and surrounding country. It is no uncommon thing for a family to carry its lunch in a

Rucksack and make a walk of ten miles into the woods or along the Danube.

One may say that in dancing the Viennese have certain fixed notions and characteristics. They liked the boston and tango, but almost "balked" at the charleston and some of the newer and similar contortions. They are preeminently graceful dancers and prefer something, no matter how intricate or difficult, that is characterized by rhythm and an air of refinement.

KINOS

The kinos in Vienna are apt to be disappointing to the American. He is likely to see reels that have been exhibited in his home land long before. But occasionally German pictures are to be seen that are most rare and interesting; such as the portrayal of the "Nibelungen" and other charming tales of the German people. These are always worth seeing. There are at present one hundred and seventy cinemas in Vienna and they are large consumers of one of our most profitable exports.

KELLERS

Some of the Kellers of Vienna are delightful places to visit. Many of them are old and picturesquely furnished. They serve wine and food at a moderate charge, although wine is not so cheap in Vienna as in the French and Italian cities. Many of them, such as the Urbani-Keller on the south side of Am Hof, are equipped with medieval furniture and decorations, and are most interesting. The stairways wind down and down until the stranger is almost prompted

to turn and retreat. He need have no fear in "plumbing the depths," for he will be rewarded by seeing an assemblage of friendly Viennese engaged in drinking light wines and singing folk songs. He is likely to see old pictures, steins, furniture and relics of the middle ages, and the ensemble will linger as a most pleasant memory for years.

PARADES

One may be excused for including under light entertainment the street parades that are so numerous in Vienna these days. They are really a distinct feature of the city life. While the stranger is dressing for the day, martial music comes breezing into the room and sends him scurrying to the window. He is likely to witness a picturesque and impressive exhibition. Headed by a large band, a long procession files by, singing German folk songs most lustily. The parade is generally composed of men, women and children in gay uniforms and bearing striking banners and emblems. One would suppose some important celebration is at hand, but inquiry brings the information that it is only a club setting forth for a picnic in the Wienerwald. Many of the parades are religious and many are political but some of them have no significance whatever, except that the participants wish to announce that they are alive and out for a good time.

The above is not intended as a complete enumeration of the light entertainments of Vienna, but merely to call attention to a few that are characteristic, or at least carried out in a characteristic manner.

VI.

VIENNA'S GIRDLE OF
SPLENDOR

NANABE SALAR J.C.

UPON glancing at the map of Vienna, one's attention is immediately drawn to the wide street which, like an irregular hoop, encircles the central part of the city. The thoroughfare has different names at different places but the entire circle is known to the Viennese as the "Ring". One must not suppose that this wide and endless boulevard was a part of some original plan, for Vienna grew gradually through a long lapse of centuries, without any preconceived design.

In 1246, the last of the Babenbergs died and left Vienna without a legitimate ruler. Already the city had become the most important one of the entire Danube valley. For this reason Ottocar, the powerful king of Bohemia, seized the throne and changed his residence from Prague to Vienna. Being a foreign king and eager to establish the crown for himself and heirs, he endeavored to win his subjects by making important improvements in the city. He at once began an extensive addition to St. Stephan's and constructed a fortified wall around the enlarged city. This wall stretched along what is

now known as the "Ring". The task was well done and seems to have pleased the Viennese so well that they were willing to retain Ottocar as their permanent ruler.

The wall was soon to be tested, for the pope did not give his holy sanction to Ottocar and, after more than a quarter of a century, called together the electors, who unexpectedly chose Rudolph of Hapsburg as the ruler of the Holy Roman Empire. Rudolph was a Swiss of great bravery and physical strength, a seven foot giant, who had made such rapid conquests in Switzerland that, upon hearing of his election, the Bishop of Basle exclaimed, "Sit fast, Lord God, or Rudolph will take your throne."

Rudolph at once sent a messenger to Ottocar demanding the throne in Vienna, but the Bohemian king had no intention of complying. He knew the strength of the Ring Wall, and furthermore he believed the Duke of Bavaria would not permit Rudolph with his Swiss and Alsatian army to pass on their way to Vienna. So Ottocar sent back word that he would wait behind his new fortifications and see what Rudolph could do. Now the Swiss giant knew how to play hearts as well as use his fist and sword. He had a large family at his disposal, so he married one of his daughters to the son of the Bavarian duke and thus secured not only a quick passage but actual cooperation. So rapidly was all this arranged, that he appeared before Ottocar's wall quite unexpectedly.

Rudolph looked at the grim line of masonry and decided it was too strong to be taken by assault, so settled himself before the fortifications to bring the

city to terms by starvation. Ottocar, having been surprised, had not accumulated provisions for a siege and soon ran short of food. This compelled him to sue for terms of capitulation. One of the conditions of surrender was that a son and daughter of Rudolph should marry a daughter and son of Ottocar. This is quite noteworthy for it set more examples in arranging marriages purely for purposes of state; precedents that were faithfully followed by the Hapsburgs throughout the long centuries that they occupied the throne of Austria. It was a custom against which consanguinity was unfortunately given little or no consideration. So often was this device used that a wise Hungarian later wrote, "Happy is the house of Austria, for the realms that Mars awards to others, Venus transfers to thee". It should be said in this connection that marriage was the Hapsburg method of acquiring dominion. They very rarely resorted to conquest which was the French and Prussian way of obtaining territory. The House of Austria actually married its path to power.

But Ottocar who had withdrawn to Prague was not satisfied and returned in a few years, only to be slain in battle near Vienna. But the story of the Ring Wall is only begun. It was destined to play a most important role in events that determined the subsequent history of Europe and perhaps we might say of the entire world. It was to decide the moral and religious fate of civilization.

We have already mentioned the siege by Soliman, the Turk, in 1529. After trying the walls of the Ring once he spent the rest of his life vainly endeavoring to reach them again. We have also spoken of the

siege by Kara Mustapha in 1683. When the Turks fled on this occasion, before the famous king Sobieski of Poland, they left behind a few sacks of coffee. A certain Pole by the name of Kolschitzky knew how to prepare this into a delightful beverage, and became the founder of the first coffee house. He certainly deserves a shrine alongside of Gambrinus, the god of beer, in some conspicuous place in Vienna. Tobacco had been introduced from the Americas just prior to this time. The very mention of this article prompts us to digress and observe that from a traveller's point of experience the Austrian tobacco is not the best to be obtained on the continent of Europe. If Vienna would like to brighten the countenances and lighten the hearts of her tourist population, she might remove a few rails from the top of her tariff fence against English and American tobaccos.

It is no exaggeration to say that all Christianity kept close watch of the Ring fortifications. Even while torn by the bloody disputes of the reformation, the approach of the Turks was a signal to stop quarreling and rally to the defense of the bastions at Vienna. It was the piece of masonry that was depended upon to break the sword of Islam.

In 1683 the people of Vienna hailed the Polish king as their deliverer and almost fought for the privilege of kissing his feet. This is pleasant reading but contrasts strangely with what we find upon turning the pages of history to a period about one hundred years later. There we may read how Joseph II., one of the most upright of the Hapsburgs conspired with Catherine of Russia and Frederick of Prussia to dis-



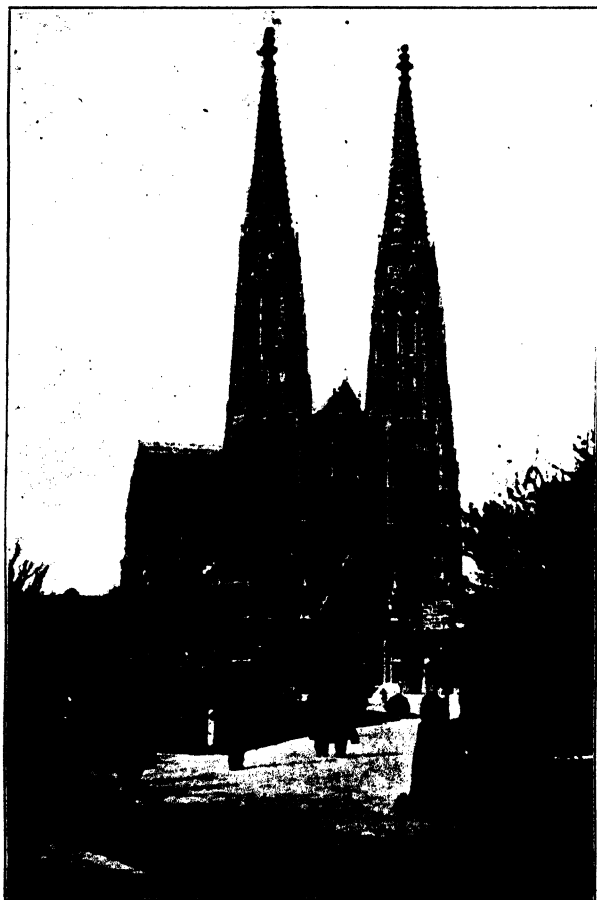
Scene in the Old Glacis

member and greedily devour Poland. But we have gotten entirely out of the Ring and must return.

Time passed and the invention of gunpowder became so perfectly applied to artillery as to destroy the value of the wall as a protection to the enclosed city. It became not only worthless but an actual impediment to the expansion of the growing metropolis. Even from the time of the Babenbergs houses had been built outside of the fortified walls of the city. This was the reason for extending them to encircle more territory. But after the passing of the menace of the Turks, many houses with gardens and extended grounds came into existence outside the Ring. The monumental palace and park of Schönbrunn appeared during the reign of Maria Theresa. No buildings were allowed within eighteen hundred feet of the outside of the walls. The space was kept clear to prevent the approach of an enemy under cover. This wide strip was known as the *glacis* and was used as a drill and parade ground for the army. It made a wide gap between the inner Stadt and the surrounding suburbs and interfered with traffic and the consolidation of the city. But the bastions were retained for a while out of sentiment and perhaps on account of the lingering idea that they afforded some kind of protection. The wall itself was used as a place for afternoon strolls. It was the promenade of the town. The event which finally turned the Emperor against the wall may have been the attempted assassination in 1853, which will be narrated in a little while. At any rate shortly after this it was decided to destroy the walls and they fell, demolished by commercialism.

In 1857 the bastions were removed and the ground converted into a boulevard, the finest in the entire city.

Here comes one of the most interesting facts in the development of Vienna of Today. There was the wide *glacis*, very valuable and without ownership. Some contended that it was city property, others that it belonged to the state of Austria and still others that it should be used for the army which had occupied it as a field of manoeuvres for so long a time. Emperor Franz Josef decided to place it into the hands of a bureau called the *Stadterweiterung*, which was to dispose of it for the benefit of the state and city. About half of the space was sold for the erection of private buildings and the rest used as sites for public edifices. The part sold netted the enormous sum of fifty million dollars and this money was used to erect city and state buildings. Among those financed in this manner may be mentioned the Rathaus, the Bourse, the University, the Parliament, the two Museums, the Palace of Justice, the Staatsoper, the Burgtheater, the University Chemical Laboratory, the new War Department Building and in part at least the New Imperial Palace. Of course no such an array of architecture could be assembled for any such a sum of money in these days. Thus came into existence the present Ringstrasse perhaps the sublimest boulevard possessed by any city of the world. And the remarkable thing about it all is that these magnificent public buildings cost the city and state practically nothing. Moreover the construction along the Ring caused such a building boom as but few cities of the world have ever experienced. Also the splendid circle



The Votive Church

of parks that fringe the Ring and add so much to the attractiveness of the public buildings were derived from the glacis. Prominent among these parks are the Rathauspark, Schmerlingplatz, Maria Theresien-Platz, Schillerplatz and the large Stadtpark.

THE VOTIV-KIRCHE

Since the Ringstrasse has neither beginning nor end, we may as well commence exploring it at the Schottentor, where the name changes from Schottenring to Ring des 12. November. At this point the attention is apt to be arrested by the striking Gothic church bearing two towers that spring to an elevation of three hundred and fifteen feet from the pavement. In order to get the story of this church we must revert to the bastions and relate more fully the attempted assassination of Franz Josef. On the eighteenth of February, 1853, while yet a very young man, he was strolling along the wall, when a Hungarian sprang from the rear and attempted to stab him in the neck. The assassin used a long shoemaker's knife, sharpened at both edges, a most dangerous weapon. His aim was not true and the knife struck the skull back of one ear, producing an ugly but apparently not dangerous wound. However the Emperor's sight was injured by concussion and recovered very slowly.

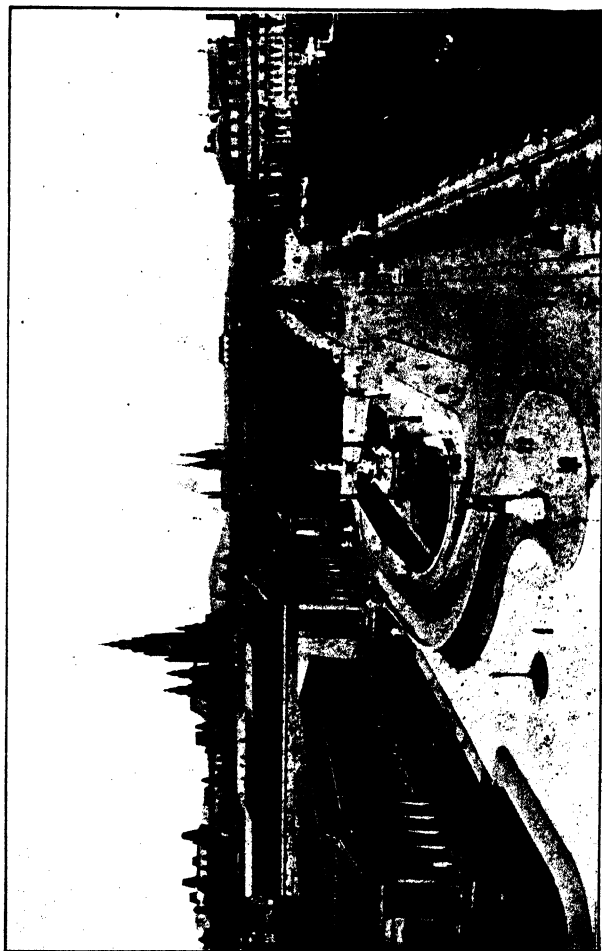
Vienna was very indignant at this assault upon her young ruler by a native of Hungary with which Austria had recently finished a bitter war. Thanksgiving services were held in all the churches and a subscription opened for the construction of a new church to stand as a monument of gratitude for the

preservation of the life of the young monarch. In this manner was built the beautiful Votive Church. This was early in the long reign of the Emperor and many times during the vicissitudes of his disastrous career his heart must have been cheered by gazing at this splendid token of the devotion of his people.

The church facing a picturesque park makes a most artistic photograph and is a favorite target for the cameras of the tourists.

THE UNIVERSITY

Vienna has three treasures to which she proudly refers when attempting to establish a claim to distinction. They are her University, operas and concerts. She is always willing to be judged by their qualities. They are jewels of the first water and are heirlooms of her glorious past. Crossing *Universitätsstrasse* from the little park in front of the Votive Church we stand before the main building of the University of Vienna. It is a massive structure completely occupying one full block. Being devoid of towers and domes, it might readily be mistaken for a business block. Well worth seeing in the interior is the open court containing a fountain and an arcade lined with the busts of celebrated professors. The building houses the administrative offices, many lecture rooms and the University library, a collection of approximately eight hundred thousand volumes in various languages. But one must not judge the size of the University by this one building alone for it has many others and they are widely scattered throughout the city. The first buildings were at *Universitätsplatz*, a short distance from *Stephans-*



platz. The institution is very old, being founded by Rudolph IV. in 1365 but yields precedence in that respect to the University of Prague, founded in 1348.

In spite of the dissolution of the empire the University is still filled to capacity. Students from adjacent states clamor for admission to its courses.

In history it has played a most important role. For a long time the faculty was composed of Jesuits, but under the reign of Joseph II. religious tolerance was established and at the present time several of the instructors are Jewish. Probably the most brilliant department is the Medical School. Something will be said of this in another place.

The students took a prominent part in the revolution of 1848 and apparently they have been demonstrating in a more or less threatening manner occasionally ever since. It seems that there is something transpiring every little while at the University that demands the attention of the police. There is an unwritten law in Vienna to the effect that the police are not allowed to enter the University building to quell disorders. It is the sanctuary of the "gown" in distinction from the "town." While duelling has by no means been abolished, it is not so common as in the universities of Germany. Austrian professional men with deep scars across their cheeks are quite frequently seen. Such scars are legacies of duels and seem to be the source of considerable pride to the bearers. These duels are fought secretly and against the rules of the University and the laws of the state. They are bloody affairs but are rarely fatal. The weapons are swords and the vital parts of the body are protected against injury.

THE RATHAUS

Passing south along Ring des 12. November from the University, we soon arrive in front of one of the most important and magnificent public buildings of Vienna, the Rathaus or City Hall. It is a very large and symmetrical edifice and its beauty is much enhanced by the charming wooded park at its front. On certain occasions the whole building is illuminated by thousands of concealed lights placed on its exterior. It is then a picture of indescribable grandeur. Thousands of people march along the Ring to witness the glorious spectacle.

Since the advent of the socialist government, the Rathaus has become a veritable hive of officials. As the municipality owns about half the industries of the city and has much to say about the other half, the Rathaus is the very peak of civil authority for nearly two million people. Mammoth as it is, it cannot begin to hold all the offices of the municipality. At the close of the war when everybody supposed Vienna to be slated for a terrible slump, the question was often heard, "What will they do with the immense Rathaus?" But now one may ask, "What would they do without it?" We may honor this building with the title of "King of all the Rathauses." It looks the part and lives up to its appearance. From an artistic standpoint it appears to best advantage from the outside, for the interior is packed like a can of sardines with offices and officials.

The edifice dates from 1882 and the plans were drawn by Frederick Schmidt whose statue may be seen

in the little park to the rear of the building. It seems as though he should have been honored with a place among the celebrities in front but it was not accorded him.

If the reader is interested in what has been said of the bastions, he will find in the historical museum on the first and second floors a wonderful representation of the old Stadt with its Ring wall. There are also many relics of the Turkish sieges. The silken cord with which Kara Mustapha is supposed to have been strangled and the sacred banner of Mohamet are exhibited.

Immediately in front of the Rathaus is a large open space where public gatherings are often held. It may be regarded as the forum of Vienna. It is here that public political demonstrations are conducted. The basement is given over for the use of a mammoth Keller, the famous Rathauskeller, which is one of the most popular restaurants of the city. There are two principal dining rooms. In one the service is simple and the prices about twenty percent less than in the other where the service is more pretentious. The food is precisely the same in both, and all the charges are very reasonable. This Keller is one of the places that the visitor should see.

As seen from the Ringstrasse the Rathaus is partially screened by a sylvan park and presents a picture equaled by but few public buildings in Europe. In the park are numerous interesting statues and fountains. Even after a prolonged stay in Vienna one can hardly pass the Rathaus without stopping a moment to admire its beauty.

THE BURGTHEATER

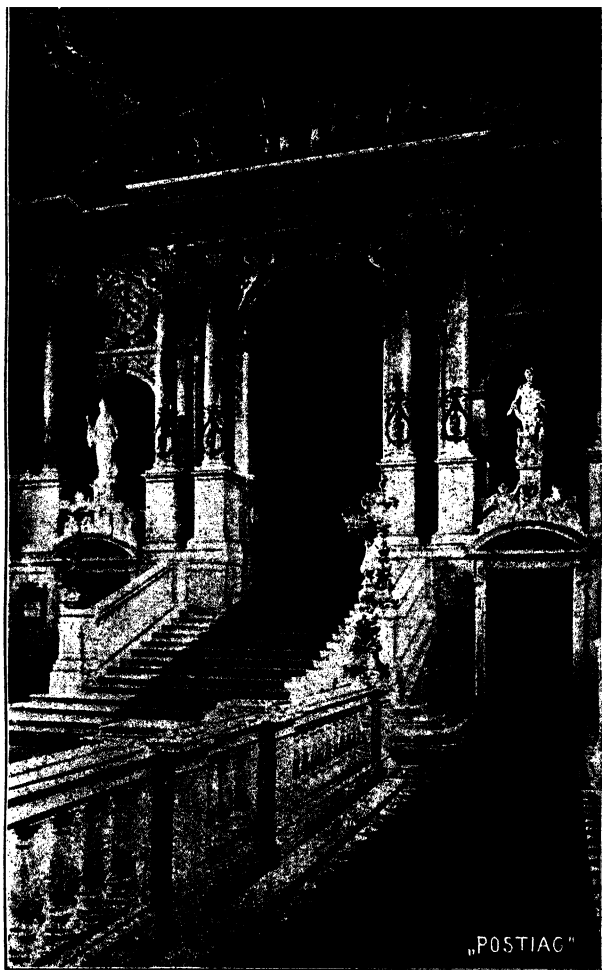
Directly facing the Rathaus and across the Ring stands the Burgtheater, the worthy representative of the old and renowned one that stood till 1888 as a part of the Hofburg. Vienna experienced a most disastrous fire in a theater in 1881, after which it was decreed that all theaters must stand entirely clear of other buildings. The Burgtheater complies with this rule for it is entirely isolated from other structures. It is pointed out as a perfect specimen of the Renaissance and presents a striking contrast to the Gothic Rathaus with which it is mated.

Connecting the two edifices is a wide but short boulevard lined by the overhanging boughs of the park and decorated with statues of ecclesiastical and secular heroes. One should not miss noticing the one of Johann Bernhard Fischer of Erlach whose name occurs so often in connection with descriptions of buildings and monuments of the city. This little Siegesallee is one of the most charming spots of Vienna and also one of the most familiar.

The two extended wings of the theater are entirely occupied by stairways and the loftier central portion contains the stage and auditorium. In the interior is a gallery of the portraits of the actors who made Vienna famous during the days of the Hapsburgs.

THE VOLKSGARTEN

Immediately to the south of the Burgtheater is the entrance to the Volksgarten, a most renowned park. Upon entering, the eye is quickly attracted to a small Grecian edifice, the Temple of Theseus, erected



Stairway in Ruesstheater

to house Canova's Theseus Group, which was later removed to the new art gallery. A little farther south and to the right is the pavillion where one may sit in the shade in summertime, drink beer and listen to an orchestra worthy of high place in the realms of musical fame. In the winter the performances are given in the large enclosure. The Viennese love to mention that Johann Strauss played here to solace the populace after Austria had lost her Italian possessions, following the unfortunate wars with Napoleon III. and Prussia. Less eminent but certainly most excellent musicians also performed here to cheer the masses during the trying times after the recent war.

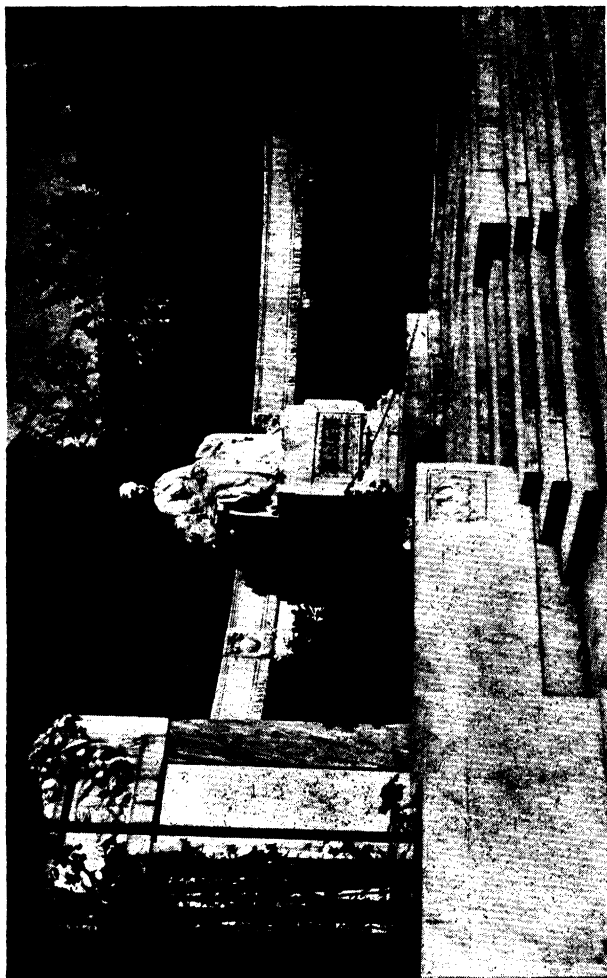
Just to the left of the entrance, in a secluded corner almost hidden from observation, nestles a little memorial, a most tender mark of the affection of the Viennese people for the family of their venerable Emperor, Franz Josef. It is a monument to the ill-fated and much beloved Empress Elizabeth.

It is pleasant to loiter in this sequestered shady nook and recall the principal events in the life of this, next to Maria Theresa, the most interesting woman that ever graced the House of Austria. In the glad month of May, 1853, shortly after Franz Josef had fully recovered from the wound of an attempted assassination and while yet in his twenty-third year, he journeyed to the hills of Bavaria to call upon his cousin, Helene, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Duke Maximilian. The Emperor's Bavarian mother, Archduchess Sophie, had planned that on this trip he should invite Helene to become the future Empress of Austria. All went smoothly until, one morning while walking in the woods, he unex-

pectedly met face to face Helene's younger sister, Elizabeth. The young Emperor apparently fell in love with Elizabeth on the spot, before he even knew her name, and was much surprised to learn her identity. After a short conversation, he expressed the hope of seeing her again when the family met for the evening. Elizabeth rather sadly told him that she was considered much too young to appear in the presence of such distinguished company.

Now had Franz Josef been an archduke, his mother most likely would have promptly squelched this sudden outburst of affection for a fifteen-year-old Mädchen, but he was emperor of the most powerful monarchy on the continent of Europe and in a position to set aside the traditions of the Hapsburgs. He was determined to make love to the girl of his choice. Hence at his request this slender little Alpine child had her loose hair braided, put on a long tight-laced gown and became a woman that very afternoon. We may easily imagine that there was much consternation in the family over this sudden change of heart on the part of the royal wooer and many things said which never appeared in history. It seems that Duke Maximilian was not pleased about it, for, when Franz Josef broached the matter, the stern papa told him that Elizabeth was far too young to become engaged, even to the Emperor of Austria. However the betrothal took place very promptly and on April 24th, 1854, they were married in Augustiner-Kirche in Vienna.

Few brides have ever approached the altar with more pomp and splendor than did this beautiful sixteen year old Bavarian maid. She came down the Danube by boat and landed at Nussdorf from whence she was



escorted to Schönbrunn for the night. The next day she was driven to church in the famous gilded coronation coach which may still be seen in the carriage house at Schönbrunn. It was all like a story of Prince Charming, until the ceremonies and feasts were over. They gave her name to the bridge over the River Wien which she crossed on the way to the church. The capital celebrated as only Vienna knows how to do. Hundreds of prisoners were the happy recipients of the Emperor's elemency and large sums were disbursed to the poor and needy.

But the child of the Bavarian woodlands soon realized that she had left her simple life behind for she was confronted with the trying ordeal of complying with the rigorous rules and customs of the most punctilious court in all Europe. Moreover there was a mother-in-law in the house, who expected much of the new daughter-in-law and who considered it her state duty to train the young wife from the country. There are many anecdotes which show that the new Empress, on certain occasions, most audaciously shocked the ladies of the court by her rebellion against the established etiquette of the imperial house. She insisted upon eating Würsteln and drinking Bavarian beer, wearing a comfortable pair of shoes for several days, taking off her gloves at banquets and riding horseback like a regular "tomboy"; all of which set many tongues wagging behind her back and caused significant smiles when her name was mentioned in any of the royal courts of Europe.

The matter of the shoes requires a little further explanation. It was the custom of the court to sell each

pair of shoes, worn by the Empress, for the benefit of the employees of the palace. They brought a high price and the servants were accustomed to reap the benefit of the sale of three hundred and sixty-five pairs each year. This unprecedented conduct on the part of the queen deprived the house staff of a large sum of money annually and made the Empress quite unpopular in her own house.

There is every reason to believe that many times her feelings were deeply wounded by reports that reached her through indirect but much used channels. But, if her behavior failed to ingratiate her with the most high at Schönbrunn, it certainly won an affectionate response from the masses, especially in Hungary, who adopted her as one of their very own. That she tried to live up to the requirements of her trying position is apparent upon the slightest reflection. She mastered the Hungarian language, a most difficult task, and studied the political condition of the monarchy in order to act as a help-mate for her husband. That she was more popular than either her mother-in-law or husband was manifested on several occasions. She took the Hungarians by storm. They were pleased and surprised that she had taken the pains to learn their peculiar language and they loved her spontaneous and genuine manners. She bore the same name as the consort of their sainted king, St. Stephen, which appealed most strongly to their traditional devotions. Franz Josef was not popular in Hungary and the influence of the queen was of the greatest benefit to him. Had he followed her suggestions more and the advice of his stupid politicians less he might have had fewer griefs.

The first stroke of sorrow fell upon the queen in 1857, when her first born died of typhoid fever on a trip to Hungary. Probably on account of this and because she never could become quite reconciled to the stern requirements of the court, she absented herself much from Vienna. She traveled extensively throughout Europe and remained away from home for months at a time. But there may have been other reasons why Empress Elizabeth disliked living in Vienna. She may have been unable to overlook her husband's aberrations toward other women, as had her illustrious predecessor, Maria Theresa. Everybody else in Vienna knew about Franz Josef's fondness for Frau Schratt and surely some gossiping tongue must have carried the unwelcome bit of scandal to Elizabeth more than once. Again, the loss of the Italian provinces and the unfriendliness of the German states, including her native Bavaria, stung her most deeply.

In 1867, in the midst of grief and depression over this loss of prestige, came the news of the execution of Maximilian, Franz Josef's favorite brother, in Mexico. This intensified the dense gloom that hung like a pall over the House of Austria.

Naturally the worst blow of all was the tragic death of her only son, Crown Prince Rudolph, in 1889. This story has already been told but we may remark that the verdict of suicide was especially heartrending to a devout catholic mother.

On the eighth of September, 1898, unexpectedly as a shock from an earthquake, Franz Josef received the tragic news that Empress Elizabeth had been murdered in Geneva, Switzerland. Then is when he is said to

have exclaimed, "My God! I am to be spared no tragedy in the world!" Concerning the truth of this exclamation, he was destined to learn much more in later years.

The Empress was walking to a boat landing in Geneva, when an Italian anarchist ran against her and knocked her down. She did not seem to be much hurt and thought it only accidental, but soon it was discovered that he had stabbed her to the heart with a long shoe-maker's awl. She died in an hour's time. There is a strange coincidence in the fact that Franz Josef was stabbed by a shoe-maker's knife in 1853 and his wife done to death by a shoe-maker's awl in 1898.

As we gaze at the beautiful marble figure of Empress Elizabeth facing the limpid pool in the secluded corner of the Volksgarten, almost concealed from public view by the vine covered walls, and recall that the memorial was erected by voluntary public subscriptions, we are almost ready to pronounce it the most fitting and impressive monument to be found in all Vienna.

In the southern part of the Volksgarten is a beautiful monument to Grillparzer, a poet who is but little known to English readers. Vienna has produced very few poets of renown. The stranger who wanders about the city and sees the honor paid to Goethe and Schiller might infer that these two eminent writers were native sons, which is not the case.

REICHSRATSGEBÄUDE

Directly opposite the Volksgarten and across the Ring is the Austrian Parliament Building, finished in 1883 and done in Greek architecture. It is perhaps the most heavily ornamented edifice in the entire city. In

fact it seems to fall somewhat out of line from the other buildings lining the Ringstrasse. Being of a Greek pattern, all the statues refer to mythological characters. On the roof are eight massive bronze quadrigae, and in front a highly ornamental fountain decorated with a colossal figure of Athena. It is difficult to understand why Austria, the great defender of catholicism, ever consented to make her capitol look like a temple to the pagan gods. Nevertheless it adds to the completeness of the architectural display on the great Ring. The building contains the legislative halls of the republic.

JUSTIZPALAST

Southeast of the Parliament Building and a little farther from the Ring stood the new Palace of Justice which at the time of writing is being repaired, following the riot of July 15th, 1927. (See Chapter on Red Friday.) It is a most commodious structure in the Renaissance style, and had a magnificent stairway in marble. Many valuable records were deposited in this building and some of them were entirely destroyed, resulting in much confusion in matters of real estate and criminal procedure. It seems these records were not protected by fireproof safes.

MUSEUMS

Next come the two mammoth museums, one for art and the other for natural history. They are almost exactly alike and were constructed simultaneously (1872—81) by the same architect, K. von Hausenauer. Mention of the art gallery is made in another chapter.

MONUMENT TO MARIA THERESA

In the beautiful garden between the two museums is a very splendid and imposing monument consisting of a granite base and several bronze statues. The guide-books say the colossal female figure crowning the pile represents Maria Theresa and that she holds in her left hand the pragmatic sanction. The natural question on the part of the visitor, who may be somewhat rusty in European history, is, "Who was Maria Theresa and what was the pragmatic sanction?" If we are to understand Vienna of yesterday, we must be able to answer these questions.

One may say at the outset, that Maria Theresa was the only woman who ever ruled Austria. Moreover she is one of the prominent figures in European history. In many regards, she compares most favorably with England's great queens, Elizabeth and Victoria.

Her father was Charles VI, who reigned from 1711 to 1740, having succeeded his brother, Joseph I. He abandoned the Spanish crown and came to Vienna to become Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans, that being considered the most desirable throne in all Europe. He arrived with great pomp and heraldry. A delegation from Hungary appeared and invited him to accept the crown of St. Stephen and he had already been crowned at Frankfort as emperor of the German states and Bohemia. He was therefore emperor of what is now Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany (outside of Prussia), Netherlands, Spain and most of Italy. His reign, so auspiciously begun, was considered successful and prosperous. He held the pro-



Maria Theresa Monument

testants fairly well under control and was blessed with a skillful general, Prince Eugene of Savoy, who hacked to pieces every Mohammedan army that threatened his domains from the east. But Charles had domestic troubles that caused him much concern.

In the course of time he found himself the father of three beautiful daughters; Maria Theresa, Maria Anna and Maria Amelia. But the unfortunate thing about this family was that there were no living boys. His predecessor, Joseph, also left two daughters, Maria Josepha and Maria Amelia. Charles had succeeded to the throne only because these girls were disqualified on account of sex. The daughters of his deceased elder brother naturally outranked his own. So that the prospect for his direct descendants to ever occupy the throne of the Hapsburgs seemed dismally remote. The only possibility was for him to alter the laws of succession so as to make his eldest daughter Maria Theresa eligible to become his successor. Hence he promulgated an edict making the eldest daughter of the emperor eligible to the throne, in the event of an emperor's death without sons. By virtue of his great power, he secured the acknowledgment of this rule from all the princes of the German states. But he was still unsatisfied and set about procuring promises of support for his daughter from all the principal powers of Europe. This new rule was called the pragmatic sanction and became almost an obsession with Charles VI. For twenty years he plotted and negotiated for its acknowledgment. It was understood among the nations of Europe that almost any favor could be extracted from Charles in return for a pledge to support his pragmatic sanction. Having secured the pledges of

all the leading powers, he died in 1740, probably quite satisfied that the accession of his daughter, Maria Theresa, would be undisputed.

But before he had been laid to rest in the Capucine Church, a messenger arrived from Bavaria, demanding the crown for the Bavarian king who had married Maria Josepha, the daughter of his elder brother Josef I. The other daughter was married to the king of Saxony and his demands arrived shortly afterward.

But the crafty Frederick II. of Prussia made the first menacing move. He boldly invaded Silesia with the avowed intention of annexing it to Prussia. Maria Theresa sent an army to meet him and it was defeated. She then sent messages to the powers that had given their pledges to her father, but the only response was the appearance of new claimants to her throne. Austria was in a state of discouragement bordering on despair.

Then Maria Theresa showed her greatness as a leader and politician. Frederick offered to recognize her as Empress, if she would cede Silesia to Prussia. She indignantly refused; a very brave and wise decision, for she shrewdly discerned that Frederick's enmity could work her no more harm than his friendship. Mounting her horse, she rode up the coronation hill at Pressburg, waved her sword to all the cardinal points of the compass as a signal of defiance to the world. With the infant Josef in her arms, she appeared before the assembly and appealed to the chivalry and loyalty of Hungary. The response was instantaneous. "We will die for our Queen, Maria Theresa," they said, as they clanked their swords. In many places of her realm she appeared and made similar dramatic appeals. All Hungary and Austria

flew to arms in behalf of their courageous Empress. But this would have availed her little had she not possessed the ability to lead and direct them. In diplomacy she was a full match for the celebrated Prussian king. She played one power against another to her own advantage. One of her strongest cards was the friendship of Russia, based principally upon hatred for Prussia. All Europe was a chess-board with Maria Theresa and the King of Prussia as the principal players. After continuing the game for a quarter of a century, Frederick had captured a single pawn, Silesia, and Maria Theresa had established herself as the unquestioned ruler of the greatest monarchy in Europe. She must have laughed over the way she outwitted Frederick in the case of Loudon. This Scotch soldier of fortune first offered his services to Prussia, but Frederick declined him with the remark, "I didn't like his looks." He next offered his sword to Maria Theresa and was promptly accepted and placed in charge of a division. Time after time, he outgeneraled the Prussians and delivered stinging defeats, once almost capturing Frederick himself. One of the equestrian figures that guard Maria Theresa, as she sits on her granite pedestal, is that of Loudon. There were also two Irishmen, named Browne and Lacy who rendered splendid service in her army. Understanding her excellent knowledge of men and their foibles, one is not surprised to find her writing affectionately to Madame de Pompadour, the affinity of Louis XV. to secure her influence on the king in an important matter of state.

During the long reign of Maria Theresa, Vienna grew in population and wealth. Schönbrunn was completed, the beautiful park laid out and the Gloriette erected.

When she handed the crown to her son Josef, she passed him the largest and most consolidated empire on the continent, outside of Russia; all of which she had fashioned from a bundle of interrogation points received from her father.

Turning to Maria Theresa's domestic affairs, we are almost astonished to learn that during this time she had borne sixteen children, eleven girls and five boys. Also one reads with disgust of her husband's infidelities and general worthlessness. It seems that his shortcomings were fully understood by the Empress, but she continued her devotion to him. The marriage had been according to her heart's desire, for she had fallen desperately in love with Francis of Lorraine in her early girlhood. Some of her love-letters are published and they are intensely human. She called Francis a "little mouse" and herself a "little dog."

A strange scene was enacted at her husband's funeral. Princess Auersperg, one of his acknowledged favorites, stood alone, scorned by all the other mourners and weeping bitterly. Maria Theresa left the family, went to her and seizing her hand said, "We have truly suffered a great loss, my dear." Later on the princess presented a bond for two hundred thousand florins, given her by Francis, which the treasury refused to pay. Maria Theresa heard of it and immediately ordered it paid.

We cannot refrain from including one or two more incidents illustrating the benevolent side of this remarkable woman's character. Once she saw a poor mother who was unable to supply milk from her breast for her hungry baby. The Empress gave her money.

"Of what use is money to my starving baby?" asked the mother.

The Empress herself had a nursing baby at that time, so she took the hungry child and nursed it at her own breast. Similar demonstrations on her part were frequent and made her a veritable idol among the lower classes. Even today, almost any old lady in Vienna can supply a rich store of anecdotes, handed down from generation to generation, concerning the "Good Queen, Maria Theresa." We might say she was playing good politics, but we may just as well attribute these charitable deeds to her strong sympathy and mother-love.

With her own family, she was strict almost to a fault. There is a legend that she sent her daughter Josepha, against her will, into the family vault in the Capucine church to pray, and that, owing to certain relatives having been interred there after dying of smallpox, she caught the disease and died. An especially sad feature of this story is that Josepha was just about to depart to marry the king of Naples. This may have been gossip. Smallpox was a dreadful scourge among the Hapsburgs; many members of the royal families died of it.

Maria Theresa was a great patroness of music. She gathered about her such composers as Gluck, Haydn and the youthful Mozart. They are all represented in the monument. Hers was an age of music comparable with the Elizabethan age of literature in England.

The time in which Maria Theresa lived was famous for its social scandals and naturally she did not escape entirely. No one knows how much truth there was in any of them. She had one very good alibi. She was the mother of sixteen children. Such motherhood and

devotion to a family as she certainly exemplified, does not seem compatible with many of the stories that have been related concerning her moral conduct.

That later generations appreciated Maria Theresa is evident by the location and magnitude of this monument, perhaps the largest in the city, erected a century after her death. She sits facing and in plain view of the Hofburg as if still guarding the dynasty. At her right hand is Art and to her left Science, both of which she fostered and encouraged. Behind her are the old imperial stables. One imagines that sometimes, when unobserved, she peers over her shoulder searching for her favorite chargers.

Thus is the illustrious Maria Theresa represented as still sitting on her throne and still clinging to her pragmatic sanction which she so ably defended. Grouped about her are the men who defended the empire and made her regency renowned in history. No more able nor distinguished assemblage can be recruited from any reign in the long line of the Hapsburgs.

HOFSTALLGEBÄUDE

(Imperial Stables.)

To the rear of the Maria Theresa monument stands the long extended horse-barn. This building and the Hofburg are the only important ones in the vicinity that the distinguished queen ever saw, and they are both much altered in appearance since her day. Trade fairs (Messen) are held in the immense old barn twice a year. Immediately in front is the Burgtor, the entrance to Heldenplatz (see Hofburg).



Selling Goat's Milk in Old Vienna

Continuing now to the southwest, along the Ring, we pass to the left the Neue Hofburg and the beautiful gardens, once the private grounds of the palace, and soon arrive at what is perhaps the most important edifice in Vienna, the Staatsoper.

It is fully discussed in another chapter, but in passing one should note its magnificent proportions and the simplicity of its architecture. The Don Juan and Siegfried Candelabra in front are quite renowned. They were not a part of the original building but were added in 1905 and are by Zerritsch.

KÄRNTNERRING

We have now arrived at a busy part of the city, the junction of Kärtnerring and Kärntnerstrasse, two of the most popular promenades of Vienna of today. Following the Ring, we lose interest in the buildings and become absorbed in observing the shop-windows and the people. Youth and beauty parade here, exhibiting themselves and their latest outfits. The scene during the afternoon and evening is most cosmopolitan and vivacious. Aristocracy, still dignified and formal, stalks proudly along. The nouvelle riche, somewhat arrogant from recent accumulations through inflation, march by flaunting their Parisian modes, costly furs and glittering jewelry to the public gaze. The rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, silk-stockinged and freshly risierte Jezebels and Delilahs weave back and forth through the throng, gazing with unblinking eyes at passing masculinity. But all the people are not Viennese. The lordly Englishman, with his London airs and accent is well represented; the breezy Americans

from somewhere "back in the states" travel in droves, gathering "impressions" to be given out when they return "across the pond"; the Prussian, with his myopic glasses and irresistible military bearing, marches by, yielding no space and granting nothing as he advances. It is a never-ending and ever-changing procession at which one may gaze for hours without losing interest. It is not like Boulevard des Italiens, Oxford Road, Unter den Linden nor Fifth Avenue, but is as fascinating as any of them. It is Kärntnerring and he who has not seen it has missed something worth while.

We may conclude the walk by entering the Stadtpark, just beyond Schwarzenbergplatz and ordering a stein of helles Bier. As we sit listening to the strains of the operas, contemplations of what we have seen may engage the mind.

Almost all of the remarkable public edifices noted on the Ring arose after the destruction of the fortifications and during the reign of Franz Josef. He found Vienna a fortified medieval town and left it a magnificent modern city. But we have by no means seen all the public works constructed during his time. We have yet to view the great walled-in canal of the Danube, formed to protect the city against destructive floods; the Stadtbahn, a most excellent suburban railway; the water-works, bringing fresh cool water from the distant Semmering and Styrian Mountains and many other modern improvements. From 1850 to 1914, the energies of the city seem to have been largely expended in erecting these public buildings and utilities. Insufficient attention was given to bettering the living quarters of the masses. The lower

classes wandered through splendid parks and among gorgeous palaces, but lived in gloomy unsanitary cells. Upon the advent of the proletariat to power, it very naturally set about changing this unnatural condition. (See "How Luxury Pays The Rent".) Since the war, building has been almost entirely limited to the construction of apartments.

It is the custom of writers to enlarge upon the departed glories of "Old Vienna". The glory is still here and more evenly distributed than in the olden times.

VII.

WALKING THROUGH
TWO THOUSAND YEARS

FROM the absolute discipline of a military camp of the imperial Caesars to radical socialism is a long journey, and it took Vienna nearly two thousand years to complete it. A remarkable feature of this pilgrimage is that she consumed more than nineteen centuries of the time in doing one tenth the distance, then drew on her seven-league boots and covered the balance in less than a decade. Stephansplatz is perhaps the commercial and religious center of modern Vienna, the Hoher Markt was the civic center of Vindobona, and a modern David might fling a stone from the one to the other. But the heart of the city did not shift from the one location to the other directly. It traveled north to Am Hof and then south to the Graben and Stephansplatz. Its path is most interesting from a historical standpoint and very helpful in giving one a correct understanding of Vienna of today. One may traverse this path on foot, from the present to its origin in antiquity, in less than a half hour, but it is better to use a half day and note the various landmarks of interest. We



Stephansdom

will start our journey, short in distance but very long in time, with Stephansplatz.

STEPHANS DOM

The average English speaking tourist in Europe is neither an architect nor artist, but finds himself continually regarded and treated as if he were both. In every city he is waylaid by guides that conduct him to cathedrals and art galleries and lecture him in poor English and worse pronunciation on subjects of which he has no preparatory knowledge and but a passing interest. Such words as Gothic, Romanesque, Baroque and Renaissance are as meaningless and confusing to him as the terms of mathematical astronomy. The effort of continually standing and listening to explanations beyond his comprehension is exhausting both physically and mentally.

Each city he visits seems to have one immense and much renowned cathedral covered with glorious traditions and to it he is hurried immediately upon arriving. The first one impresses him as amazing and leaves a very definite and clear image in his mind. The next one stamps itself over the first, the third over the second, and so on, until finally his recollections are as badly tangled as a ball of yarn with which a litter of kittens have amused themselves for an hour. The word "cathedral" brings before his mind a blurred vision of towers, façades, arches, pillars, colored windows, choir-lofts, altars and tombs among which wander corpulent priests, in purple robes and skull-caps, chanting their Latin prayers in sleepy sonorous monotones. Presently he becomes so weary of it all

that he throws up his hands and exclaims to his conductor, "Please don't show me any more churches!"

What has all this to do with *Stephansdom*? We shall explain. Vienna is located in the center of the continent and is usually approached either from the south or west. If the visitor enters from the south, he has just seen the world's greatest basilica, St. Peter's in Rome, the variegated marble facade of the Duomo in Florence, the extravagantly decorated St. Mark's in Venice and the bewildering display of sculpture enveloping the Cathedral of Milan. If from the west, he has certainly been to Notre Dame, Chartres, Rouen and Rheims and perhaps to Cologne and Strasbourg. No wonder he is not greatly impressed with St. Stephan's.

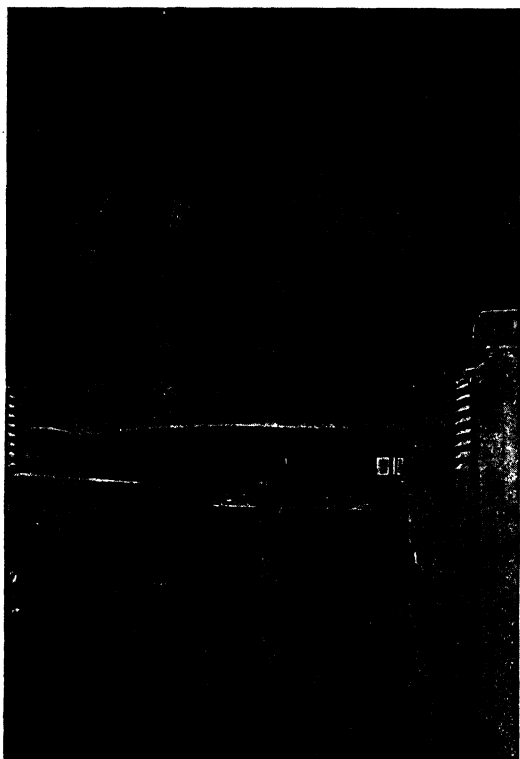
Yet the visitor must have a look at *Stephansdom* and it should be quite early during his sojourn in Vienna. It is the very symbol of the city; the most revered and sacred spot to most of the inhabitants. *Stephansdom* came into existence almost simultaneously with the name "Wien". St. Ruprecht's and St. Peter's near the Graben were known in the days when the whole land was called "Ostmark", during the centuries immediately following the time of Charlemagne. But with the coming of the Babenbergs came the new name of Wien, and the founding of *Stephansdom* as the principal place of worship. When built by Heinrich Jasomirgott in 1147, it was just outside the Babenberg wall, but, being destroyed by fire in 1258, it was rebuilt by Ottocar, the Bohemian king, who also constructed the extended walls of the Ring, thus placing the church in almost the exact mathematical

center of the fortified Stadt. When we gaze at the west façade with its amazingly sculptured *Riesentor* (opened only on special occasions) and two delicate octagonal corner towers, we are beholding the handicraft of the middle of the thirteenth century.

The next great builder was Rudolph IV. who founded the University (1365) and started the lofty tower of *Stephansdom* (448 ft.) which was not completed until 1438. This tower is the glory of the building and the first object discerned as one approaches the city. It was the monument of Christianity which the Turks beheld and vainly tried for centuries to blot from the horizon. Directly across the edifice from this spire is another uncompleted one begun in 1450, intended as a companion for the finished one. In the existence of *Stephansdom* centuries are as years to us; although over six hundred years old it is still unfinished. The conspicuous red, white and green tiled roof is recent and the colors, being the national colors of Hungary, are supposed to represent a nice compliment to that land.

The interior is sometimes pronounced dark and gloomy, but the Austrians speak of it as having a "soft mellow twilight." There is much art hidden in the dimness of this dusk that only the light of the brightest day brings into even indistinct view. The vast interior holds numerous small chapels, tombs, tablets and paintings that have been added as the centuries rolled along. The two most conspicuous tombs are those of Frederick III. and Rudolph IV. Most of the Hapsburgs are not buried here but in the Capucine Church in another part of the old town.

In the tower is the famous "Bummerin" bell, weighing twenty tons, and it recalls an interesting story. When king Sobieski chased Kara Mustapha away from the walls of Vienna in 1683, one hundred and eighty Turkish cannons were left behind. These were turned over to Johann Aichamer, a metal worker, who after some years performed what was supposed to be the astonishing feat of melting and molding them into a bell. Four hundred men dragged it on a sledge to Stephansdom. By 1711 it had been placed in the tower, just a trifle too late to toll for the funeral of Joseph I. It was decided to keep it silent until the arrival of the next king, Charles VI., from Spain. It is said the curiosity of the people to hear the great bell almost exceeded their desire to see their new king. His arrival was first heralded by ringing all the bells of the city except the new one. Presently all others were silenced and the great bell sounded from the tower. The tones were like the booming of distant cannons and hence it was immediately given the name of "Bummerin". It became the king of all the bells of the city. The moment it spoke, all others were silenced. Only on very important occasions was it heard. Eventually it was discovered that the swinging of its massive eighteen hundred pound clapper had damaged the tower. It seemed as though Kara Mustapha's cannons were at last in this roundabout manner accomplishing the purpose for which they were originally designed. The great bell was court-martialled and sentenced to silence. Its tones were not heard for forty-seven years till 1925. Lately a new system has been devised for sounding it, and once more it is allowed to boom. But there



Bummerin

are those who hear in its reverberations the echo of the old Turkish artillery and shake their heads, saying, "Bummerin's voice means no good for Vienna."

Stephansdom is today the city's center of catholic activity. If one happens to be in Vienna at Whitsuntide, he should visit the great cathedral during the afternoon. The place is easy to find. It is only necessary to go on the streets and follow the many fiacres and autos gaily decorated with white flowers. In each carriage sits a young girl, dressed in white from head to foot, and half concealed beneath a long filmy veil. In her arms is a sheaf of snowy lilies or roses bound with a spotless ribbon. She sits like a queen, surrounded by her solicitously attentive family. One imagines all the beautiful high-school girls of Vienna are getting married at the same time. The carriage draws up before Stephansdom, the family forms a solemn procession and files down a roped-off aisle toward the altar. It is impossible to follow them on account of the immense silent throng standing within. From the deep recesses of the old cathedral are wafted strains of the great organ and choir and the solemn voices of the priests chanting the service. The little procession loses its identity in mingling with scores of others so similar as to be indistinguishable.

Outside are numberless decorated fiacres; some waiting and others arriving and departing with their white-robed cargoes. The great open space in front of the Riesen tor is packed with people craning their necks to catch glimpses of the little heroines of the hour. It is Firmungstag and the girls are being confirmed into the catholic church. They must all come

to St. Stephan's because it is the seat of the Archbishopric.

The grim old walls densely populated with statues look down upon the scene in silence. They are not in the least disturbed. They have seen thousands of such throngs. They have beheld processions of all sorts come and go for centuries. Through the Riesentor passed every Hapsburg that sat on the throne of Austria for six hundred and forty-five years. Stephansdom has outlasted the dynasty and the empire, and is still the very heart of the people of the new republic.

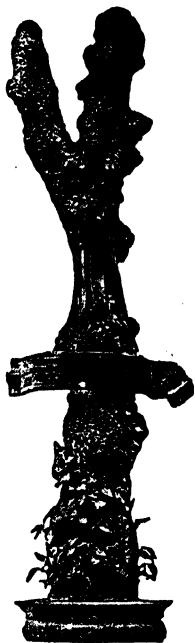
STOCK IM EISEN

(Stump of Iron.)

One of the busiest places of Vienna is the Stock im Eisen-Platz which joins Stephansplatz to the southwest. At the corner of the Graben and Kärntnerstrasse is the Equitable Life Insurance building constructed in 1891 as the home of this well known American institution. The American Consulate is on the second floor of this building and directly opposite on the corner stood for centuries the famous Elephant House (see page 366).

In a niche of the Equitable building is the quite mysterious Stock im Eisen which gives the place its name, and concerning which the guide-books usually contain some enigmatical phrases that stimulate curiosity without supplying any definite information. This remarkable emblem is a stick of spruce wood banded with iron and driven so full of nails that it is said to be impossible to find a place to drive another one. Many

of the nail-heads bear engravings of names and figures indicating that they were placed there centuries ago. Naturally such an object has not been left unused by



Stock im Eisen

writers of fiction. In fact it is almost as completely covered with traditions as with nail-heads. Some of the stories involve the very devil himself! We are told that some of these tales have found their way into operas and ballets. As reasonable an explanation as any of the old curiosity is to the effect that once there stood a small stump in this place and every one who secured membership in the guild of metal workers was required to drive a nail into it and stamp or engrave the head with his name or trademark. The stump was found in one of the small houses purchased and wrecked when the new building was erected. The company has preserved the old trophy and given it this prominent place on the corner so that it may be viewed by the public. Such a rare and curious relic should be in one of the museums and under glass, although in such a place it might be overlooked by the tourists.

During the war a duplicate of the stock was set up in Schwarzenbergplatz, and the inhabitants were allowed to drive nails into it for one shilling each. The receipts were used for charity.

THE GRABEN

(The Moat.)

From the *Stock im Eisen*, the *Graben*, a wide street, extends for a short distance to the northwest. The old *Babenberg* wall, replaced by the *Ring-wall* under *Ottocar* about the middle of the thirteenth century, extended along this street and beyond to a point at the northwest corner of *Am Hof*, where it turned and followed the *Tiefer Graben* toward the *Danube*. The *Graben* was therefore the southwest corner of *Babenberg Vienna*. When *Ottocar* built the *Ring-wall*, the *Graben* became almost the topographical center of the city and, probably owing to the proximity of *Stephansdom*, the commercial center as well. It has maintained this prominent station to this day. Hence for six hundred and fifty years the *Graben* has been one of the busiest places in *Vienna*. When one reflects upon the frequency with which business centers have shifted in other cities, this fact seems very remarkable.

Some of the finest shops in *Vienna* are on or near the *Graben* and it is while visiting this quarter, that the stranger is most strongly tempted to spend more than he has allowed in his budget for a sojourn in the gay metropolis of the *Danube*. Few stores are more alluring than those of the *Graben*. Even the windows seem to extend eloquent invitations to enter, and the temptation to buy increases as one encounters the smiling merchants and examines their attractive stocks.

The *Graben* also holds its own with other streets as an afternoon and evening promenade. The best

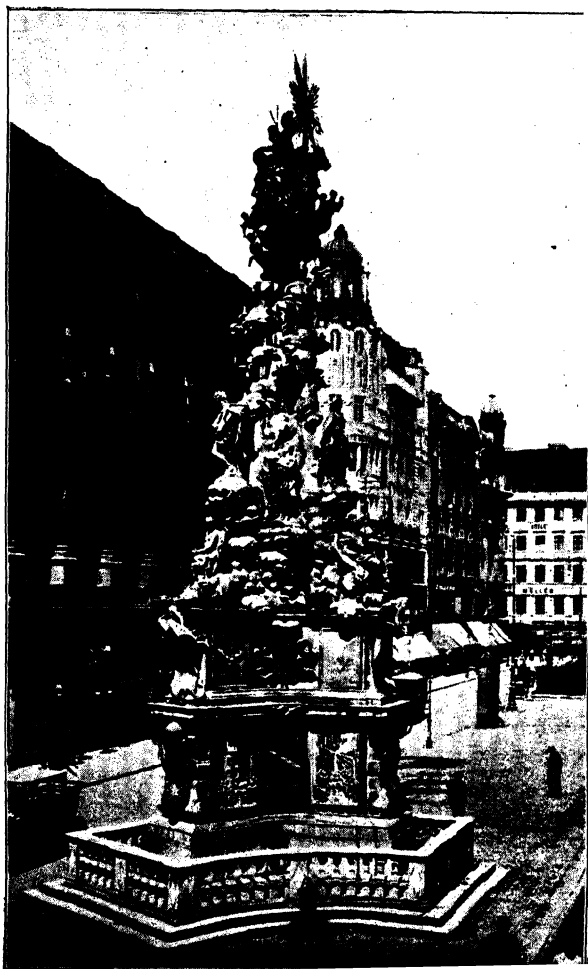
places to see Viennese life are on the Graben, Kärntnerstrasse and Kärntnerring.

As one gazes along the Graben from the Stock im Eisen, the eye is attracted to a very unusual monument occupying a most prominent station in the middle of the street. It rises to the height of sixty-nine feet and is called Trinity Column or Pestsäule. Both terms are somewhat explanatory of its origin. Its strange form represents what an architect named Burnacini conceived as a fitting monument to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. It was certainly no easy task to portray such august subjects in metal and stone. The general outline is supposed to be that of a cloud inhabited by an angel choir, and terminating in a crowning sunburst representing the Holy Ghost supported by the Father and Son. It was a most ambitious undertaking of what would seem to be an impossibility, but, those who know, point to the monument as one of the most beautiful specimens of Baroque in existence.

What was the origin of this strange piece of architecture? One does not seek the answer to this question long before being confronted with the Turk. Why was it built? Because Leopold I. had vowed its construction. Why did he make the vow? Because of an epidemic of the pest. Whence came the pest? From the Turks. Ever since the Turks captured Constantinople, they had been fighting to substitute Mohammedanism for Christianity in Europe, with somewhat varying success. In 1663, an army of Moslems, under Abaffy, burst into Hungary and ascended the Danube threatening Vienna. The Christians dropped their quarrels and hastily assembled

at Regensburg to plan resistance. All the garrisons on the Danube were strengthened, but Abaffy surprised them by turning aside and marching across Austria to the south of Vienna. He advanced as far as the Styrian Alps, where he was met by the German forces and checked. This was followed by the arrangement of a twenty years' truce, a large part of Hungary remaining in the hands of the Mohammedans. Consequently the contact of Vienna with the Turks was more intimate than for many years. The result was an outbreak of a fearful epidemic of the plague in 1679. The city seemed helpless before its ravages and knew no means to eradicate it. It was at this time that Leopold I. made his vow to erect a monument to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, when the plague subsided. It slowly disappeared, but he was delayed in fulfilling his pledge by the Turkish siege of 1683. After the rescue of the city, the people were too much engaged in expelling the enemy and recovering from the ravages of the plague to undertake immediately the construction of a fitting monument. But the Emperor had not forgotten his promise, and in 1687 the foundation was laid. Six years later the monument was completed and dedicated with solemn religious ceremonies.

The visitor hears this story from a conductor and very easily puts himself into a state of high admiration for Leopold who remembered his vow, and in spite of so many obstacles fulfilled it in such a faithful manner. But, before concluding that he was better than the rulers of the present day, it may be well to inquire what else he did. Leopold ascended the Austrian throne in 1657



In 1666 he married the daughter of Philip IV. of Spain. It was soon evident that he meant to win the Spanish throne for his descendants. Unfortunately for Europe, Louis XIV. of France had married the eldest daughter of the same Philip IV. and was intent upon the same purpose. The result was a quarrel that involved Europe from the Netherlands to Italy and from Austria to Spain, lasting, with a few intermissions, for over thirty years. The scourge of the War of the Spanish Succession probably exceeded that of the epidemic of pest in Vienna many times over. Eventually Leopold succeeded, thanks to Prince Eugene of Savoy, and his second son Charles was placed on the Spanish throne in 1703. Eight years later, owing to the death of his elder brother, Joseph, Charles, being the last of the Hapsburgs remaining, was called home to take the throne of Austria. He came at once, virtually throwing away the Spanish crown for which his father had drenched Europe in blood for more than a quarter of a century. Vienna has two monuments erected for deliverance from the plague, the Pestsäule and Karlskirche. She will probably never have another, for science has conquered that awful disease. What a happy consummation it would be if statesmen would likewise devise a means of abolishing the curse of wars. What sort of a monument could humanity pledge itself to erect for such an achievement? We might add that the city is completely littered with memorials to kings, princes and soldiers, some of whom should have been forgotten long ago, but one seeks in vain for something to recall the names of the men of science who delivered the world from the plague.

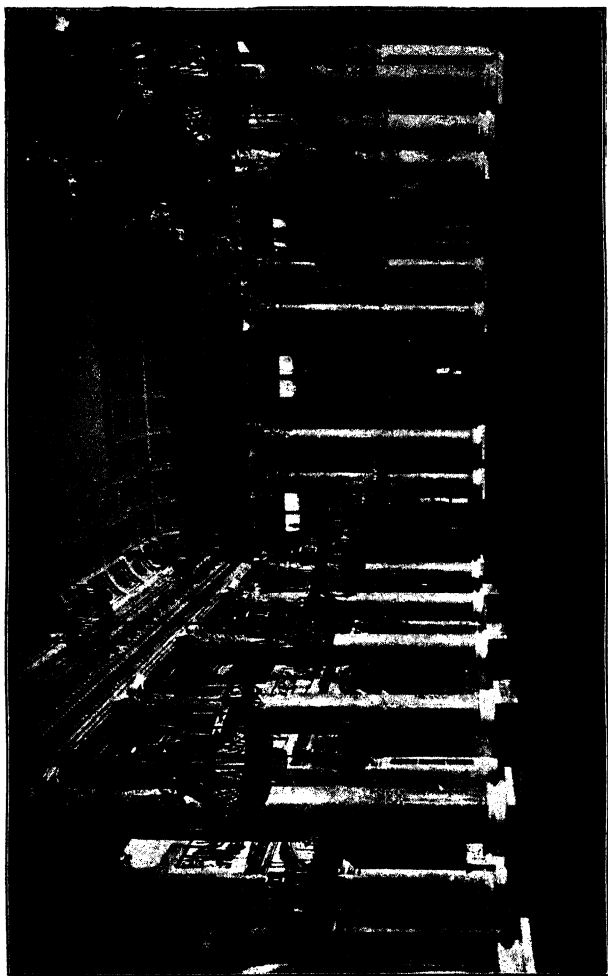
AM HOF

(In the Court.)

From the northern extremity of the Graben, we need but take a few steps to the east, then follow Bognergasse two blocks to the north and we stand at the entrance to a large open space, called Am Hof, one of the most historic squares of Vienna. It was the civic center of the fortified town of the Babenbergs, who ruled Austria for nearly three centuries.

We are likely to find the place teeming with a most picturesque and characteristic German population, engaged in marketing vegetables, fruit, flowers and produce of every sort. Especially interesting are the horny-handed *Frauen in bauer'n* costumes, goodnaturedly extolling the qualities of their stocks to the thrifty housewives who come with stout baskets and discriminating judgments to purchase their daily supplies. A touch of color and sentiment is bestowed by the many women with polka-dot handkerchiefs fastened over their heads, engaged in tying bright flowers into bunches and selling them to the shoppers. They spread their flower-pots on the pavement around the base of the *Mariensäule*, or Column of the Virgin. Their sheaves of blossoms clustered about the graceful shaft give the square the appearance of being decorated with a huge central floral piece.

The language of these dealers is the broadest and richest of Viennese dialects, and is the despair of any one who has learned German from dictionaries and grammars. This colorful market makes a most artistic foreground for the quaint old buildings that proudly



hoist their gables to the skyline and boldly display their historic old fronts decorated with statues and beautiful windows.

But these are not the houses that the Babenbergs saw. They are the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of these early medieval structures that were Romanesque mansions and castles with stone walls, mosaic floors and bulls-eye windows. The castle of the duke stood on the corner which is now No. 14 and was the dominating structure of the square. The town had a wall, a moat and a drawbridge. In the corner where Naglergasse opens was the gate and the watch-tower.

Nor are these the people the Babenbergs knew. In those bygone times, the square was the gathering place of counts and knights, people of more renown but possibly less honor than our gemütlich vendors. Many men, whose names and deeds are now fully printed on the pages of history, rode over the drawbridge into Am Hof. Charlemagne was here in the latter end of the eighth century, when he swept like a tornado down the Danube exterminating the Avari, gathering their gold and founding churches. But Charlemagne knew only the place where Am Hof was to rise later.

When the Babenbergs came to rule Austria, they had their castles, first at Melk, then at Leopoldsberg; all elevated points on the banks of the Danube above Vienna. About the middle of the twelfth century, Heinrich Jasomirgott built his castle Am Hof, and the square soon became the most august spot on the whole Danube.

All Europe knew Vienna and the Hof, for it was the principal station of the crusaders on their way to Palestine. It was here that they said farewell to the lands that were faithful to the cross and prepared to encounter the enemy. The Hof was the last to speed the parting hosts and the first to welcome the returning victors or to succor the wounded and famishing warriors who limped back in defeat. The square in those times saw many tournaments between knights in full armor, and many balls in which the costumes of the Orient mingled with the Occident. The Duchess Theodora, daughter of a conquered Byzantine king graced the gay festivities and played havoc with the hearts of the knightly crusaders. In the open square the warriors were trained in military manoeuvres and the use of their long spears and heavy metal armors. No wonder the Moslems hated Vienna and later tried with all their might to level it into the dust.

Many of Vienna's rulers were identified with the crusades, and the Hof was the center of their activities. It was the place where they completed their outfits for the expeditions and received the last words of counsel and advice. Leopold V. went and brought back a fragment of the Holy Cross, which he probably displayed in the Hof and then placed in a monastery. His successor Frederick Barbarossa marshaled his hosts and departed down the Danube with flying colors to find eventually, according to history, a grave in Antioch, but, according to tradition, he sleeps on the Kyffhäuser Mountain sitting at a table of stone through which his red beard has grown. Many said he would awaken in the time of Germany's peril and rescue the

Fatherland. But the hour struck and Frederick Barbarossa still slept.

Crusades were the style, the "fad", with the rulers of the day and the Hof was the mother hive from which swarmed the knights of the cross. It entertained, feasted and plotted with and against the mightiest of the earth.

But it also harbored other and more lovable characters. Here dwelt Walter of the Vogelweide and entertained the passing warriors with his songs, and just across the draw-bridge lived the Scottish monks who came here from Regensburg and often appeared in the Hof to mingle with its distinguished guests.

Am Hof also looms high in the subsequent history of Austria. The Jesuits established their college here and rebuilt the church of Am Hof. At No. 14 was the war office where nearly all the great commanders of the empire came and went for centuries. Near the square stood the famous papal nunciature. Pius VI. was here a month in 1782 trying in vain to dissuade Josef II. from his determination to oust the Jesuits from the faculty of the University and to establish religious tolerance. Before the Jesuit Church, the pope held mass-meetings that were attended by thousands, but Josef remained firm and the pope returned to Rome in disappointment.

In 1806 the termination of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans, that had existed since the time of Charlemagne, was proclaimed here. Also in 1848, a large body of students from the University marched here to stage a demonstration against the absolutism of Metternich. They broke into the arsenal, now the fire station, armed themselves and wrought the revolution that gave

the people a new emperor and a constitution. In October of the same year Count Latour, the Minister of War, was hanged by a mob in front of the building of the War Ministry. What place has been the scene of more stirring events than Am Hof?

The central monument was erected by Leopold I. in 1667. The figures at the base represent War, Famine, Pestilence and Heresy, and the one crowning the column is the Mariensäule or Muttergottes, sometimes also called the Jungfrau.

Before the old War Ministry once stood the equestrian monument to Marshal Radetzky, famous for his campaign in the Italian provinces. It now stands before the new War Office on Stubenring.

HOHER MARKT

Leaving the Hof by the Färbergasse which begins at the northeast corner, by the Central Fire Station, we soon come to the wide Wipplingerstrasse. Before turning to the right along this Strasse toward the Hoher Markt, we may continue, almost straight ahead, one block along Schwertgasse and have a view of the church, Maria am Gestade, which has a most peculiar tower. It dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, but the tower was not completed until a hundred years later. The church is attended principally by Czechs. Returning to Wipplingerstrasse and turning, now to the left, we soon come to the old Rathaus (No. 8) built in 1741 and used as a city hall till the new Rathaus on the Ring was completed in 1882. Continuing in the



Hoher Markt in Olden Times

same direction we reach the Hoher Markt, the oldest market place in the city.

We at once notice the conspicuous Josefsäule, occupying the center of the open space. It is by Fischer von Erlach and represents the marriage of Joseph and Mary. It is considered to be one of the most beautiful monuments of the city. Its construction (1732) was contemporaneous with that of the Karlskirche. Some of the houses of the square are picturesque and at the farthest end are to be seen three exquisite old Viennese signs; in the southwest corner "Zum Mohren," at Number I. "Zum schwarzen Hund" and at Number III. "Zur Schwäbischen Jungfrau."

However it is not for what is visible today that the Hoher Markt is famous, but for what it was long ago. It harks back to the days when the name, "Wien" was still unknown, back to the days of Vindobona. Let us suppose that the events of a century may be condensed into the lapse of one minute and that Father Time has consented to run his reel backward at the terrific speed of a century per minute to give us a hurried glimpse at the epochs that are wound on his rusty old spool. We get out our pencils and jot down a few items as the scenes flit by. In the space of less than one minute all the stately edifices that line the Ringstrasse are gone. In two minutes all the houses we now know on the Hoher Markt have vanished and less pretentious ones take their places. The site of the Josefsäule stands vacant. In six or seven minutes all the lofty towers that grace the city have disappeared and we see Romanesque houses with their wide gardens and bulls-eye windows. A m

Hof is in flower, but the Hoher Markt is the second best square of the Stadt. The stores are full of adventurers outfitting for expeditions to the east. The armor workshops are behind with their orders. Times are good, money is plentiful and the city is overflowing its walls. As the twelfth minute speeds by we catch a glance at Charlemagne laying the foundation of St. Ruprecht's and St. Peter's, a few hundred feet away. Then for four long minutes we stand in a waste of fallen walls and broken bricks over which the wild Avari wander searching for bits of earthen-ware and Roman coins. About the fifteenth minute, the Hoher Markt suddenly blossoms into a Roman civilization. No. 8 is no longer the Sina Palace, Hoher Markt, but the Praetorium on Via Principalis and its walls stretch far to the rear enclosing wide gardens, fountains and statues. It is the residence of the commander of the Roman Legions, and guards are stationed at every entrance. On the opposite side of the via sprawls a huge red brick building, a bath-house, where the soldiers gather and gossip over the recent contests at the amphitheater in Carnuntum, a short distance down the river. In the middle of the square stands a sundial and people are coming to it all day long, for they have no watches nor clocks. A little to the north of the Praetorium is a place of profound significance, the Tribune, where trials are held and judgments rendered. The city is a military station, so the trials are not prolonged nor executions long delayed. Five thousand soldiers are stationed in Vindobona and the cohorts may be seen drilling in the open spaces of the square. We note that the houses have no glass windows and no chimneys. No one wears

spectacles, nobody smokes but drunkenness is not so rare. During the next few minutes we have fleeting glimpses of Marcus Aurelius, Anna Faustina, Commodus. Hadrian, Septimus Severus and Vespasian.

Somewhere about No. I., *Via Principalis*, later No. I., *Hoher Markt*, expands a wide forum, a most busy mart. In it goods are bought and sold, groups gather and listen to political harangues, and little clusters stand discussing every subject from women to wars. Gossips stop, listen a moment to the latest news of the village, wag their heads and hurry on to impart what they have heard to any one who has the patience to grant an audience.

Such was the *Hoher Markt* in the days when the grass grew in *Stephansplatz* and the foxes chased their prey along *Ringstrasse*.

Father Time's spool is by no means unwound, but beyond this all is indistinct. We can see the Blue Danube winding across the meadows and rippling past the rocky promontories, but what manner of men stand on its banks is blurred beyond recognition. We have made the journey of two thousand years and have arrived at the beginning of the city of Vienna. We may now make a short cut back to the present by *Lichtensteg* and *Rotenturmstrasse* and in less than fifteen minutes we stand in *Stephansplatz* where we started.

But the visitor to the *Hoher Markt* may have noticed that the people who frequent the place today are not interested in history nor monuments. They are all watching a pantomime clock, which has been recently installed in the overhead passage across *Bauern-*

markt at the south-east corner. Such clocks are a great fad in all German countries. Munich, Strasbourg, Rotenburg and many other cities have one or more of them. Naturally Vienna thought she needed one too. Hers being the newest, is of course the most elaborate and operates the most smoothly. It is claimed that it is the largest and most beautiful pantomime clock in existence. Twelve historical figures consume exactly one hour each in traversing a visible course of sixty minutes. The figures are almost ten feet high and fashioned of gilded copper. The complicated machinery of this clock contrasts strangely with the simplicity of a sundial which silently designated the hours for ancient Vindobona.

VIII.

RELICS OF ROYALTY

UNDER this heading falls about two thirds of the lure of Europe. The best show-places of most of her cities are the palaces and gardens of the vanished kings and princes. Wipe them from existence along with the cathedrals and art galleries, most of which are also imperial legacies, and Europe's tourist trade would be completely ruined. Royal palaces are very numerous in Europe, being by no means limited to the present capitals. Such cities as Stuttgart, Munich, Dresden and many others have them. They are to be seen throughout France, Italy, Spain and in fact all over the continent. Most of the grounds have been converted into public parks and are much frequented and enjoyed by the dense populations. These parks are very old, and are the products of centuries of landscaping and horticulture, and to their physical charms are added the fascination of history and tradition.

The palaces are equally interesting. Their exteriors are exhibitions of the best architecture and sculpture of their periods, upon which the hand of time has bestowed the inimitable quality of antiquity. The interiors stretch into marble halls and stairways, mosaic

floors, and walls and ceilings decorated by the great masters. Then there are the countless rooms crowded with exquisite pieces of art and handicraft. There are tables surfaced with semi-precious stones, dovetailed into designs and fitted so perfectly that a magnifying glass must be used to find the joints; tapestries portraying historical events as distinctly as if done with pencil or brush; furniture carved in wood and ivory, and upholstered with needle-work so delicate that we suspect the people of those days had better eyes than we possess. Bed chambers are exhibited with beds large enough to allow sleeping crosswise or lengthwise with equal comfort; dining rooms with massive tables and countless dishes of blue and white porcelain decorated in gold. Even jewelry is not lacking. Rubies, diamonds, sapphires and emeralds gleam from the security of long rows of glass cases.

These palaces lack the comforts of the ordinary American apartment house. They have no central heating, no hot and cold water, no elevators and no baths. Such things could be added, but the creations of art they shelter cannot be reproduced in this age of commercial scramble and mass production. They are absolutely priceless.

Nobody lives in these gilded palaces now. The kings and princes are gone — vanished like ghosts — but the people come and feast their souls on the relics. Shiploads of foreigners also arrive from the golden shores across the sea, gasp at the amazing exhibitions, smile at the lack of plumbing, tip the guides, snap their kodaks and return home to recommend the journey to their friends,


There is much to be inferred from these collections that is not recorded in history. What the kings and princes did is flaunted to the gaze in conspicuous monuments, but of the people whose clever fingers and sharp eyes wrought these marvels nothing is told. To build such mansions and fashion such grounds required toil and sacrifice on the part of the masses which the inhabitants of a free country would not tolerate. Their equivalents cannot be duplicated by taxation in a land of universal suffrage.

In the possession of such relics Vienna is one of the most fortunate cities of the continent for she was for centuries the home of one of the richest and most powerful dynasties of the world.

SCHÖNBRUNN

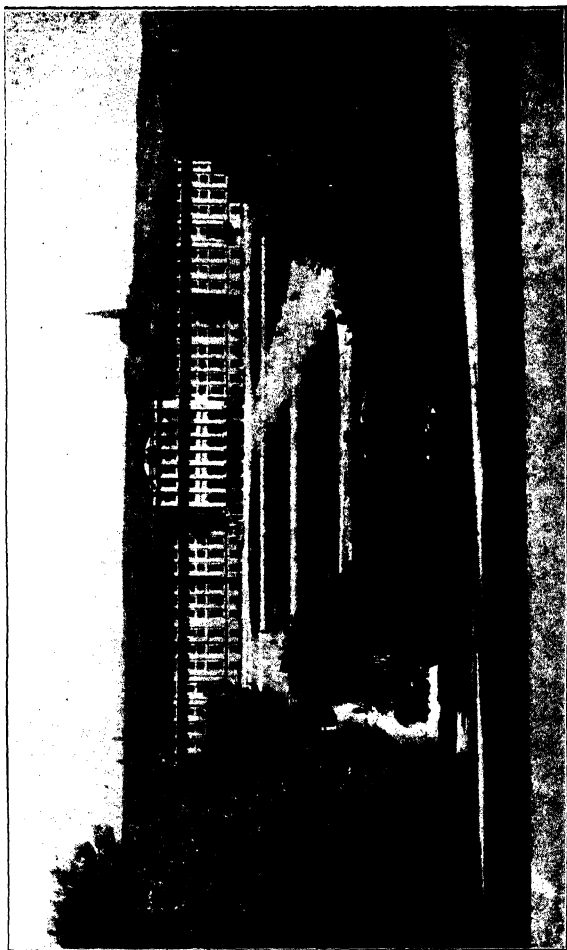
Of the scores of royal grounds and palaces, visited by the writer, the two that stand out in bold distinction as being most sublimely beautiful are those of Versailles and Schönbrunn. The reader must not fail to see the latter while visiting Vienna. It may be reached from Karlsplatz by the subway. Leave the train at the station Schönbrunn and mount the steps to a place directly in front of the main entrance. Crossing the stone walls of the River Wien, you arrive at the portals of the palace. But a preliminary review of its history will add much to the pleasure of the visit.

The story of Schönbrunn begins about 1569, when Maximilian II., somewhat famous in history for his quarrels with the pope and tolerance for protestants, established a hunting lodge there. His successor, Matthias, accidentally discovered a beautiful spring



(schönes Brunnlein) and gave the place its name. He appropriated the spring to the use of his lodge and it was the sole supply of water for the establishment till the time of Josef II. When one reflects that Vienna had been a place of importance for more than three hundred years, it seems strange that such a spring should have remained undiscovered so near the city. It seems to have been the excellent quality of the water that determined the location of the palace. Being outside the protection of the Ring fortifications, it was, during the first one hundred years of its existence, three times destroyed — twice by the Hungarians and once by the Turks — but each time promptly rebuilt.

About 1695, Leopold I. had Johann Bernhard Fischer von Erlach, who built so much that is beautiful in Vienna, lay the foundation of the present palace. By 1700 it was almost completed. In 1707, Charles VI., who was then king of Spain, was married here. But during his long reign (1711—40), he seems to have neglected Schönbrunn, preferring his summer house on Favoritenstrasse (Theresianum). It was not till the reign of Maria Theresa (1740—80), that Schönbrunn came into its own. She made it her home and it was during her time that the grounds were brought to their present state of grandeur. It is said that she had always in mind the gardens of Versailles and was eager to surpass them. This may account for the striking resemblance of the two places. The area immediately to the rear of the palace is flat and is laid out in flower beds cut into geometrical figures by the intervening paths. The beauty of these designs would not be appreciated if it were not for the hill to the rear, from which one views



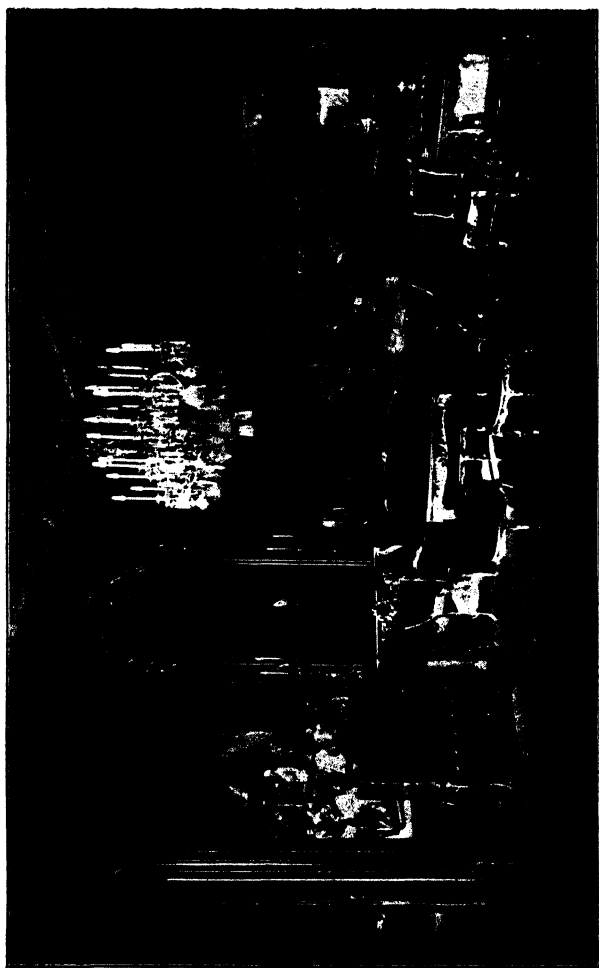
the landscape spread like a map upon a floor or table. An especially good view may be had from the rear of the fountain of Neptune placed almost exactly in the center of the open space. The vertically clipped walls of the hedges on either side below the fountain, and the dense forests above seem to close the sides, the extended walls of the palace form one extremity and the Gloriette the other; so that the park is apparently completely walled in. One imagines that this is the way Maria Theresa wished it, for it thus provided a retreat to which she could come when weary of the duties of state and the tormenting opposition of Frederick, king of Prussia. Here she could mother her large brood of children, work among her flowers and give herself over to her numerous fancies and foibles. It is said she spent much time walking about the grounds in all kinds of weather and gave personal directions for improving them. We see many things in Schönbrunn that we, very likely correctly, attribute to this remarkable woman. The park is replete with surprises such as a fond mother delights in preparing for her family. The Gloriette was built in her reign and it is said she spent much time in its vicinity, from which she had a most inspiring view. To the right, as we stand by the fountain of Neptune and face the Gloriette, are the menagerie and the botanical gardens. To the left are the peculiar Roman ruins, the Obelisk and Grotto. They look like the ideas of a woman and surely the many statues that peep from such secure niches in the forest and hedges must have been suggested by her.

Standing in the grounds of Schönbrunn, one seems to be screened from the sordid things of the outer world

and in a little fairy land where art and beauty blossom in unrestrained security. Follow any path and something beautiful and unexpected is sure to be revealed. Even the old hedge is full of peering images that seem to play hide and seek as we pass along.

But the interior of the palace with its fourteen hundred and forty-one rooms has much to remind one of events that are important in history, and not a few that are very sad in the lives of its long list of masters. The rooms abound with the pictures of the Hapsburgs. Especially frequent are the portraits of Maria Theresa — perhaps she was a trifle vain. In one of the rooms Napoleon dwelt twice as master of the house; once in 1805 and again in 1809. In the same room lived and died his only son, the Duke of Reichstadt. It is said they slept in the same bed. The father is quoted as saying that he would rather have the boy's neck wrung than have him grow up as an Austrian prince. He gave him the title of King of Rome, but the powers made him exactly what his father despised, after the great warrior had been sent into exile. In another room Franz Josef was born on the 30th of August, 1830, and closed his weary eyes in death on the 21st of November, 1916, after one of the longest and most disappointing reigns in history. In the Blue China Room, on the 11th of November, 1918, Emperor Charles closed the long dynasty of the Hapsburgs by abdication.

Perhaps the gayest functions ever held in the palace were the festivities of the Congress in 1814. It was a glad jubilee of all the royal heads of Europe, hysterical with joy at deliverance from the mighty conqueror who had tipped over their thrones like nine-pins. At that





very moment Marie Louise rested in the palace with the infant Napoleon, debating, it is said, whether to join her husband in exile or remain with her own people. Catherine of Naples, her great-aunt, wrote from her death-bed urging her niece to tear her sheets to shreds and form a rope to let herself down from the windows, rather than be held a prisoner away from her distinguished husband. The winter of 1814—15 was one continued round of revelry such as has never been equaled in history, but Marie Louise took no part. Perhaps she was glad when the Congress broke up in terror at the news that the mighty father of her son was back in France.

But the days of excitement for Schönbrunn are apparently ended. It is now but a historical museum through which wander the tourists with their guide-books listening to the stories of days that are gone. The beautiful park is open to the public and has joined the ranks of the many show-places of Europe.

One should not forget to visit the stables and carriage house to the right of the entrance and see the royal equipages, saddles and harness used in the bygone days when monarchs rode behind six and eight horses through the streets of Vienna.

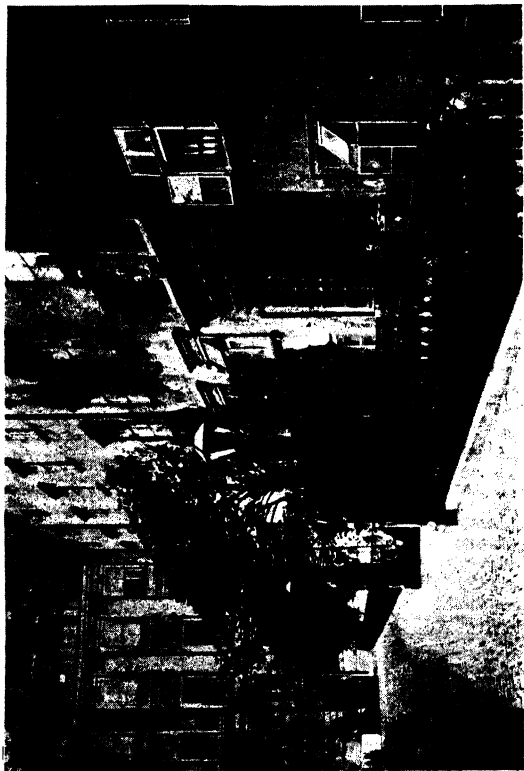
THE HOFBURG

(Imperial Palace.)

The most colossal imperial relic in Vienna and perhaps in all Europe is the old *Hofburg* which begins just north of the opera and extends to the northwest for more than a quarter of a mile. It was the seat of

the Austrian government for nearly seven hundred years. But few buildings in existence have so many historical associations as this straggling old structure. It was begun in 1221 by the next to the last of the Babenbergs, who, finding his palace Am Hof somewhat cramped, built a subsidiary one outside the wall. Additions were made almost continually during the next six hundred and fifty years. In fact the New Hofburg was left uncompleted at the outbreak of the great war. There were also designs for very extensive future additions; all of which are now abandoned.

The building is most comprehensive and includes many things not generally comprised in royal palaces. It seems whatever a Hapsburg thought he needed was added without consideration of external appearances. They must have had many quarrels with their various architects. But they were headstrong and had what they wished and where they wished it. Included in the rambling old walls were a large church, Augustinerkirche, a beautiful dance hall, Redoutensaal, a glass house for flowers, a library, horse-stalls, a riding school, the apartments of the royal family and the offices and reception rooms of the monarchy. The building was large enough so that the horse-stalls were far removed from the living quarters of the emperor. The amazing structure wanders aimlessly over a large field, encircling numerous courts of different sizes and straddling across many streets and passages. Most of these streets and thoroughfares were in full use during the time of the Hapsburgs; so that they had little or no seclusion. Perhaps this is one reason the royal family came to use Schönbrunn more and



Schweizerhof. Oldest Part of Hofburg

more as a place of residence and even as a seat of government.

When the republic was organized it found itself in possession of this immense imperial palace almost in the heart of the city and, being desperately short of funds, began renting such portions as were adapted for stores and offices. The huge uncompleted New Hofburg is used as a place for expositions and trade exhibits. The church was continued as before, the riding school turned into a public show with entrance fees and the apartments and rooms of state converted into museums. There is much that is wonderful and beautiful to be seen in these museums, but, as there are several places of entrance, it is almost necessary to use some of the numerous guides that are always stationed in the vicinity. In some of the museums the admission is by groups. The guide waits till a number of visitors have gathered and then conducts the entire party through the rooms.

The exterior of the entrance to the rotunda from Michaelerplatz is very fine. The fountain groups, the one on the right representing the power of the army and on the left the navy are most impressive. The rotunda itself is seventy-nine feet in diameter, and covered by a dome rising to the height of one hundred and twelve feet. Strange to say this passage was open during the days of the monarchy and was used for traffic just as at the present time. The wagons rolled through the rotunda and on through Franzensplatz, into which faced the royal apartments, continued across Heldenplatz and out at the Burgtor to the Ring.

The oldest part of the Hofburg is the Schweizerhof to which a passage leads from Franzensplatz. It was the original structure of the Babenbergs, and from that center the edifice expanded in all directions like an octopus. Perhaps Fischer von Erlach is responsible for more of the plans than any other architect. Externally the whole palace reminds one of the appearance of the house of a Mississippi Valley farmer who added something every year that he had a good crop. Internally it is a splendid display of architecture and decoration, and it houses a wealth of art and historical relics. In the treasury opening from the court are articles of great monetary value. We may be pardoned for regarding with some doubt as to genuineness the copy of the Gospels said to have been taken from the tomb of Charlemagne in Aix la Chapelle, and many of the exhibits in case III., supposed to have been brought from the Holy Land, but we look with interest at the Imperial Crown of Austria, said to have cost a half a million dollars, and at the celebrated Iron Crown of Charlemagne. We are also surprised to find in Vienna the beautiful cradle presented by the city of Paris to Napoleon for his son, the King of Rome. The values of such treasures cannot be stated in dollars and make us understand that Vienna has not yet been brought to the extremity of pawning her jewels. In other rooms are tapestries illustrating events in the famous siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683. The apartments of such celebrated personages as Maria Theresa, Empress Elizabeth, Franz Josef and others are of more than passing interest.

If possible a ballet by the Opera Company should

be attended in the Redoutensaal and the visitor should not miss seeing an exhibition of the Spanish Riding School, the entrance to which is from Reitschulgasse near Josefsplatz. No finer nor better trained horses are to be seen anywhere. They either keep step with the music, or perhaps the orchestra keeps time with the movements of the horses, so that



Monument to Prince Eugene



Monument to Archduke Charles

the observer has the impression that the animals have a sense of rhythm. One imagines that even the horses in Vienna love to dance.

Among the prominent monuments found in the Hofburg are the memorial to Franz I. in Franzensplatz, the equestrian statue of Josef II. in Josefsplatz and the two massive monuments in front of the New Hofburg. The one immediately before the New Hofburg is of Prince Eugene (see Belvedere) famed for his victories over the Turks, and the one more distant toward the Volksgarten is for

Archduke Charles who successfully withstood the onslaught of Napoleon at Aspern in 1809.

The view from Heldenplatz is most inspiring. Nearly all the conspicuous public buildings of the Ring are visible. It was the intention of the monarchy to erect another building exactly like the New Hofburg and located at the opposite side of Heldenplatz next to the Volksgarten. Had this been completed Heldenplatz would have been the most august place in Europe. The garden to the south of the New Hofburg was the private grounds of the palace but is now open to the public. It is not especially interesting. In the summer most unusual concerts are given in this park by the Opera Company.

The value of the Hofburg to the present generation does not compare with Schönbrunn. The grounds afford a desirable, but not much needed, addition to the parks of the central part of the city, but the buildings are almost an impediment. They spread themselves widely and interfere with traffic in the commercial district. Austria is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of democracy and has no idea of ever allowing another dynasty to establish itself in the decaying walls of the Hofburg. But it also looks with a certain reverence upon the medieval pile so intricately woven into the history of the nation. It values the relics of the monarchy and for no consideration would it part with a single one of them. This is right, for such things have much worth as attractions for visitors and as reminders of the great and glorious past, when Austria was the most influential power on the continent and the defender of Christianity against the tide of

Mohammedanism from the east. It is strange that the travel bureaus do not advertise the old relics more than they do. The visitors from all Christian lands may well stand a moment with uncovered heads in the presence of the gray old walls and the imperial relics they shelter.

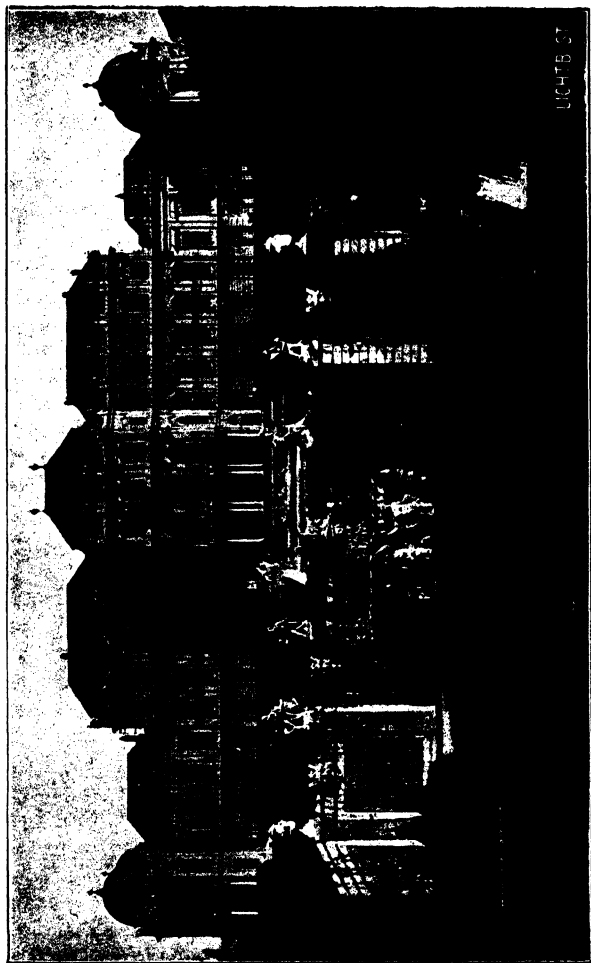
BELVEDERE

At the southern end of Schwarzenbergplatz is a little park in which is located the magnificent Hochstrahlbrunnen (Fountains), that on certain occasions are turned on in full force and lighted by concealed electric lamps. A little farther south is the Schwarzenberg Palace, the former residence of the famous father and son of that name. At the southeast corner of the Platz begins the wide street called Rennweg. Following this street for a short distance, we pass (No. 27 on the left side) the residence (now the Italian Embassy) built for the renowned Metternich, the Prime Minister who virtually controlled the policies of the Austrian Empire for almost fifty years prior to the revolution of 1848. A little farther we come (on the right) to the opening of the Belvederegarten. Entering we find ourselves in a park looking up at the Belvedere Palace. The palace and grounds remind one of some of the chateaux of the Loire. Gazing up a long flight of terraces we see silhouetted against the southern horizon an absolutely symmetrical building of most graceful outlines. Few structures are more tempting to the painter or photographer. Taken from front or rear, its beauty is scarcely surpassed by any building in Europe. The front view has a foreground

of broad walks and stairways profusely embellished with statuary, hedges and fountains, and the rear is enhanced by an artificial lake in which a perfect double of the palace is reflected. One cannot help inquiring who built this palace, and what is its history? The answer brings out the story of a most interesting personage, Prince Eugene of Savoy.

In 1683, when Kara Mustapha was before the walls of Vienna and the town was in dire straits, there appeared at the headquarters of the little army lying outside, waiting for reinforcements, a young prince of Savoy. His name was Eugene and he came to offer his services to Austria. It seems he was not taken seriously at first on account of his unprepossessing appearance. Physically he was of slight build, had a dark brownish Italian complexion, an upturned nose and a short upper lip. The description ends by saying he wore an over-sized wig and always held his mouth open. Moreover it was known that his services had not met with favor in the French army. Under less needy circumstances he might have been sent away, but no one who wanted to help fight the dreadful Turk was turned from the thin Austrian ranks. So he was given a small command and went under fire for the first time when assistance came from the Polish king. He distinguished himself in this bloody fight and in the pursuit of the Turks down the Danube. After this his promotion was rapid and in ten years he was named Field-Marshal.

This unusual soldier of fortune was destined to become one of the greatest generals that ever commanded an Austrian army. In 1691 he met the flower





of the Turks under the command of the Sultan, at the River Theiss, and fell upon it so impetuously that it was almost annihilated. The fierce battle was fought during the two hours before sunset and the proud general sent a message to Vienna saying, "The sun seemed to linger on the horizon to gild with its last rays the victorious standards of Austria." He immediately followed the retreating foe into Bosnia and eventually returned to Vienna with all the booty he could transport. This campaign marked the end of the serious menace of the Moslems which had lasted for nearly two centuries. Prince Eugene of Savoy had made the Turk the "sick man of Europe." One reads with surprise that upon return he was reproved for having exceeded orders in engaging in a pitched battle. This reproof must have been due to jealousy on account of his being a foreigner. Luckily for Austria it was not stinging enough to prompt him to leave the country. He seems always to have had great veneration for Emperor Leopold and one suspects that the Emperor may have softened the reproof by something said privately that never appeared in history.

He was soon placed in command of the Austrian forces fighting for the Spanish Succession. From every front where Prince Eugene commanded came tidings of victory. He defeated the Italians, French and Germans and under his leadership the Austrian army won the reputation of being invincible. It was the foreign Prince Eugene who really won the Spanish crown from Louis XIV. for Leopold's son Charles. The great general was the genius of the Austrian army for nearly fifty years. He came into prominence

during the reign of Leopold I., continued through that of Josef I. and on until almost the end of the career of Charles VI. In April 1736 he died and immediately the Turks attempted to advance. Charles VI. almost in despair exclaimed, "Is the fortune of my empire departed with Eugene?" But the conquest of the Turks had been completed. They did not advance farther than Belgrade.

What reward did the services of this distinguished warrior receive from his adopted country? Certainly no more than they merited. On one occasion he stated, "Leopold was my father, Josef my brother and Charles my master." There was a marked unpleasantness between the Prince and Emperor Charles resulting from the remark made by the warrior when Charles asked for his approval of the pragmatic sanction. "Bah!" exclaimed Eugene, "an army of two hundred thousand men is worth more than all the pragmatic sanctions in the world." This offended the Emperor, but after his death Maria Theresa was to learn the truth of the curt statement.

But Belvedere Palace is really a monument of the gratitude of the dynasty to the great general. It was by the presents of the kings that he was enabled to erect it and lay out the adjacent grounds. Eugene had already been given a house on Himmelpfortgasse, but early acquired the site of Belvedere and began improving it. He had Hildebrandt draw the plans for the palace, but the construction was much delayed on account of lack of funds. It was Eugene's pet scheme and occupied nearly all his time when he was not in the field with the army. Through the

assistance of the king it was completed in 1721. By this time the general was quite old but still often in the field; so he never moved into the new mansion. He used it as a place to entertain his friends and the ball-room was the scene of many brilliant fêtes. A glance at the beautiful dance hall with its glittering chandeliers will reveal what a splendid place it was for such festivities.

But the thing that interested the grim old warrior most of all was a collection of wild animals he had installed in the southeast corner of the park. He kept some lions there that would eat only when fed from his own hands. His favorite one died on the same day as its master. During the last winter of his life he came daily to feed his pets and it was on one of these trips that he caught the cold which ended his life. Later the animals were removed to other quarters and formed the nucleus of the present menagerie at Schönbrunn.

That the business of playing soldier of fortune for Austria was a financial success is proved by the fact that the prince left a fortune of nearly two million florins. He was one of the richest men of his times. Much of his estate was in the form of jewelry and art collections and was carried away by his foreign heirs. But the palace remained to become further renowned in history.

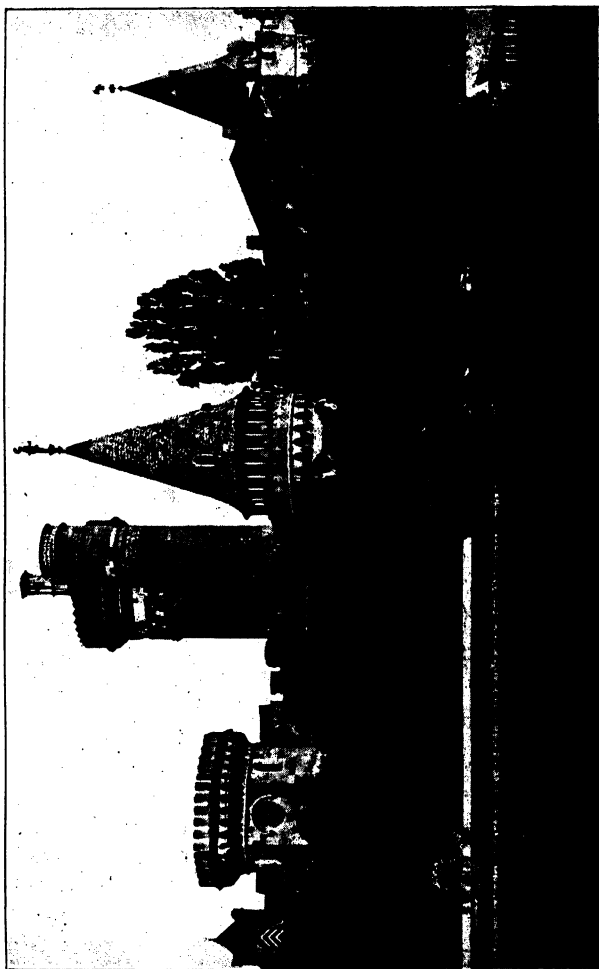
It was eventually purchased by the crown and became the residence of the crown prince. Hence Belvedere was the home of Franz Ferdinand when he was assassinated in Bosnia. This connects

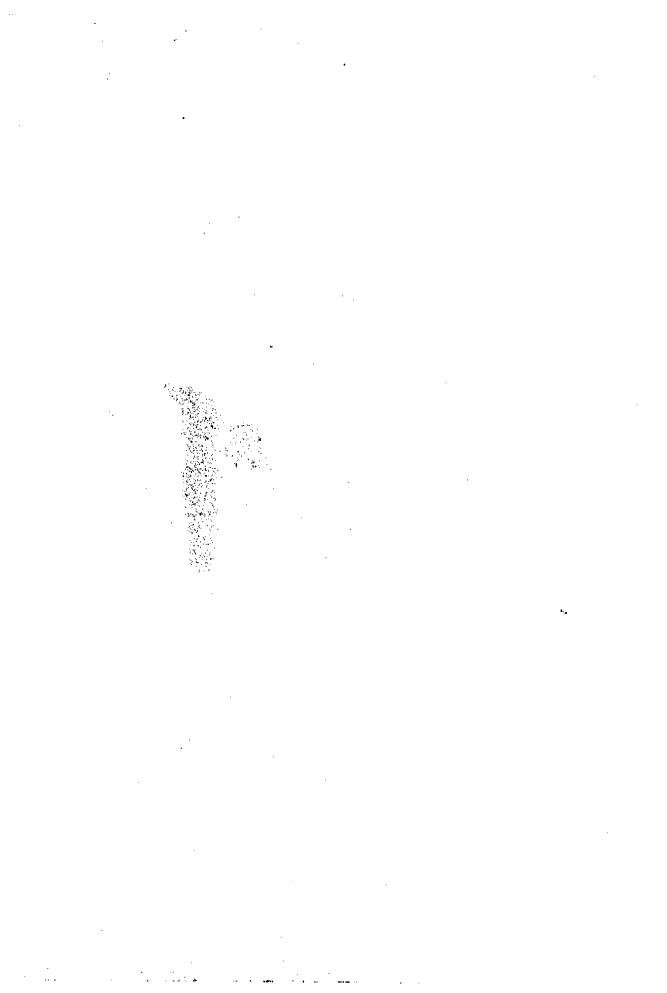
it with the great World War and the downfall of the dynasty.

Since the war it has joined the honorable ranks of the Relics of the Monarchy and has become one of the show-places of Vienna. Today the old palace seems to be half asleep, dreaming perhaps of its first great master, wondering where they have taken the lions and whether the old warrior is still feeding them with his own hands. One imagines the gray statues are still seeking his form among the visiting throngs and listening for the roar of the wild pets. If they could see across the tall buildings into Heldenplatz, they would be delighted to see him mounted in cold stone, like themselves, but still defiantly charging the enemies of the old Austrian dynasty.

LAXENBURG

Twelve miles south of Vienna is Laxenburg, formerly the favorite summer home of the Hapsburgs, and at present a most forcible reminder of the glories of the vanished dynasty. The site was acquired by the Babenbergs, and came into possession of the Hapsburgs upon the accession of the house to the throne of Austria. In the time of Leopold I. there was a castle at Laxenburg and in it was held the conference of the dukes to form a compact against Louis XIV. of France. But in 1683 the Turks wiped the eastern environs clean of all notable Christian edifices. Then, in the early part of the eighteenth century, Prince Eugene of Savoy made Europe safe for Christianity, and Schönbrunn and Laxenburg developed rapidly. The Altes Schloss was rebuilt and Maria Theresa





erected an immense palace which is known as Blauer Hof. Here she came with her numerous family for spring and autumn vacations.

The honor of laying out and improving the grounds belongs principally to Emperor Franz II. who reigned from 1792 to 1835. By means of a canal from the insignificant River Schwechat he formed the island-dotted lake and planted the forest, which features have transformed Laxenburg Park into a scene of enchantment. In fact it is one of the most successful examples of landscaping in all Europe. It has giant oaks and castanias, expanses of green sward, a picturesque waterfall and scores of charming vistas. This Emperor also erected the remarkably attractive island chateau which bears his name and which played such a prominent role in entertaining the celebrated Congress of Vienna already mentioned.

The Blauer Hof has most interesting historical connections. Rudolph, the only son of Franz Josef, made it his summer residence, and later it was occupied by Carl and Zita. Its corridors echoed the voice of every ruler of Austria from the time of Maria Theresa to the end of the monarchy.

Aside from these historical associations, there is little about the Blauer Hof to hold the attention of the traveler who is apt to be somewhat immune to attacks of excitement over imperial palaces. But it is quite otherwise with the park and Franzensburg which are sure to make lasting impressions upon all visitors. The castle is best reached by means of a romantic ferry, and its numerous spires and bastions, towering over a grove of ornamental trees, all rising from the

placid waters of the artificial lake, present a picture of rarest beauty and charm. In the chateau is a rich collection of antique furniture and paintings taken from the old castles and convents of Austria's former vast domains. Especially apt to be remembered is the image of a medieval prisoner that startles the stranger by raising an arm and rattling its chains.

Laxenburg is an illustration of what brains and money can make of a common woodland in the course of a few centuries. The location has none of the natural qualities of Kahlenberg, Kreuzenstein or Cobenzl but has been transformed into one of the most attractive environs of Vienna by purely artificial means.

At the close of the war Laxenburg like Belvedere fell into a deep sleep but has awakened into a new and most interesting life. The ownership passed to the republic, along with the other Relics of Royalty, and it was put in charge of a special society to be used for the benefit of injured veterans of the World War. This organization has been able to turn almost every part of the ensemble to the creditable purpose of producing money for the relief of the injured. The Blauer Hof and the island castle have become museums with admission fees, many of the minor buildings have been rented for cafes, restaurants and confectionaries, and the concession for boating sold to a company that caters to visitors. The Altes Schloss, the theater, the Turnier Hof and some of the smaller buildings are leased to the Hellerau school for rhythmic movement, formerly located at Dresden. On Sunday mornings the boys of the celebrated Hofchapel Choir give musical entertainments at the theater. Instead

of the picturesque woodland being populated by dukes and princes in blazing uniforms as of yore, it now teems with German maids dressed in fantastic attire who skip through the groves like wild deer. The lake is crowded with excursionists enjoying the pleasure of rowing and the whole park is the scene of mirth and joyous holiday life. The oaks, the castanias, the castles, the waterfalls and the lake all seem to enjoy their new function of yielding health and pleasure to the general population and contributing to the relief of the maimed and suffering.

Laxenburg may be reached by rail in a half hour, changing trains at Mödling, but perhaps the best way is to take one of the Rundfahrt excursions that start from the opera. These excursions are made in comfortable automobiles and are conducted by guides.

THE AUGARTEN

Still another legacy bequeathed to the public by the departed dynasty is the Augarten. It includes a large palace and a park of one hundred and twenty-five acres located at the upper end of the island formed by the Danube and its canal. It is not much frequented, probably because it is in an undesirable quarter of the city. The Augarten was one of the earliest summer residences of the Hapsburgs. The palace was once destroyed by a flood of the Danube and again by the Turks at the time of the famous siege.

The grounds were opened to the public by Emperor Josef II., but the castle continued to be the property of the imperial family. It also took a conspicuous part in the festivities of the Congress of Vienna. In the garden

was a pavillon in which Mozart held forth in his morning concerts for the Kaiser. Later this pavillon was converted into a porcelain factory.

In 1887 Archduke Otto remodeled the palace and made it his residence. He was the father of the unfortunate Kaiser Karl whose childhood was spent here.

The Augarten Palace and Park are now open for the enjoyment of the public.

THE PRATER.

It may be added in this connection that the Prater, one of the largest and most beautiful parks in the world, was for centuries an imperial hunting ground and closed to the public. It was opened by Emperor Josef II. and has since become world renowned as a place of light amusements, and magnificent boulevards. It has a large Ferris wheel, circus grounds, race tracks and hundreds of little show places. It is in the Prater that gay Vienna puts on her gayest stunts and outdoor festivities.

CONCLUSION.

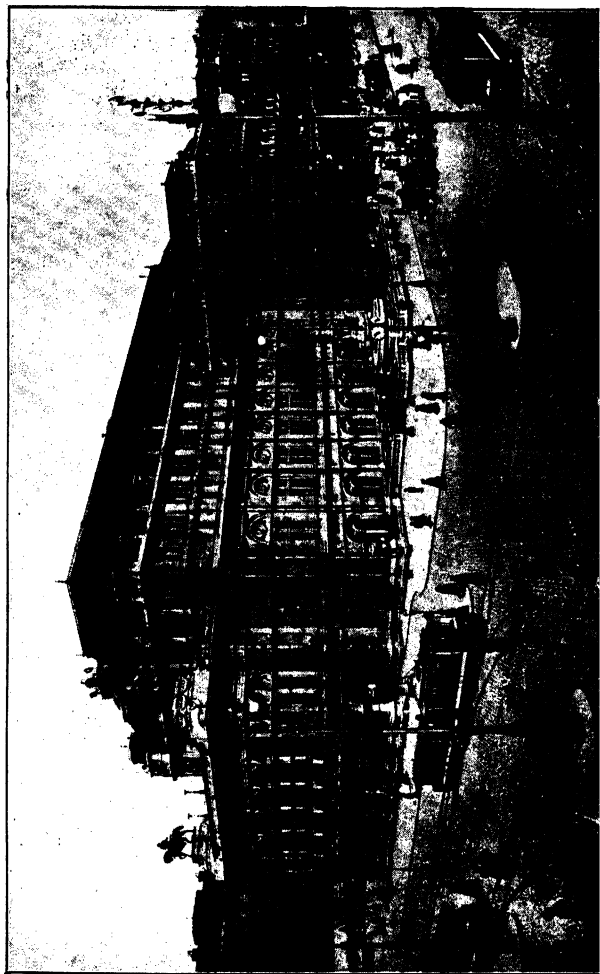
In this chapter we have endeavored to show how Vienna without much voluntary effort came into possession of such an array of attractions as is seldom found in a single city. She is now able to offer her citizens and visitors access to places of beauty and interest that a large portion of the population of central Europe toiled for centuries to produce; such an assemblage as probably could not be duplicated under any other form of government than a monarchy. It

may also be seen how the disintegration of the empire and the disappearance of the dynasty, instead of removing these attractions, have only made them more accessible than before. All the lure that a royal house could assemble in six centuries is now beckoning to students and travelers.

IX.

WHERE MUSIC WAS BORN

VIENNA is justly regarded as the musical headquarters of the world. Her renown in this respect did not disappear with the dissolution of the empire. In Vienna the operas and concerts are subjects of paramount interest, and during the musical season it seems to the visitor that the people discuss music in preference to politics. Two opera houses, the Staatsoper with a seating capacity of 2260 and the Volksoper with places for 1819 are in use every day of the season. Then there are the Grosser Musikvereinssaal with 2063 seats, the Kleiner Musikvereinssaal with 500, the Grosser Konzerthausaal with 2076 and the Mittlerer Konzerthausaal with 893 seats, and they likewise are in use once and sometimes twice each day. Also there are many other halls in the city used for concerts and operas occasionally. In the Volksgarten and Stadtpark large orchestras play almost every afternoon and evening. In addition to all these there are perhaps a hundred cafes with smaller bands of musicians that perform twice each day. The Philharmonic Orchestra is acknowledged to be the



leading and perhaps best musical organization of its kind in existence. The Symphony Orchestra is but little less renowned and many other orchestras of the city are most unusual.

Vienna may be very poor, but anyone seeking seats for her theaters, concerts and operas may easily believe otherwise, for places are certainly in brisk demand. The prices are lower than in most cities. For the *Staatsoper*, fair seats may usually be had in the galleries for a dollar, but it is difficult for the stranger to procure them except through the *Kartenbureaus*, and they add twenty-five per cent profit. In the *Volksoper* they are much cheaper. The concerts are very reasonable. Good concerts may generally be heard for fifty cents and often less. In the parks and cafes splendid concerts of classical and popular numbers may be heard for but little more than the reasonable price of the refreshments. Fifty cents is enough to provide refreshments and music for an entire afternoon or evening.

The *Staatsoper* is a national institution, the performers are paid by the state and, after a certain length of time, pensioned for life. In addition to the regular performers, nearly all the renowned singers of other lands are proud to appear in this opera occasionally. Hence it is possible in a season to hear many of the best singers of the world in the *Staatsoper*. They probably make their money in other cities but they win their reputations in Vienna. Perhaps nowhere else are they confronted with such an appreciative and discriminating audience.

There is a most widely distributed knowledge and

skill in music among the people of Vienna. Many of the professors of the university are excellent performers on the violin or piano. Some of them have been known to play in the orchestra for the operas. Many are unusual vocalists. A little digression illustrating this may not be entirely out of place. On one occasion the writer wished to consult one of the most renowned specialists of the Medical Department of the University, a man whose name is familiar to the surgeons of the entire world. He went to the doctor's office and found several patients in the reception hall. From an adjacent room came the sound of a piano. He supposed the room to be a studio and wondered that such a noisy place was tolerated so near the great surgeon's office. The music continued for an hour and in the meantime many more patients came and joined the listening group. It was a strange audience of bandaged heads silently waiting for the appearance of their surgeon. Finally the door opened to the supposed studio and out stepped the celebrated specialist ready to begin his dressings and consultations. Surgery was his occupation but music was his delightful diversion. Such an experience is not very unusual in Vienna.

On New Year's Eve practically every one of the eleven hundred and fifty cafes blossom out with a most acceptable orchestra. If one notes the faces of the performers carefully, he may be able later to pick out some of them at work on the streets of the city. It seems almost incredible that men who can play a full program of the classics should be engaged in common labor. One of the most popular measures of the Social Democrat Party has been the reservation of certain

evenings at the best musical places, at reduced prices, for the wage-earners. The masses long for music as they hunger for food.

On Labor Day every one of the twenty-one districts of the city marches to the city hall with a full military band. Often there are two parades from each district, one for the Socialist trade unions and the other for the Communist unions and each parade has its own band. None of them would think of coming without music.

Not only are the classics often heard, but another form of music, the simple folk songs, are much in vogue and enjoyed by the bourgeois and the aristocracy alike. Everybody, even the college professor loves to go to the Heurigen, sit on a hard wooden bench with a pitcher of new wine before him on a bare table, and listen to the comedians singing their songs, racy of the soil. The entertainers spring many delightful surprises that appeal to the learned and ignorant with equal force. On one occasion the writer saw two Dozents earnestly discussing how it was possible for a man to turn the lighted ends of two cigars into his mouth, sing a comic song, then reverse the still lighted cigars and continue smoking.

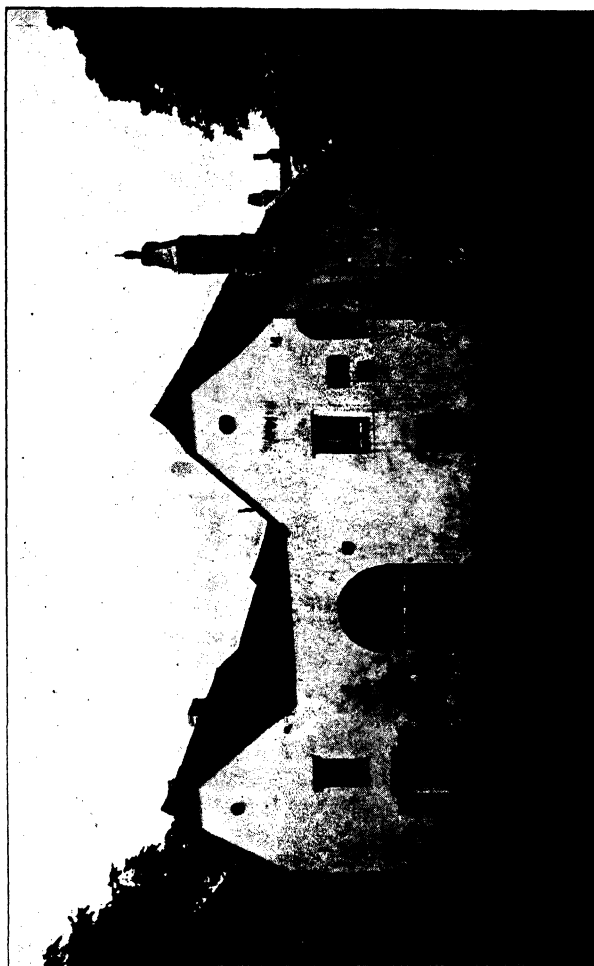
But Vienna's devotion to music is nothing new nor recent. She is merely maintaining her proud reputation that extends far into the dim past. When she begins to enumerate her celebrities, she starts with the ancient city of Vindobona, in which one, Moderatus, is said to have conducted a choir. Music at that time consisted almost entirely of the Gregorian Chants, some of which have endured to this day.

After the time of Charlemagne, and during the time

of the Babenbergs, came the Minnesingers, among whom Walther von der Vogelweide was the most eminent. He frequented the courts of the Babenbergs entertaining the crusaders who tarried at Vienna on their way to and from Palestine. This genius of the beginning of the thirteenth century wrote his own music and words, so that his business in the brilliant castle Am Hof was "singen und sagen".

With the Hapsburgs came a dynasty that was especially devoted to music. In those days many of the emperors were performers and even composers. Leopold I., Josef I. and II., Maximilian and others were celebrated musicians. It must be remembered that the Austrian Empire was then the wealthiest and most powerful monarchy of Europe. The Hapsburgs did not hesitate to spend the wealth of the nation to encourage music. In this way Vienna became the Mecca of musical talent. Celebrities came from all Europe and took up residence. Of the whole galaxy of great musicians from Gluck to Johann Strauss very few were born in Vienna. They established homes in the Stadt and among the beautiful hills along the Danube, because in Vienna their art was appreciated. Thus it is that Vienna claims Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and many others. Only Strauss and Schubert are her own native children. But the others made the city their adopted home and thought enough of Vienna to wish to be buried in her soil. No cemetery of the world holds so many graves of celebrated musicians as the Zentralfriedhof.

More recently Vienna has produced a number of composers of operettas, whose compositions have circled



the globe. Who has not listened with pleasure to the popular melodies of Lehar's "Merry Widow" or "Gräfin Maritza?" In this class also belong Oscar Straus and Leo Fall. But the king of them all was Johann Strauss who wrote the "Bat" and "Gipsy Baron," and started the whole world waltzing to his "Blue Danube".

Not only did Vienna patronize her musicians but she also honored their memories almost equally with those of her warriors. The whole city is sprinkled with monuments, tablets and memorials to composers. Many streets and squares are named for them. Some of their homes have been converted into museums devoted to the preservation of articles used by them during their lives. These places are regarded as veritable shrines by the present generation. Every musician who comes to Vienna visits Schubert's home on Nussdorfer Strasse and many of the other houses where celebrated composers lived.

Those of us who love Vienna cannot help rejoicing that, when the awful blow fell upon her from St. Germain, it found her in possession of such splendid new and modern opera houses and concert halls. The Staatsoper was completed in 1869, but still stands as one of the best opera houses in the world. The Volksoper was finished in 1898 and answers well for a second house, where the operas may be given in a less elaborate manner and at a lower price. The handsome Musikvereinsgebäude was completed the same year as the Staatsoper and is one of the best public buildings of the city. The mammoth beautiful Konzerthaus was finished only one

year before the beginning of the great World War and is perhaps unsurpassed by any concert house in existence. Thus equipped, Vienna can proudly face the world for several generations to come. For this she should thank the last great member of the Hapsburg dynasty, Franz Josef, who made the city eminent for its beautiful public buildings.

Vienna is a favorite city among students of music for the completion of their studies. No figures are at hand as to the number of Americans studying music in the city, but it is probably less than the number of doctors doing postgraduate work at the University. Conditions for the study of music are most favorable in Vienna. There are many competent teachers, living expenses are within reason and the wealth of music with which the student comes in contact is scarcely equalled elsewhere. Many foreigners spend a season in Vienna for the operas and concerts alone.

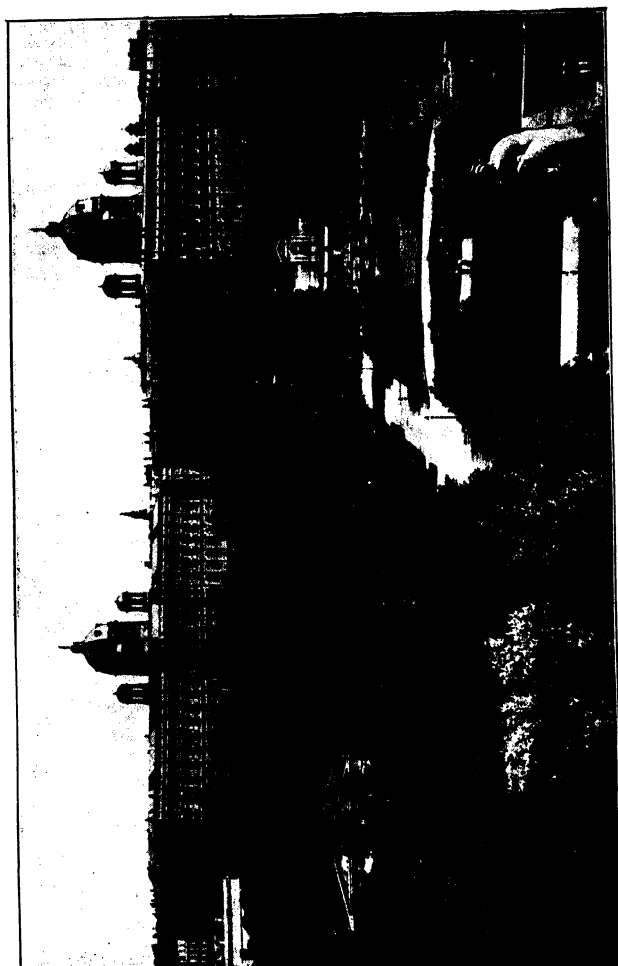
Unquestionably the war produced some changes in the audiences at the opera. In the good old days of Franz Josef the Staatsoper was one of the rarest places in Europe, a spot of most delectable enticement. Tragedy and comedy were not confined to fiction and the stage, but spread to the audience and actual life. There was the imperial box decorated with the insignia of the House of Austria to inspire patriotism, and the portrait of Frau Schrott to feed scandal. The rich gowns and massive jewels of the ladies of the court startled the onlookers, producing flutters of whispered conversation and drawing the aim of scores of opera glasses. There were also clandestine messages flashed across the parterre to the most high that did not escape the vigilant

eyes of the spectators. They noted and recorded the shafts of defiance and jealousy hurled at an archduchess by a most fashionably dressed baroness. The interludes were stirring intervals in those days.

The men were faultlessly tailored and the ladies gowned like Parisian models. The monotony of civilian clothes was relieved by a fascinating display of military uniforms with which Austria astonished and delighted foreigners. The whole assembly was a riot of gorgeous colors dotted with scintillating diamonds, rubies and pearls. The opera was not only a place to hear music but also a fashionable parade of wealth and beauty.

But those days are passed. The rich gowns and uniforms are put away or on exhibition in the museums, and no one knows where the diamonds have fled. They are probably engaged in their same old game of intrigue and enticement in other and richer lands. In the Staatsoper dinner suits and evening gowns are uncommon, while military uniforms are unknown. The patronage is now a quite different one and assembled for a different purpose. It is composed of music lovers from many lands who come to feast their souls with harmony, melody and clever acting. The Philharmonic Orchestra and the singers have a complete monopoly of the attention, and under the stimulation of the audience present such a portrayal of the operas as can scarcely be found elsewhere, and certainly was never surpassed in bygone days. The fame of the Staatsoper shines as far as ever and attracts lovers of music from many lands. Today the building is just as beautiful, the lights and stage settings just as brilliant and the performances perhaps better than ever before. The very mention of

the Staatsoper recalls most delightful memories to anyone who has been fortunate enough to attend it and one most enjoyable feature is that it is not necessary for the traveler of modest means to deny himself half the comforts of life for days on account of the cost.



X.

VIENNA'S FEAST FOR THE EYES

VIENNA'S music shines with such brilliancy as to eclipse her other attainments. This explains why she is seldom mentioned as an art center. When the subject of painting is discussed, we think first of Paris, Florence and Rome, after which come a half score of other cities such as Dresden, Munich, Madrid and Vienna; all somewhat equal in renown. The truth is that Vienna perhaps has a more comprehensive collection of the masterpieces of painting than any other city in Europe except Paris. It is peculiar that no painter who claimed Vienna as his home ever really achieved immortality in his art. But that Vienna should have one of the finest collections of the works of the immortals is not difficult to understand. During the time these art treasures were being produced the House of Austria was ruler of nearly all the lands where the masters wrought. In the sixteenth century it controlled the crown of Spain, and Ferdinand I., who was an enthusiastic collector, did not hesitate to purchase and appropriate many of the Spanish masterpieces and carry them away to Vienna. The invasion of the Swedes furnished an excuse for bringing the rich collection of Prague to Vienna in the

first half of the seventeenth century. During the same century a son of Ferdinand II., who was a *Stathalter* in the Netherlands, brought in a large collection of the Dutch masters. As for works of the Italian cities, Florence, Bologna and Venice were all Austrian provinces and much of their art naturally found its way to Vienna. In the early part of the eighteenth century a Hapsburg was again on the throne in Spain and in a position to collect Spanish art. Germany did not produce a great deal, but what was meritorious was also largely appropriated by the dynasty for the capital which at that time was Vienna. Only the pope was in a better position to command the masters than the Hapsburg dynasty. All these master-pieces were the private property of the imperial family and were much scattered among its members. Finally during the reign of Franz Josef they were gathered and placed in a mammoth gallery constructed on the *Burgring*. Thus it occurred that Vienna came into possession of one of the most comprehensive collections of the paintings of the ancient masters in existence.

That the Hapsburgs were clever and discriminating in their selections, is proved by the fact that they secured great numbers of the works of such painters as Velasquez, Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Titian, Raphael and such German masters as Durer and others. The collection of Velasquez is the largest in existence outside of Madrid, and that of Rubens and Van Dyck among the largest to be found anywhere.

All these are placed in one building centrally located, which is a matter of great convenience to the

visitor. The building was finished in 1881 and the installation of the exhibits completed by 1889. Since the downfall of the monarchy the gallery has become the property of the republic and may be said to constitute one of the most noteworthy of its imperial relics. Any one interested in painting may spend days in this gallery without exhausting its riches. The treaty that closed the World War made a few vacant places on the walls, but by no means destroyed the completeness of the collection. The number of ancient paintings is somewhere in the neighborhood of seventeen hundred, to which has been added several hundred moderns. Catalogues are to be had at the entrance.

The second great collection of the city is a private one, the Liechtenstein, but it is easy to secure admission, especially during the summer time. It comprises eight hundred paintings and is usually referred to as the finest private collection in existence. It is especially rich in the master-pieces of Rubens and Van Dyck. The gallery represents the purchases of a very rich Austrian family made during a period of three centuries. The palace itself is well worth seeing. It dates from 1712 and is conveniently located on Liechtensteinstrasse.

While these two galleries contain the major portion of Vienna's best paintings, they by no means exhaust her resources in art. There is the Czernin Palace, the Belvedere, Schönborn, Albertina and many other smaller collections. In Schönbrunn is the best collection of portraits of the Hapsburg family. However the visitors are usually satisfied after they have seen the Art History Museum and the Liechtenstein.

There are two classes of pictures in which Vienna

has excelled, portraits and etchings. Portraits were in much demand by royalty, and the environs furnish splendid subjects for etchings. Scenes from the old medieval towns, such as Dürnstein, along the Danube have been beautifully represented in etchings. Kasimir, one of the greatest masters of this form of art, is a Viennese and Vienna is the best place to purchase his works.

The windows of the art stores in Vienna are exceptionally attractive. They are often most wonderful exhibitions of modern paintings and etchings. Crowds large enough to obstruct traffic sometimes gather before them. It is difficult for any one who appreciates beauty to pass one of them without pausing to admire.

Vienna is full of sculpture, but very few pieces of it have ever won renown; probably because most of it is modern. Canova's Theseus group, now in the Art History Museum, and the memorial to Maria Christina, daughter of Maria Theresia, in the Augustiner Church in the Hofburg are very fine. The Maria Theresa monument and the two equestrian figures in Heldenplatz are massive and exceptionally well done. There is some fine work in the Capucine Church among the tombs of the Hapsburgs, but it has the disadvantage of being poorly lighted. Stephansdom also contains a wealth of ancient sculpture which is scarcely appreciated on account of the dim light. If the visitor will enter Stephansdom on a bright sunny day and carefully scrutinize its walls and chapels, he will discover an amazing amount of art in stone that is not discernible at other times.

But most of the sculpture of Vienna is architectural, by which is meant that it has been used to decorate

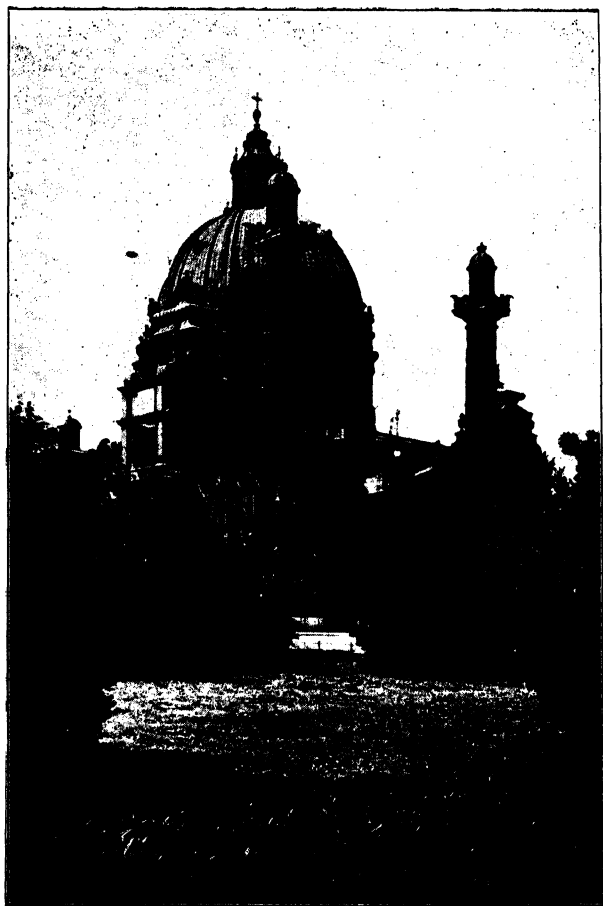
buildings. The three great Gothic edifices, Stephansdom, the Votive Church and the Rathaus display an immense amount of skillful work with the chisel. The Parliament House is fairly smothered with Grecian mythological subjects treated by modern sculptors.

The architecture of Vienna is very rich in the Baroque. The man who left the mark of his genius upon the city as few men have ever marked any great city was Johann Bernhard Fischer von Erlach. He was the greatest architect of his time and labored during a period of most active construction. He gave Vienna an individuality that has lingered to this day. No church in the world looks like Karlskirche and many of his buildings are most characteristic of Vienna and the neighboring towns that imitated them. Coming from the west or south the traveler quickly observes that the city has a different appearance from that of any city previously visited. Even the overshadowing array of modern structures lining the Ringstrasse has not obliterated the individuality of Fischer's Vienna.

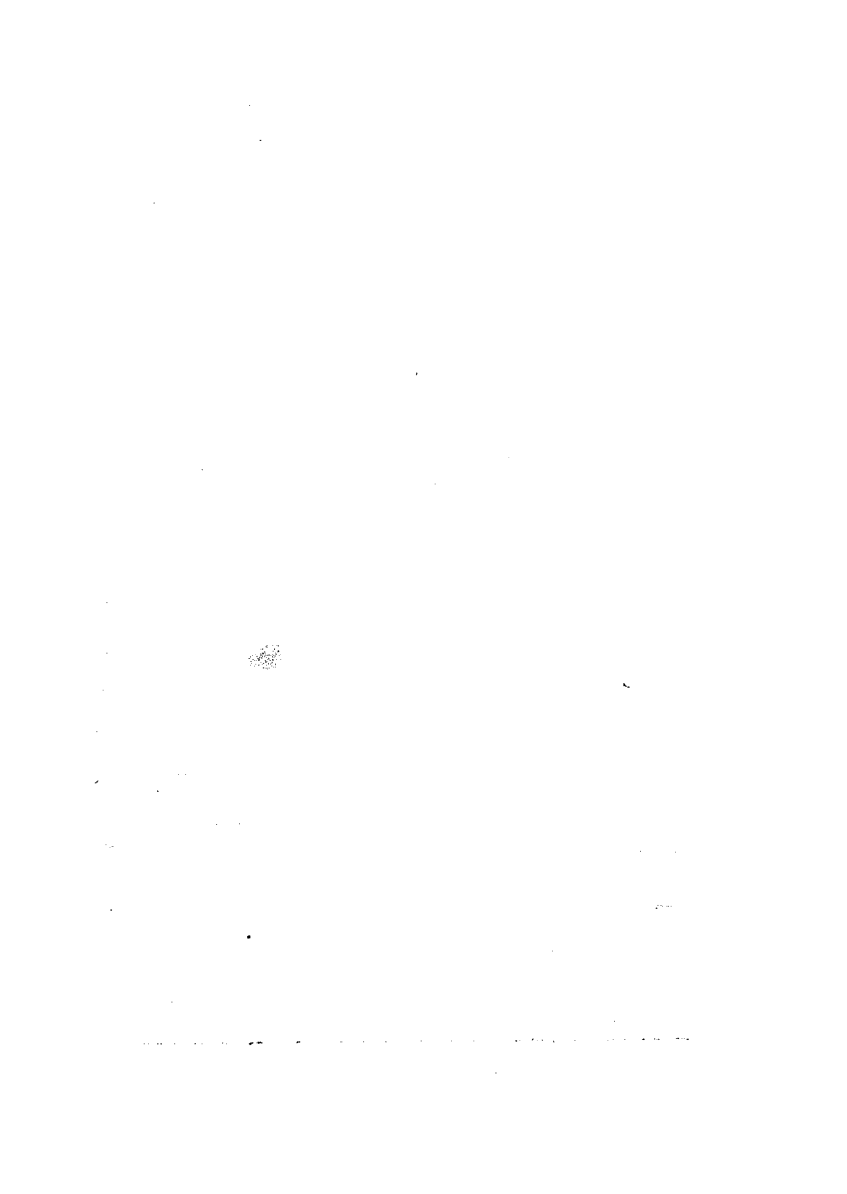
In landscaping Vienna is especially rich. Her best works, Schönbrunn and Belvedere, are laid out according to French designs. They are imitations of Versailles which served as a copy for so many gardens throughout Europe, but they are almost as fine as the original. In the matter of wooded boulevards, Hauptallee of the Prater is one of the finest in all Europe. In spring when the castanias are in full bloom it is indescribable. The great trees, completely clothed in pink and white, arch across the boulevard giving it the appearance of an endless Gothic aisle in some imaginative cathedral fashioned of tinted marble. The driveway

being over two miles in length with no turns, the amazing fluted columns continue on and on to the vanishing point.

In fountains Vienna rivals Rome and Versailles. The great fountain near Schwarzenbergplatz, when under full force and colored illumination is a memorable sight. The fountain of Neptune at Schönbrunn is justly renowned. All the fountains are covered with boards during the winter and the removal of these covers is one of the glad heralds of approaching spring.



Karlskirche



XI.

TWO MORE CHURCHES

IT IS with a little hesitation that we introduce here a short discussion of two famous churches in Vienna. They are so interesting historically that they are entitled to a place in a picture of "Vienna Yesterday and Today." One is among the most conspicuous buildings to be found in the city and the other is interesting as the final relic of the dynasty, the last resting place of most of the royal family.

KARLSKIRCHE

No church in Europe has more individuality than Karlskirche. It is one of the few concerning which the visitor is apt to seek more information than is supplied by the guide-books. Strolling through the wooded park at Karlsplatz, vistas appear in which this peculiar edifice is so charmingly framed with forest trees as to win exclamations of surprise and appreciation from those who make no pretence to proficiency in art or architecture. What is there about this church that lends it so much individuality? The dome is similar to that of numberless others; all reminding one of the old Pantheon at Rome. Similar porch columns and extended

steps are to be seen in many places and the gables are not unusual. The two lofty columns in front immediately call to mind two others, Trajan's column in Rome and the Vendome in Paris. The former is much older and the latter more recent than Karlskirche. It is the ensemble of all these features, exceptionally well executed, that gives the church its peculiar charm.

But the story of its founding is also most fascinating. It illustrates the deep religious feeling of the time during which it was constructed. Its origin is to be found in the age-long contest between the Occident and the Orient, the Cross and the Crescent. For a few centuries the crusades passed down the Danube on their way to conquer Islam and rescue the Holy Land. Then the Mohammedans came up the Danube to spread their faith throughout Europe. Neither enterprise was entirely successful. The Moslems repeatedly overran the lower Danube but they could never get farther than Vienna. They came and went, usually leaving some legacy in their hasty departures.

One thing they often brought from the Orient and left as a dreadful memento was the pest, a disease that in those days of medical ignorance became a horrible scourge. Under its ravages the people sickened and died by the thousands. It never ceased until it had exterminated those not blest with a natural immunity.

In 1711 Josef I. died, not of the pest but of smallpox, and his brother, the sole remnant of the Hapsburgs, was called home from the Spanish throne to rule the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. He had reigned but two years when a woman from Hungary, where the pest was endemic owing to the proximity of the Turks, was

taken to a hospital in Vienna and died of the disease. An epidemic started immediately and spread like a conflagration. The city then had a population of less than two hundred thousand much of which scattered to the country at the outbreak of the epidemic. Nevertheless the number of deaths in July, 1713 was 1221 and in August, 1778, while during the entire epidemic more than ten thousand perished.

The young Emperor stayed bravely by his people doing what he could to alleviate the distress. The contagious and infectious nature of the disease seems to have been fully appreciated. We read how the people avoided meeting each other on the streets. All the stores and markets had pots of vinegar into which money was thrown when it changed hands, and those going to the markets wore gloves and masks which were burned or washed in spirits immediately upon returning. The apothecaries closed their doors and dispensed drugs through windows opening to the street. But the epidemic kept on with frightful violence.

All eyes turned to the Emperor expecting him to inaugurate some definite plan to stay the pestilence. This was by no means the first epidemic the city had experienced. The one of 1679 was fresh in the memory of many still living. In the Graben stood the Pestsäule erected to the Trinity for deliverance. This monument must have suggested a line of action to Emperor Charles. But instead of appealing directly to Deity he made the appeal through a departed saint.

Quite unexpectedly he summoned all the prelates and state officials to meet the archbishop at St. Michael's near the Hofburg. All the bells of the city rang and the

population came into the streets to learn the cause of the alarm. The Emperor then commanded the archbishop to bear the relics of San Carlo Borromeo into the street and head a procession. All the prelates and officials were placed in line and they filed solemnly through the streets to Stephansdom. Just what the relics of San Carlo Borromeo were the account does not state, but they were deposited at the altar, and kneeling before them, Emperor Charles began reading in a loud voice. "In the name of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the highest, incomprehensible, most righteous, long suffering and merciful God, I, Charles, at the high altar of the Dome Church kneeling, declare and acknowledge that I and my people stand in judgment before Thee this day, and admonished by Thy just punishment, most humbly beg forgiveness, etc." The prayer ended by solemnly promising, in the presence of the relics of San Carlo Borromeo, to build a church in Vienna dedicated to the Saint upon the subsidence of the epidemic. It appealed to the Saint to use his influence with the Most High to secure the abatement of the scourge. Charles furthermore vowed that in the new church a silent mass would be said each day and one sung once each week, for the deliverance.

Now who was San Carlo Borromeo? He was a bishop of Milan who died in 1584. For his services during epidemics of pest and for his zeal in combating the protestants he had been sainted in 1610. The reader who has visited Milan may recall that in a subterranean capella of the great Milan Cathedral his body is still exhibited to the curious tourists for five lire each. Charles apparently selected him as the patron saint

because of his services during epidemics. Some German writers have been critical enough to note that the first name of the Saint was also the name of Emperor Charles and have commented upon the part the Saint took in the inquisitions.

The unexpected and somewhat dramatic action of the ruler seems to have inspired the people with confidence, and renewed their efforts to stamp out the disease. The Emperor was very popular, "A beautiful, stately man who captured all hearts when he appeared before the people." The meeting was held in October and by February the epidemic had completely subsided. The accounts state that the cafes and dance halls reopened, which proves that all was again normal.

The Emperor had no intention of failing in his promise to the spirit of San Carlo Borromeo. Johann Bernhard Fischer von Erlach was summoned to draw the plans. So pleased was Emperor Charles with the architect's designs that Fischer was never allowed to leave Vienna. He spent the rest of his life in beautifying the city.

Not till 1738 was the church completed, and then Charles formed another procession to celebrate the opening. In this parade were important personages not born when the memorable delegation marched from St. Michael's to St. Stephan's at the time of the epidemic. Maria Theresa and her husband Francis of Lorraine were among them. The church, the state, the army and the foreign ambassadors were represented. It was a splendid array of prelates and nobility that marched up to dedicate the new edifice. Across the portal was hung

the significant inscription, "I fulfill my promise in the sight of the God I fear."

Thus was built and dedicated the beautiful Karlskirche. Of what does it consist? The two columns are entirely devoted to the glorification of San Carlo Borromeo. The interior decorations are said to be in his honor; in short, the whole cathedral is a memorial to San Carlo Borromeo. Nothing whatever appears to honor the Emperor who was responsible for its construction.

Until recently there was but one inscription in the church referring to any other person than the Saint, and it was to Heinrich Collins, the story writer. It never would have been placed there with the consent of the founder.

Next to St. Stephan's, Karlskirche is perhaps the best known church in Vienna. Its appearance is unique and it has the advantage of fronting toward a wide open space. So striking are its outlines that anyone who has seen it will always recognize it immediately from a photograph; something which can be said of but few churches in Europe.

CAPUCINE CHURCH

One day during the writer's first week in Vienna, he wandered aimlessly into the Neuer Markt, just a few steps from Kärntnerstrasse, where he noticed a crowd gathering in front of what seemed to be a very ordinary church. Approaching the group out of curiosity, he observed that it was composed almost entirely of foreigners. In a few moments some taxis brought a large addition in the form of an American touring party.

All were passing through a small gateway into a cloister and the writer went along with no idea why or where he was going.

It was a mixed assemblage of perhaps a hundred people who seemed to be waiting for the opening of the inner door. Conspicuous among the throng were some Englishmen known by their accent and some Prussians with their usual manners. But the attention was especially drawn to a young couple who were speaking French. The lady had a sheaf of white roses which attracted the attention of all present. She seemed to be somewhat sensitive on account of her burden and the pair stood apart conversing with each other in a low tone.

Suddenly the inner door opened and out poured perhaps a hundred people. Evidently it was one of the exhibitions through which visitors are shown in groups by the custodian. Presently a monk with a long beard signaled for those in the cloister to enter. When all had passed through the door, he locked it with a very large key. Next he led the groping visitors through a dark narrow passage into some dimly lighted chambers. Here he paused and began reciting a set speech in German. It did not last long. He said this was the place of interment of all the Hapsburgs from Matthias to Franz Josef, with the single exception of Ferdinand II. who is buried at Gratz.

The chambers were so dark that the monk used a torch to light his way among the sarcophagi. There are one hundred and thirty-two coffins in these rooms. Some of them are very elaborate and others quite simple and plain. Maria Theresa's is perhaps

the most artistic of all and her son Josef's the most ordinary. When the sarcophagus of Maria Louise was reached and identified by the monk, the mystery of the sheaf of roses was solved. Marching dramatically to the coffin of the Duke of Reichstadt, who was the son of Louise and Napoleon, the little French lady deposited her flowers with all the flourish characteristic of her race. The action was silent, dramatic and impressive. In the dim light the white roses seemed transformed into pure marble and appeared as though they were a part of the sarcophagus. No other flowers were to be seen anywhere in the vaults. A moment later we arrived at the coffin of the murdered Empress Elizabeth next to that of her son Rudolph who committed suicide. Surely some one should have had an offering of flowers for the unfortunate queen.

The monk called the names as unemotionally as if he were pointing out relics in a museum. It was all a part of the day's grind for him. His business was to get the crowd through, pocket their tips and bring in the next group. Somebody asked to see the sarcophagus of Maximilian who was executed in Mexico. The guide pointed with his keys to a coffin and said, "Dort," nothing more. The French lady requested an American to ask about the sarcophagus of Marie Antoinette, and the monk answered simply, "Sie ist nicht hier." Somebody asked why, but the guide apparently did not hear the question. Then came the remark in clear English, "It is strange Maximilian could find his way back from Mexico, and Marie Antoinette could not get home from France." This was uttered half facetiously and sounded very much out of

place. Nevertheless it received more attention than it deserved and caused many to smile. The fact that we were standing in the presence of the last mortal remains of the great House of Austria seemed to impress itself upon but very few of the visitors.

In fifteen minutes we were filing out through another waiting throng. We paid our little fees and were ready to visit the nearby museums of the Hofburg and learn of the greatness of the Hapsburgs.

As we walked away the words of Shakespeare were most forcibly recalled:

“O mighty Caesar; dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this small measure?”

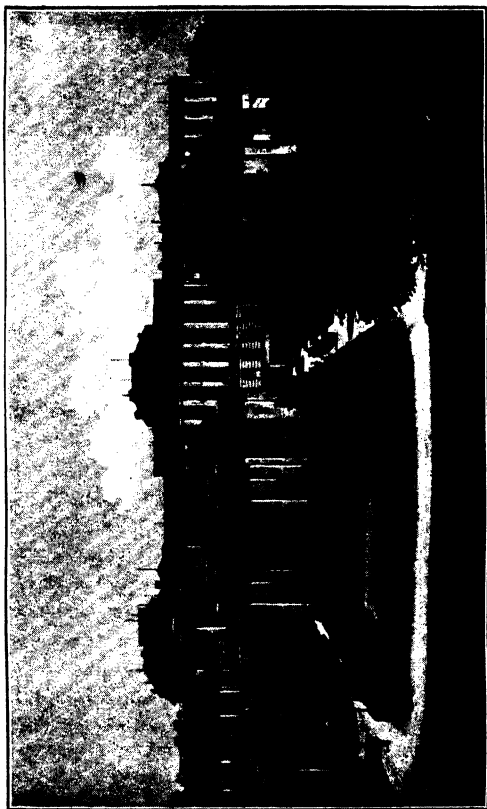
XII.

A GARDEN OF COLUMBIA

(The American Medical Association.)

AT ALSERSTRASSE No. 9, is a small club which presents a diminutive cross section of the whole United States of America. It has framed for itself a little imitation of the American government, providing for a president, vice-president and so on down the line. It is a most representative group, having members from nearly all the states of the Union. In one corner of the main room is an equipment reminding one of an American bank. There are steel cages behind which typewriters click and a cashier stands peeping through a window taking in money and writing receipts a l'Amerique. In a second room sits a man with horn-rimmed glasses and a bulging bank-roll, exchanging money and doing a regular banking business for the small colony. Among the many requisites at hand are a library, and a mail-box with pigeon-holes into which letters are distributed several times a day, and most of them come via New York.

Twice a month are held business meetings conducted, of course, according to Robert's Rules of Order, and the members discuss all that appertains to the affairs of



Children's Hospital



the membership at length, and often with the aimlessness characteristic of similar gatherings "back in the states." Calmly gazing from the wall is a splendid portrait of "Our President," Herbert Hoover.

About many tables gather the members in friendly groups, indulging themselves in such luxuries as ham and eggs and other dishes especially prepared for those who have tastes and appetites peculiar to the inhabitants of the new world. In one respect they are either behind or possibly ahead of the times in their native land; they nearly all drink beer. On all sides, above and below this little Garden of Columbia everything is German. The club occupies the second floor of a cafe, and underneath assemble the youth, middle life and old age of a small section of Vienna to sip coffee, drink beer and indulge themselves in Würstels and Schlagobers. Above is an apartment house occupied entirely by Viennese. Through the wide plate-glass windows the Americans look into *Alserstrasse*, along which throngs a most characteristic Austrian population contemplating such profound subjects as the operas, concerts, new dances and the schemes of the Social Democrat Party. A strange contrast is experienced in coming from the outside German world into this little American retreat. It is somewhat of a place of refuge where the Americans can retire and escape from foreign influences and customs.

But the reader must not believe that this little garden is planted and maintained contrary to the desires and wishes of the Viennese population. On the contrary they water and cultivate it with tenderest care. It is one of their proudest possessions and its welfare is entrusted to the most capable institution of the city.

the University. It is something to which the people "point with pride" and mention the fact that no other city on the continent has anything like it.

The name of this little garden or, more properly speaking, organization, is the American Medical Association and it dates from 1903. Its members are all English speaking physicians, most but by no means all of whom are from the United States of America. But not all the people who frequent the club rooms are physicians. Their wives and daughters are there, dressed in American garments, and no better gowned or better looking women are to be found anywhere in the city.

The association has an official publication, called the "Blue Book" and a perusal of the last issue reveals some surprising facts. Nearly three thousand doctors have been members of the club during the period from January 1st, 1923 to January 1st, 1929. By far the greater portion came from the United States. Many of them have been in Vienna two or more times during that period. Four hundred and seventy-three registered during the year of 1926. Five hundred and fifty different courses in the various branches of medicine and surgery are offered the membership of the club by the professors and instructors of the medical faculty of the University; almost all given in the English language. The number of instructors offering their services is two hundred and seventy-nine. Certainly no other university on the continent of Europe affords such opportunities for the study of medicine to doctors who speak only English.

Perhaps the reader believes these courses exist only in the printed pages of the Blue Book. Take a glance at the many square yards of bulletin board completely

covered with slips, each announcing the beginning of a new course and ready for signatures. It is tiresome to count them. After two weeks, return and re-examine the same board. It is still covered, but the slips are not the same ones seen on the previous visit. Those have nearly all been signed in full and the courses are now under way. The truth is that nearly every course listed in the Blue Book is given once and most of them many times during the year. The durations of the courses vary, but ten hours seems to be the usual length. The prevailing fees are six dollars per hour for professors and five dollars for assistants. This sum is pro-rated among those taking each course. In many of the courses ten or more students may register, but in certain so-called "Cadaver" and "Laboratory" courses the number is limited in order to secure individual attention.

The American Medical Association is the great clearing house for all this study, and indeed for all information concerning post-graduate courses in medicine throughout Europe. It arranges the work, provides a set of rules for registration, collects the fees and pays the instructors. This does not stand in the way of any doctor, who has little time or some special desire, arranging privately with instructors and paying the fees himself.

Sixty-one large clinics are available in the immediate vicinity of the club and twenty-seven more distant hospitals are likewise used for instruction and observation. This statement of facilities will also bear investigation. Just across the street from the club is one corner of the *Allgemeines Krankenhaus* (General Hospital), out of which perhaps more medical wisdom has emanated than from any other single institution in

the world. The Blue Book says it is the largest hospital on the continent and any one wishing to check this assertion by a personal inspection would better learn German or use a guide, as otherwise he is liable to become completely lost. Like the famous old Hofburg, it rambles all over a forty acre farm and encloses innumerable courts and passages.

Vienna has taught Americans medicine for generations and has come to regard the task as one of its usual functions and prerogatives. Recently America has advanced far in the medical sciences and the Viennese doctors have learned not a few things from the visiting surgeons and the literature of the new world. But the faculty of the University appropriates knowledge from all sources and excels in the art of explaining and elucidating it. Many American physicians go to Vienna to get a better understanding of discoveries made in their own land. The professors and instructors of the University write and teach exceptionally well. They have the advantage of an immense amount of material for practical teaching and demonstration. The German patients submit uncomplainingly to examinations that American patients would not tolerate. This means nothing with reference to the character and disposition of these people except that they have become accustomed to being used for instruction through generations of service as clinical material.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that all the hospital buildings in Vienna are similar to the *Allgemeines Krankenhaus* in external appearance. There are numerous modern structures, such as the *Jubiläumsspital* and the *Rudolfinerhaus*

that compare most favorably with the best hospitals in Europe or America. But in none of them do the patients receive better and more up-to-date treatment than in the old Allgemeines.

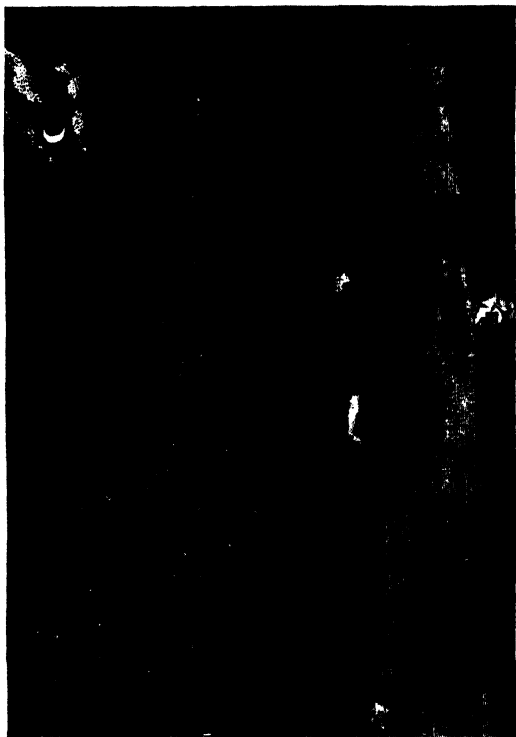
In spite of all that has been stated, one still wonders why so many American doctors come to Vienna to study. There are some special reasons not yet given. Many of the young men who are preparing themselves for specialities come and remain for a year or two. Vienna enjoys the reputation of being especially successful in training these men for distinguished careers. Almost every prominent specialist in the United States of America has, at some time in his life, spent a period in Vienna. They daily use and quote what they learned in the old Allgemeines Krankenhaus. Then there are others, well established and enjoying most lucrative followings, who appear often in the clinics to have a look at what the Germans are doing. The trip to Europe supplies a most enjoyable and profitable vacation. They bring their families and tour the whole continent. As a rule they spend more time in Vienna than in any other city. They know they can learn and see more here than in any other place, partly because they find here men who speak their own language. They also find Vienna a pleasant place for their families. The daughters can take music lessons and in the evening they can all attend the best concerts and operas in Europe. All classes of physicians usually depart well satisfied and immediately begin planning the next trip.

The Viennese professor is a very high type of instructor and gentleman. He is thorough, sometimes a bit stern, but always much concerned that his pupil shall

understand what he is teaching. Upon the last point he is especially solicitous and goes over the subject again and again, using many ingenious devices to elucidate his explanations. If anything is not clear, he experiences the keenest disappointment. There may be exceptions to this rule but they are rare. He likes the American physicians and often exhibits with pride a long list of the men he has taught. If by chance he visits America, he is met in almost every city by his former students who receive him with open arms.

The American Medical Association may be said to form a central organization about which clusters the American colony in Vienna. It is expected to lead off with a celebration for the Fourth of July and a Thanksgiving dinner, and it rises to the occasions in a most characteristic manner. To attend one of these functions is a real treat. The professors of the University come along and make felicitous speeches. The President of the republic and other high officials of the realm also make happy addresses, sometimes in English. The embassy and consulate are always well represented and add to the feast of wit and congratulations. The bonds of friendship between the two republics are much strengthened on such happy occasions.

Thus we see that our little Garden of Columbia has many paths connecting it with the outside Viennese circle and they are all well traveled. The American Medical Association is the broadest channel of communication between the German and American medical worlds and is a miniature "short cut" for social intercourse between Central Europe and the lands of Columbia.



Skating in Old Vienna

XIII.

MANNERISMS AND FOIBLES

HAS any city of Europe an individuality, and, if so, of what does it consist? Certainly not in dress. A suit from Chicago will attract no attention anywhere on the continent of Europe.

Modes of conveyance are the same throughout. Hotels attempt to offer similar accommodations. Foods vary somewhat, but a man from Indianapolis may dine satisfactorily in any large city abroad. Every denomination of the Christian faith is represented in every large city. At a glance, the streets and parks appear much the same.

The first difference to impress the traveler is that of language. Every land clings to its own tongue and any one who cannot speak it is much inconvenienced. A little deeper study will reveal other individualities and they are so marked that one person likes a certain city and another a different one, depending upon the disposition of the traveler himself. The man who is fond of the classics is apt to be charmed with Rome, the artists love Florence, and Paris has a very wide appeal. Scholars and musicians are likely to prefer Vienna.

In the matter of idiosyncrasies this city is much marked. We have already spoken of *Gemütlich-*

keit and of the character of certain entertainments, but we have yet to delineate some foibles and mannerisms that are encountered especially in Vienna. There are certain things one may do with perfect freedom in Vienna that would render him ridiculous in any other city, even of the German countries. There are also some things one may do almost anywhere, except in Vienna, without becoming conspicuous.

When one is calling at a Viennese home, it is considered almost unpardonable to sit upon a lounge unless especially invited to do so by the host. It is the place of honor, and occupying it is a mark of presumption. Upon the arrival of a guest of more distinction, the host may request that the place of honor be vacated for him.

Only in Vienna may one rise from a seat in a theater, carefully adjust his opera glasses and deliberately scan the whole audience as if searching for a friend or enemy. No matter where your seat is located you may enjoy such a "rubber" to your heart's content. Naturally the pleasure derived from such a performance is largely proportional to the quality of your attire.

It seems to be good form to carry to the theater or opera a liberal lunch of ham sandwiches, Würstel and Salami to eat at any time during the performance. The usher will bring beer during interludes if desired. If you hear or feel some one gently tapping the back of your chair, do not conclude that you are being hailed by the charming Fräulein at your rear for a flirtation. She is only cracking her hard-boiled eggs. She has a right to do this and if you give the matter much attention, it is you and not she who will be conspicuous.

The people of Vienna are the greatest "shushers"

in all Europe, which is saying quite a bit for them. It is a part of their routine conduct at the opera or theater. Perhaps a lordly Viennese gentleman follows the usher to a seat, looks pleasantly about greeting his friends and then as he sits "shushes" them just as naturally as a talking doll squawks when its "tummy" is squeezed. His manner seems to say, "Now that I am here, you must all keep as quiet as mice so I shall not be disturbed." The softest whisper in his neighborhood sets him going like a blowing adder. Foreigners presently learn the art and practice it in retaliation, but they can never quite imitate the *echte Wiener*.

If a Viennese Professor invites you to make an *Ausflug* with himself and family, accept with caution. You may be letting yourself in for a journey on foot through the whole *Wienerwald* and for miles along the Danube. About the time you are praying for a taxi, he is apt to suggest climbing *Kahlenberg*. He is splendid company but a marvel of endurance.

It is said that if one takes an early walk on the streets of Vienna, he can pick out all the rooms occupied by Americans. Their windows are wide open and all others are closed. During the day the matter is reversed. The Viennese sit coatless and bare-headed on the window sills breathing the open air deeply while the Americans hover over their stoves and radiators begging for more heat. Many Viennese discard their hats when the violets open and don them again upon the advent of snow. If they must have a hat on their excursions, they prefer the little "Happy Hooligan" *Tiroler* affairs decorated with an ornament that looks like a cross between a whisk-broom and a painter's brush. Some of

them go still farther and clip their hair like a Missouri mule's tail, so as to allow the sun free access to their scalps. When the whole head is tanned like leather they are very proud.

In no place in the world are there so many holidays as in Vienna. The people improve all opportunities and excuses for making them. The Jews keep the holidays of the Catholics and vice versa. They also have many state holidays. Of the monarchy only the holidays survived the dissolution of the empire. Apparently the Viennese are not averse to adding the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving to their already long list. Christmas is a great day in all German countries. New Year's Eve is "Sylvester's Eve" and lasts all night and well into the next day.

After dinner in Vienna the guests all shake hands and say "Mahlzeit"* with great solemnity and earnestness. It is a most beautiful custom and might well be introduced into other countries. An informal dinner with a German family is one of the most pleasant events a foreigner can experience. The Viennese are the best hosts in the world.

When invited to an entertainment or a dinner at the home of an Austrian family one must not forget to tip the servants. This is done upon departure, when the servant hands one the hat or coat. For an afternoon the amount expected is one shilling, and for the evening two shillings. If invited for a prolonged stay in a home one is expected to tip the servants about the same amount as would be appropriate for similar services in

* *Mahlzeit*, literally meal time!

a hotel. Neglect of these requirements is much resented by the servants, even if overlooked by the host.

It is not unfashionable in Vienna for the women to grow stout. To a foreigner the young women of Vienna are among the most beautiful to be found in Europe. They have forms like Venuses and complexions like the petals of garden flowers, but their willowy figures are soon left behind; sacrificed to "Schlagobers"*. But as they lose in the admiration of foreigners they seem to gain popularity with the native masculinity. It is all a matter of taste. The German men like them stout. Most of the opera singers are decidedly heavy, but that does not render them less pleasing to their audiences. Vienna is the place for women who wish to be popular and comfortable.

The Viennese love a Gesellschaft, by which is meant any kind of a party. They have them at their homes, in the open air and especially at the cafes. They are most enjoyable affairs. The men are clever and witty and the women smart and gay.

Every building in Vienna has a character generally known as the portier or Hausmeister. He usually has quarters at the entrance and is supposed to have charge of the building. In reality he has charge of the occupants. It is his business to send the dwellers and visitors aloft in the elevator when convenient to himself. At other times it is his duty to see that there is a card stating "Ausser Betrieb" conspicuously displayed at the door of the lift. It is also his privilege

* Schlagobers, the famous, delicious whipped cream of Vienna.

to collect a little toll from everyone passing his way. At ten o'clock, or earlier, in the evening he locks the door and makes everyone pay an admission. If the bell does not ring it is not his fault. He assumes that because he is at home and asleep every one else should be. If the dwellers have such impediments as babies or sprained ankles and wish him to send up the lift to take them down it is a serious matter. The elevators can carry heavy burdens upward but cannot safely let a woman and baby downward. However the offer of a shilling renders the conveyance perfectly secure. The portier also serves the strangers in the capacity of an information bureau and *Wegweiser*. He is very useful in this regard after one learns to do exactly the opposite to what he has directed.

There is one holiday which is much honored in Vienna, that is almost unknown in other lands. It is the sixth of December and, on the evening before, a personification of the devil, called *Krampus*, is supposed to visit and punish all bad children. While in the act he is chased away by the bishop, St. Nicholas.

KRAMPUS

Let us imagine ourselves in Vienna of the olden times. It is the evening of the fifth of December. A soft mantle of new-fallen snow cushions the ground. White clouds scud across the face of a full moon, sending endless processions of ghostly shadows over the white roofs and along the narrow streets. The kerosene lamps at the corners reveal glistening flakes drifting downward in zigzag lines like feathers falling from the silent wings of night owls. There are no

electric trams and no taxis, but *fiacres* glide here and there delivering passengers to the cafes and dance halls.

Lovers parade the street arm in arm, leaning heavily toward each other as if fearing some demon might attempt to wrench them apart. Merry groups jostle along, laughing and joking but eyeing rather suspiciously the



Krampus Evening in Old Vienna

long bundles of switches imperfectly concealed beneath mantles and shawls. In the dark shadows of the houses lurk phantoms with sinister garbs and masks.

The cafes are overflowing with merry-makers, singing, eating and drinking. The counters are piled high

with *Kuchen* in anticipation of a long busy night. An orchestra is rendering selections from the operas, interspersed with jolly folksongs. A *fête* is at hand.

Shop windows are decorated in red, and well illuminated with wax candles, displaying countless figures having faces that resemble nothing so much as the devil. They have the long noses of witches, are clad in scarlet tights, shod with slippers that turn up at the toes like sled-runners and capped with pointed spires. Their faces curl into sardonic grins and their hands grasp bundles of menacing switches. Before such windows assemble merry throngs giving voice to cutting jibes and sharp repartee.

"It's you already that needs a *Rute* measured on your back more than any other *Kerl* in the *Stadt*", says a voice in rich dialect.

"*Lieber Gott!* and why not you?" is the answer.

"I have seen you twice drunken already this year."

"And you have I seen already only twice sober."

This sounds like the beginning of a quarrel, but it is only the greeting of two friends making wit for the merry occasion.

But the children, where are they? A peep into a window on *Josefstädterstrasse* accounts for two of them. Little Fritz and Gretel are there with their fond parents. The latter are maintaining solemn faces and endeavoring to keep things moving as usual. But the children are suspicious. The strange figures in the windows have not escaped their sharp eyes nor passed unnoticed in their questions. Rumors are afloat to the effect that a time of reckoning is at hand, such as mischievous boys and girls shun like a cold bath.

Fritz knows he made faces at the nurse and beat the innocent cat and Gretel is likewise conscious of having stolen the cookies, but both hope their evil deeds have passed undiscovered.

With alarming suddenness the door opens and in springs Krampus blazing in scarlet. Without a moment's delay he bares the sins of the youngsters to the amazed parents and proceeds with the switching which the little imps know in their hearts they richly deserve. The punishment is administered with fearful gestures but very light strokes. The parents pretend to be heartbroken at the revelation of the wickedness of their darlings. Things are in a dreadful way, when the door opens again and in stalks the bishop, St. Nicholas, who calls a halt. Krampus takes one look at the bishop and immediately scampers out of the house like a frightened hare. The bishop admonishes the children to behave better in the future, draws from his robes presents of candy, nuts and toys, dashes them about promiscuously and disappears to further follow the tracks of his friend, Krampus. Such was Krampus Eve of yesterday.

Now it is different. The clouds, moon and snow are the same. The leaning lovers, the merry groups and the cafes are still there. But in the streets is the endless clamor of bells of the electric trams and horns of the autos. Nobody tries to work the old fake on the children any more. They are too wise from what they have learned at the kindergarten and from older companions. A Viennese mother told me that the youngsters no longer fear either the parents or the devil. If the drama is performed the little ones are

into the plot as well as the parents. Nevertheless Krampus Eve is one of the great fêtes of the year. Thousands of scarlet devils find their way into the shop-windows. The images have most threatening exteriors, but all the "kids" know that internally they are filled with nuts and candy. Even their bodies are usually but a tissue of sweet chocolate. The day is now observed by the old as well as the young. Balls are given in all the *Tanzlokale* and the decorations and costumes are enlivened with scarlet figures of Krampus and his switches. Dinners are common at which the place-cards are sure to have pictures of the devil, and his switches are given as favors. The poor lover finds himself under the necessity of giving his sweetheart a Krampus present only a few weeks in advance of one for Christmas. In no other city is Krampus day observed as in Vienna.

But the idea of bringing those guilty of evil during the year to judgment has not disappeared. Over in *Allgemeines Krankenhaus* stands a learned instructor before a class of American doctors. Surely such juvenile traditions do not concern him. But they do, for he has lapsed from the paths of rectitude during the past year and has been caught. Stories of his misconduct have come to the public ear and have been thoroughly aired. He only hopes that his high professional standing and the dignity of his position may save him from the pranks of the nurses and internes. He is doomed to disappointment, for the door swings, and in walks Krampus supported by a throng of attending witches, all well disguised in scarlet and white. Every one of them bears a concealed bundle of willow

switches that are revealed as the solemn words of accusation fall from the lips of Krampus. The Herr Doktor would give the price of the whole course if he could only vanish through the walls. He tries to hide behind the stove but his countenance still shows and is red as a beet. The story of his misadventure is succinctly told and at the same time the switches applied with much flourish. Presently in stalks the august form of the Bishop and puts a stop to the punishment. Too bad he had not arrived a little sooner for then he could have saved the whole unpleasant scene for the instructor. Krampus and his witches take one look at the Bishop and then scurry for their lives through the door and along the hallway amid peals of mirth. The Bishop's lecture is short but very pointed and ends with the gift of a Bible. That ends the drama but not the instructor's embarrassment. He tries to laugh it away but the blush lingers for the remaining time of the lecture. He makes some mistakes and is probably much relieved when the period is done. The class has lost an hour of good instruction but is well satisfied at having exchanged it for so much entertainment. Such is Krampus Eve in Vienna of today.

PLEASANT SHOP TALK

An American doctor, doing postgraduate work in the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, enters a little tobacco shop on Währingerstrasse. It is his second visit, the first having been the day before when he bought three Regalia cigars. This time the conversation starts when the door is half opened.

"Oh, Grüss Gott, Herr Doktor! Wie geht es Ihnen?"

"Gut, danke."

"Und Ihrer Frau Gemahlin?"

"Auch gut."

"Sie sehen sehr gut aus, Herr Doktor."

"Danke sehr."

"Heute ist's schön, Gott sei dank. Nicht wahr, Herr Doktor?"

"Jawohl."

"Wie gefällt es Ihnen in Wien?"

"Gut, danke."

Here the Frau passes out the box of Regalias, the Doctor takes three and hands her the price.

"Empfehle mich sehr, danke bestens, küß die Hand. Wie lange bleiben Sie in Wien?"

"Zwei Monate."

"Sehr gut, hoffentlich noch länger."

The Doctor starts toward the door, and the Frau continues:

"Ah, ich habe die Ehre, Herr Doktor. Danke sehr, guten Tag, auf Wiedersehen."

"Guten Tag, danke."

This may be considered as the usual conversation accompanying the sale of a cigar to an American stranger. It will grow rapidly from day to day. Since the reader may not speak German we will give the literal English translation.

"Oh, God greet you, Mr. Doctor! How are you?"

"Good, thank you."

"And how is your wife?"

"Also good."

"You are looking very well, Mr. Doctor."

"Thank you."

"Today is beautiful, thank God. Is it not true, Mr. Doctor?"

"Yes, thank you."

"How are you pleased with Vienna?"

"Very well, thank you."

Here the lady passes out the box of Regallas, the Doctor takes three and hands her the price.

"That pleases me, thank you very much, kiss the hand. How long do you remain in Vienna?"

"Two months."

"Very fine, I hope longer."

The Doctor starts toward the door and the lady continues.

"Ah, I have the honor, Mr. Doctor. Thank you very much. Good-bye, hope to see you again."

"Good-bye, thank you."

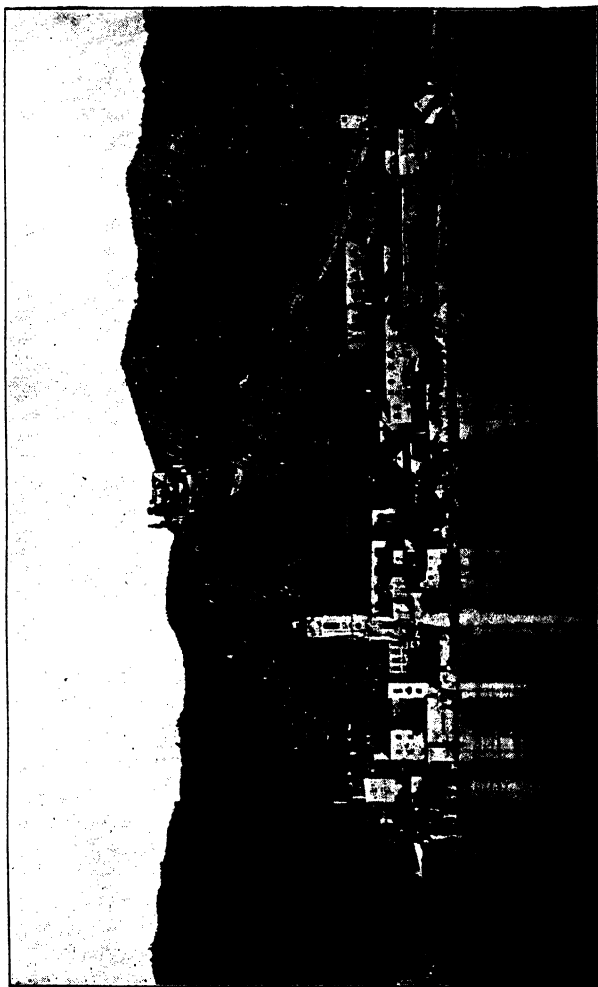
The same conversation is likely to occur with any ten cent purchase in Vienna, if the salesman happens to know your name and occupation. It would not occur in Berlin, but might in Bavaria.

XIV.

A RED FRIDAY IN VIENNA

ON THE fifteenth of July, 1927 occurred the worst riot Vienna had experienced in more than a hundred years. The physical results of this outbreak were the destruction of the magnificent Palace of Justice; one police station, two newspaper offices and damage to a small amount of private property. The loss of life totaled eighty-five of whom four were policemen, and the number of casualties was approximately one thousand:

The riot developed in a demonstration staged by the labor organizations and may therefore be regarded as a political one. Its political nature was much emphasized by a campaign of bitter criticism and abuse conducted afterward by certain newspapers of the city. In order to understand this disturbance it is necessary to bear in mind what was said of the political parties of Austria under the head of "Dark Hours and the Dawn of Today." It is also necessary to explain that, contrary to the custom in America, the police force of Vienna is a state organization and not a city one. Thus it occurred that this police force was appointed by and responsible to a conservative





state government under the administration of the Christian Socialist Party. At the same time it was expected to maintain order in a city which was controlled by one of the most successful socialist parties of Europe. The most natural event that could happen under such circumstances came to pass, namely, a quarrel between the state and city over the conduct of the policemen.

There had been more or less ill feeling between the town and the peace officers for some time before the riot. The radical press of the city had published articles criticising and ridiculing the conduct of the police force on several public occasions. Such articles appeared concerning the manner in which the officers handled the crowd at the reception of Chamberlin and Levine, the American trans-oceanic fliers. In this manner a sentiment of ill will toward the police of Vienna had been too widely disseminated among the people.

During the spring in the heat of a political campaign two Fascists had killed a laborer and a child in the village of Schattendorf not far from Vienna. The men were tried by a jury in Vienna and acquitted the day before the riot. This verdict caused much excitement and indignation among the labor organizations of the city.

Now it had been a favorite custom of the laborers to conduct what they termed a demonstration whenever they felt they had a grievance. Such demonstrations usually took the form of a peaceful mass meeting addressed by some of their leaders, a street parade and a protest strike lasting from one hour to a day. After register-

ing their dissatisfaction in this conspicuous manner, they were in the habit of returning to their tasks and continuing as before. They had done this many times, so that the citizens — and apparently the laborers themselves — did not regard these demonstrations very seriously. On this occasion the meeting was scheduled to take place before the Parliament Building.

By ten o'clock an immense throng had gathered at the appointed place. The police direction was apparently somewhat anxious and called out the mounted police which had not attended such meetings for some months. The story of how the trouble began has been told in many different ways, but there was presently a clash between the horsemen and some of the demonstrators. In this encounter there were some casualties and the state of affairs went rapidly from bad to worse. In a little while a nearby police station was attacked, wrecked and set on fire. During this attack there were more and severer casualties.

The mounted guard and the policemen attempted to disperse the demonstrators, and finally succeeded in partially clearing the streets in front of the Parliament Building, but the crowd merely surged back from the Ring to Schmerlingplatz, where there is a small open park on one side of which stood the immense Palace of Justice, the home of the high courts of the state of Austria. However the trial of the murderers had not occurred in this building but in one quite distant on Alserstrasse.

By this time the throng was conducting a furious warfare on the police force. The demonstration had degenerated into a mad and absolutely unreasonable

mob. This transformation may have been partly due to the leadership of communists, but most of it was probably brought about by the well known operations of mob psychology.

There was a small guard of policemen stationed in front of the Palace of Justice. They were attacked and forced to seek safety by entering the building and bolting its heavy doors. This precipitated the violence of the mob against the magnificent government structure. The doors were broken, and the mob entered and proceeded to wreck the furniture and set many of the rooms on fire.

There were some dreadfully brutal scenes enacted that day in Schmerlingplatz; scenes of which the good people of Vienna will be ashamed for many years to come. At least two policemen were beaten into insensibility in the most heartless manner. One of them was one of the guards that had been stationed before the building. He had disguised himself by casting aside his uniform, and was attempting to escape through the crowd when he was discovered and beaten in spite of the fact that he raised his hands as a token of surrender.

Several squads of policemen were forced back by the angry mob that had armed itself with clubs, stones, and whatever else was available in the neighborhood. It meant almost certain death for a policeman to become detached and left behind in a retreat. The horsemen were barred by barricades of park benches, and ladders brought from the scaffolding of a nearby building which was being repaired.

In a little while the Palace was on fire in dozens of places and the city firemen were fought back when

they attempted to bring their engines and hose into action. The splendid building, one of the architectural gems of the city dating from 1874, was soon doomed. Leaders of the Social Democrats appeared and appealed to the frenzied mob to allow the firemen to approach, but the speakers were howled down in derision.

In the meantime a company of the *Schutzbund* which was a Social Democrat organization, and of course on better terms with the laborers than were the policemen, appeared and succeeded in rescuing the servants of the building who resided on the upper floor. The *Schutzbund* were allowed to approach without resistance, but could not or at least did not clear a path for the firemen.

About this time the policemen, who had armed themselves with rifles in the meantime, appeared and began shooting over the heads of the mob to clear it away from the burning building. As this was not effectual they presently fired a volley into the throng, wounding many and killing some of its members. In this manner they drove the mob away and the firemen started their work, but it was too late to accomplish more than merely to prevent the conflagration from spreading. The police forced the mob along the side streets until all the thoroughfares in the vicinity of *Schmerlingplatz* were free. It was during this clearing process that most of the fatalities occurred, and, as usual on such occasions, many of those killed were innocent bystanders.

There never was any doubt about the ability of the police to disperse the mob after the former were armed with rifles. It was merely a question of accomplishing

the task with the least possible loss of life. The necessity of putting a stop to the depredations was imperative, lest other buildings should be committed to the flames.

To a disinterested person it looked as though the policemen were doing something that was absolutely necessary. They were the guardians of the lives and property of the city and were not supposed to sit by and watch their own members attacked and property destroyed. The injury of innocent onlookers is certainly to be regretted, but surely every one knows that there is danger in remaining in the neighborhood of a riot, even if he has a splendid camera, and is intent upon nothing else but using it.

The state militia was called to Vienna as a precautionary measure but its service was scarcely required. A recurrence of the violence took place the next day in Hernals, a suburb, and that ended the disturbance.

But of course it did not end the political quarreling over the unfortunate affair by the press and politicians. They called each other bloody murderers for weeks. They saw in this riot nothing but politics, in which regard they may have been not so far from the truth. It is perhaps unfortunate that the city of Vienna should be in the hands of the Social Democrats, a party situated far to the left, while the state of Austria is run by the Christian Socialist Party which is not socialist at all but very conservative. However the Social Democrats have never fraternized with the bolshevists of the Lenine school. The radical socialists have been very proud of their record in Vienna and

most disinterested observers have been inclined to admit the merits of many of their accomplishments.

In a similar manner complimentary things may be said concerning the Christian Socialists. The way in which the leaders of this party rescued Austria from the disasters of the war has been the object of much admiration.

The fact that some of the newspapers of the city conduct a campaign of vituperation against the officials of the state is not a matter of extreme importance. It occurs in all lands and eventually such venom acts as its own antidote. Neither is it a matter of the greatest consequence that the politicians call each other horrid names in the halls of parliament. They may even fight like pugilists, and the citizens need lose no great amount of sleep over the matter. History has proved this in many lands.

What is really serious in Vienna is the industrial condition. When a man must exist month after month without any employment by means of which he can earn money to purchase food and clothing for himself and family, that man is likely to develop into the material from which mobs are built. The Viennese are not easy timber to work into such a structure. They are too kind-hearted, too patient and too sensible. But with enough bending, twisting and paring they can be shaped into rioters. There are too many honest men out of employment and their way is too hard to be endured always. There are everywhere expert mob builders at hand to prepare unfortunates for such occasions as that of the sad Friday under discussion.

The world might well interest itself a bit in helping

the Viennese to assist themselves. Austria is a small landlocked country, made so by the treaty of St. Germain and Versailles. The people are not entirely responsible for the mess in which the dynasty left them. On the south, east and north Austria is faced by nations that might be termed only lukewarm friends. Enclosed in such a narrow space is one of the large cities of Europe, and it is packed with bright minds and skillful hands that only seek the opportunity to toil for an honest living. They are placed at a great disadvantage in that raw material must be imported, and finished articles exported across borders and tariffs.

The people of Vienna do not wish to emigrate and they could not do so if they desired, for there is no place for them to go. As previously stated almost every visa in Europe is stamped with the condition that the visitor is not to engage in labor to earn money.

Civilization must not imagine that what happens in Vienna is of no consequence, for if bolshevism ever gets possession of such a capital of intellects it will certainly become more influential than it is at the present time.

Day after day into the restaurants and cafes of Vienna come men selling packages of writing paper, court-plaster, buttons and all sorts of small articles. One does not need to be a detective to discern that most of these men are not professional vendors. Their downcast faces, their hesitating manners and their halting gait show that they are driven by absolute necessity. Many of them are clerical men of education and accustomed to earn their livings in a more dignified and agreeable manner. Such men will probably become bolshevists in preference to downright beggars.

Vienna desires tourists and students and she is especially prepared to entertain and instruct them. Few countries can handle them better. During the maddest hours of the awful Friday there were no manifestations of ill will toward foreigners. In fact there does not seem to be any such a thing as ill will toward foreigners in existence in Vienna. Most of the sightseeing cars missed only one trip, and the lectures to foreign doctors at the clinics were practically uninterrupted. There was a lighter vein of indifference manifested by the Viennese themselves. Several push-carts circulated through the mob to supply it with ices and Würstels. They were well patronized and the idea of seizing their stocks by force seemed to occur to no one. I have been told that at one time a wedding procession came along and the rioters stopped long enough to have a good "rubber" at the bride. Some tourists became much excited and chartered automobiles to take them to the border, while others most daringly exposed themselves in order to get moving pictures with their little Pathes. Still others spent the time in terrace cafes where the Herr Ober, Speisenträger and Kuchenträger were doing business as usual. After all, there is no place like Vienna.

XV.

THE UNIVERSITY'S ROLL OF
HONOR AND RENOWN

IN NO other department of learning or art has Vienna so many living masters as in medicine. Perhaps never in the history of the University was it glorified with a more illustrious medical faculty than at the present moment. It has had many renowned professors in the past, but their fame was usually confined principally to the professional world. Today there are some whose names are almost as familiar throughout civilization to the laity as to the doctors. These men keep a steady stream of foreigners flowing into the city. Many — and they are not all doctors — come to study, while others are seeking relief from afflictions. A few of the professors are much discussed in the press, usually, but not always, favorably. While some critics disagree with their views, practically none question their capability, honesty or originality. Strange theories are born in Vienna and go forth to disseminate and propagate themselves to the ends of the earth. For example, here is the mother hive of the psychoanalysts with its swarms of winged notions that fly away to gather honey and found new colonies in all nations.

SIGMUND FREUD

In a little Stadt of Moravia in 1856 began the life of a man destined to start more discussion in the scientific world than any other since the days of Darwin. His parents were Jews, and he was the mother's first born, but the father was already a grandparent. Strange as it may seem, it was with an uncle, one year younger than himself, that Sigmund first learned the art of contending with his fists; an art which he later continued with tongue and pen. During the period of his childhood and early manhood there was much discrimination in the Austrian Empire against his race. But Freud asserts, "Meine Eltern waren Juden, auch ich bin Jude geblieben." (My parents were Jews, and I also remained a Jew.)

Like Goethe he was born with a head thickly matted with coal-black hair, a circumstance that his mother often recalled. This seems to have brought the great German poet before young Freud's mind and he became much interested in the writings of his illustrious prototype. He studied the classics, and his own productions are much embellished with references to ancient and modern literature. Few authors of scientific works write so entertainingly as Freud.

At the age of three his parents moved to Vienna and thus another immortal name was added to the long list of the University's eminent alumni. It is said that he debated whether to study law or medicine, but finally elected the latter. Early in his career he decided that he did not wish to be a general practitioner of medicine and passed into the realms of psychology by

first becoming a specialist in nervous diseases. He apparently entered this branch by mere chance. The tone of his writings indicates that he suffered from an inferiority complex on account of his race and gladly accepted an inconspicuous place in the physiological laboratory of Ernst Brücke. Here he was assigned by his master to an investigation of the histology of the nervous system. This apparently insignificant incident started him on the long path which he was destined to follow into unexplored regions.

In 1884 he narrowly missed discovering the usefulness of cocaine as an anaesthetic in eye surgery. He investigated and described the numbing effects of the plant on mucous membranes. Koller read his description, placed a particle of cocaine in an eye and found that he could touch the cornea without causing pain. He announced his finding to the world and received credit for one of the most important surgical discoveries of his time. In a similar manner and at about the same time, Brücke observed that he could illuminate the pupil by throwing a concentrated light into the eye in a dark room. Helmholtz followed this idea one step farther and invented the ophthalmoscope which revolutionized ophthalmology. These two incidents of such similar and disappointing characters to the original investigators made a deep impression upon the mind of the ambitious young Freud and he determined that no more discoveries should slip through his fingers in such a loose manner.

In 1886 he journeyed to Paris and studied with Charcot, the most renowned specialist of nervous diseases of the century. In 1889 he was at Nancy study-

ing hypnotism with Liebault and Bernheim. A little later he was at Berlin upon the same mission. He was especially interested in hysteria and presently conceived the notion that the prevalent ideas as to the origin of that disease were entirely wrong. It seemed to him that these patients were suffering from some kind of fear, which he named *Angstneurose*, a term that may be translated into English as neurosis of anxiety.

Upon returning to Vienna, he became associated with Josef Breuer, one of the most popular and eminent physicians of the city. It was the custom of his colleague at that time to treat many nervous disorders by hypnotism, but the young Freud was developing his theory of *Angstneurose* and Psychoanalysis, apparently with the disapproval of his associate. He remarks rather sadly that his devotion to these theories cost him his place with Breuer and later the friendship and support of his fellow physicians. "*Es wurde mir nicht leicht, diesen Preis dafür zu zahlen, aber es war unausweichlich.*" (It was not an easy price to pay, but it was unavoidable.)

He came to the conclusion that most cases of hysteria were due to neuroses, and that the causes were generally unknown to the patients themselves. The real basis of nearly all such disorders he believed to be sexual and to this idea he still clings most tenaciously. The pursuit of this conviction led him into the deep dark waters of psychology. Prior to this it was believed that experiences, which had been cast out of the realms of consciousness by voluntary or involuntary forgetfulness, were completely banished from influence upon

the life and conduct of the individual. He claimed that such events are not without influence, but are, because unrecognized and unresisted, the most powerful factors of all in the life of the patient. He proposed to call these banished experiences back to consciousness and help the patient to a better understanding and resistance. The process by which he uncovered these hidden magnets of the past was given the name of Psychoanalysis. It is a search for the hidden *Angstneurose*. Presently he greatly extended the list of ailments, which he ascribed to neuroses of *Angst*, to include palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, stomach disorders and a host of others; none of which were understood, and consequently grouped under the general head of Neuroses.

But this was only the beginning of his discoveries. He wrote a book upon the interpretation of dreams and it is a most remarkable production, perhaps one of his very best. His idea seems to have been that dreams are usually fulfilled wishes. They are the realization of desires. Into the dreams are drawn experiences from the unconscious mind by links of association with recent experiences in the conscious one. The lost experiences have been broken into parts in the process of forgetting and the disagreeable details are pushed farther into the limitless regions of unconsciousness. Hence the pleasant details are apt to be recalled first in dreams and the unpleasant features of past experiences may not appear at all. Such details as do return come back in modified forms and in symbols and are not apt to be recognized as having any connection with the past life of the patient. Thus the interpre-

tation of dreams becomes a most complicated and scientific study. The diagnosis by psychoanalysis extends into months and sometimes into years. The entire life of the patient must be reviewed step by step just like searching a roadway for a lost purse. Nothing must be passed unscanned from the present moment to the earliest days of childhood. Dreams must be analyzed and all sorts of schemes devised by the analyst.

Among the many other things brought to the attention of the scientific world by Freud may be mentioned the discovery that the sexual life of the individual does not begin at puberty but at birth. Some of his theories are very technical and difficult to understand, but they practically all have their basis in sexual life.

Freud and all his pupils are most voluminous writers. Any bookstore in Vienna can supply a customer with arm-loads of books and pamphlets on Freudism, and they have been freely translated into foreign languages. He has a tireless mind and likewise a most combative one. Few masters can defend their theories so well as Freud. His book on the interpretation of dreams (*Traumdeutung*) is quite unique, in that it constitutes a remarkably frank autobiography by setting forth his own dreams.

He seems to have been much disappointed at the reception of his early books. He says *Traumdeutung* was scarcely mentioned by the critics of the time. Furthermore he states that during the first ten years of his career as a psychoanalyst, he did not have a single adherent. "*Ich war ganz isoliert.*" But presently disciples came in droves and they were a noisy group. They organized and counter-organized

and fought many wordy battles. In 1909 Freud journeyed to America and delivered a course of lectures at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts. Some say he returned disappointed, but he says the trip marked the planting of the tree of knowledge in the rich soil of American culture where it has grown to immense proportions. Undoubtedly Freudism has won its place in the sun among the many isms of the new world.

It is pleasant to turn for a moment from the battling warrior and contemplate the private life of the man. When he speaks of home the black flashing eyes soften and the stern countenance relaxes into tenderness. He proudly says that he married the girl who gave her promise before he had achieved any degree of eminence. She has clung to him through the rough and smooth weather of his adventures on a most interesting voyage. He is the father of six children and even his most unfriendly critics have never accused him of taking a single step from the paths of exemplary conduct in private life. Today he is the victim of a malignant growth of the tongue and is looking death squarely in the face without faltering.

Freud is one of the great thinkers and investigators of the present age. No doubt Stevenson, if he should come to life today, would be astonished at a modern steam engine. He might not even recognize it as the child of his brain. In the same manner Freud's original ideas are likely to be modified by his followers into almost unrecognizable forms, but they will none the less be the children of his fertile mind.

ALFRED ADLER AND WILHELM STEKEL

Among the most conspicuous pupils of Freud are Alfred Adler and Wilhelm Stekel, both in the prime of their activities. Adler is the discoverer of the Inferiority Complex which has circled the world and become almost a household phrase. Adler and Freud came to the parting of the ways several years ago when the distinguished pupil ventured to assert a few ideas of his own. Freud screamed "heretic!" at Adler and the latter answered by mildly asking, "Was ist es mit der Minderwertigkeit?" (What about the Inferiority Complex?) His mind seems to have traveled the following path of reasoning. What does every living being desire? To be mighty. What is the commonest cause of failure? A sense of inferiority. With the sense of might the stuttering Demosthenes becomes an orator, the myope a painter and the lame man an athlete. Therefore it is the duty of the mental healer to build a structure of self-strength for the patient. He advocates this with all the cleverness of his facile pen and his eloquent tongue. According to Adler, every man may substitute strength for weakness and become a hero. It is a glorious thought and he attempted to convert his master to its merits. For several evenings he poured his eloquence into the bottomless depths of Freud's stern glowering countenance. Then came the break and Adler with his adherents formed a new school. He took with him most of the psychoanalysts of the city. One of the cult remarked that they were nearly all Social Democrats.

Adler gives readings almost daily to students, in his

office. They are very popular. Some of the remarks of those visiting the course are most interesting. Some good-hearted mother, with her feet firmly planted on the rocks of conventionality, attends a lecture to learn why all the young Misses flock to the course. She is terribly shocked at what she hears and throws up her hands in horror, exclaiming, "What on earth are we coming to? Why I heard things that I would not allow my husband to tell me. Such things should only be discussed woman to woman." "Why, listen," replies a youngster, "you might as well contend that a clinic in gynaecology should only be conducted by women."

Adler has a school where foreigners learn the new specialty and prepare to go forth and spread its teaching in other lands. Many of those who attend his lectures are not physicians. By far the greater number are women. The germ of psychoanalysis seems to thrive better in the feminine mind.

Stekel also gives lectures and has the reputation of being especially expert in the interpretation of dreams. This indicates that the new science has advanced far enough to begin branching into specialties.

There is certainly no other place in the world where this subject can be studied as in Vienna. It is the Mecca to which all must make at least one pilgrimage before considering themselves qualified to speak with any authority.

Freud and his disciples have not yet convinced the faculty of the University of the merits of their doctrines, which reminds one that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country.

ADOLF LORENZ

Any one who believes that only in America may the poor boy achieve greatness, should read the lives of the celebrated professors of the University of Vienna. Most of them came from the lowliest walks of life in the rural districts. They achieved greatness by the natural method of struggling for existence and advancement, a method directly opposite to that which was in use for the selection of the rulers of the empire. Hence the University developed into a tower of strength and the dynasty became a broken reed.

Adolf Lorenz was born in the little town of Weidenau in 1854. Not only was the place of his birth a very small one but, according to his story, also a very poor one. He says that in the forty years preceding his time no son of his native home had ventured to leave the community for the strange purpose of acquiring an education. The children grew up like the little birds in the alleys, mated, built their nests and raised their broods without ever bothering their indolent brains about what was in the great world beyond.

But Adolf was a sort of a Lincoln and had the "Will to Might." He undertook an adventure almost as hazardous in the estimation of his El t e r n as would be a trip to the North Pole today. He burned his bridges, advanced to Klagenfurt and enrolled himself in the high school. Here he seems to have earned his way by singing in a choir, and conceived the lofty ideal of becoming the leader of the singers at the cathedral; but upon achieving one goal his ambition always moved to something beyond and kept him striving for advancement.

So it occurred that with thirty gulden in his pocket he journeyed to Vienna to study medicine, and there he stayed, struggling with poverty and striving for things of which he had not even dreamed when he left his obscure village. The fact that he remained and supported himself by his own efforts and ingenuity proves that even in the monarchical days of Franz Josef the doors of the University were not closed to a poverty stricken youth.

He absolutely refuses to recall the many grievous trials that he underwent on account of dearth of gold but proudly states that he "got through" and passed all his examinations with credit. Such a youth was bound to be heard from. Presently he became assistant in a surgical clinic and dreamed of a rosy future; his goal was always something beyond and something difficult to achieve. He would be a great abdominal surgeon and operate before visiting colleagues, astonishing them by his dexterity with knife and needle. He would have a princely income, live in a gilded palace and perhaps serve the crowned heads of the empire; something quite different from nourishing a nest of fledglings in an alley of his native town.

Then an awful thing occurred. It was the custom in those days to sterilize instruments in carbolic acid, according to the dictates of the renowned Lister, but Lorenz developed an idiosyncrasy to the poisonous drug. His fingers became like *Würsteln*, both in shape and color, and he was forced to abandon the cherished calling of his dreams. It so happened that he had assisted in operating upon some cases of flat-foot and conceived some original ideas about the procedure. So

he took a vacation to occupy his mind with contemplations of suicide and writing a brochure on flat-foot. He must have spent most of his time upon the latter task, for, when he returned and showed the manuscript to his professor, the great master took one glance at its enormous proportions and exclaimed, "Jesus, Maria und Josef, ein ganzes Buch über 'n Plattfüß!" But young Adolf still thought the manuscript was all right and went ahead and had it printed.

Shortly after this it occurred to him that if he could not be a "wet surgeon," he might try being a "dry one." So it came to pass that Adolf Lorenz became an orthopedist. He managed to secure an inferior position in a surgical clinic in the Allgemeines Krankenhaus. And there he remained, after rising to the foremost place, till disqualified by the age rule of the institution. For years he was head of the clinic and Professor of Orthopedics in the University.

The subject of orthopedics abounds with terms that are very long and jointed like tapeworms, and it can scarcely be discussed in a popular way. But we may say that Professor Lorenz brought the clinic into a fame that resounded far and near. He became the world's greatest authority and attracted students from all lands. All of which probably proves what Alfred Adler has been trying to tell the world for a decade.

Professor Lorenz is not only a renowned surgeon but a philosopher and sage. Here are some of his wise sayings. "Healthy, young and poor gives life a good swing. Old, sick and poor, may God pity. I am a Catholic but can never understand anti-Semitism. I love the common folks of all nations. I especially

admire the farmer who lives in the open and strives with nature."

He enjoys meeting Americans and always attends the Thanksgiving banquets of the American Medical Association. It is a pleasure to hear him respond in beautiful English to a toast. No matter if President Miklas, Police Director Schober and the American Minister Washburn are there, Lorenz is expected to deliver as clever a speech as any of them and invariably "makes good," which is no small compliment. He has the appearance of an imperial Caesar, and wit comes bubbling from his sparkling intellect like water from a fountain.

He has been a most prolific writer, for which he apologizes by saying that he has used the pen as a weapon of battle as often as a means of instruction. After listening to his excuses, one is surprised to learn that his literary efforts are all embraced in three medium sized volumes. If the Professor will call at one of the local bookstores and ask to see a complete set of the publications of Freud or Stekel, he will feel relieved of the necessity for further apologies.

It seems that Lorenz may prove to have as many lives as the proverbial cat, for he is already enjoying his second. At the age of sixty-eight he was apparently almost ready for the undertaker. He was suffering tortures from one of the afflictions peculiar to aged men, and life had become a burden. Then he turned himself in for repairs and underwent an operation by Dr. Blum and a rejuvenation according to the renowned discoveries of Steinach. As a result of these operations he

became a new man and felt like starting life all over again.

He is one of the Viennese who really experienced a depth of gratitude for American assistance to his starving people following the close of the great war. He was in a position to see and realize how the children of Vienna were actually saved from bitter death by food sent from the United States of America. Gratitude was one of his motives in undertaking, with the renewed vigor of his old age, a visit to the generous republic across the Atlantic; an undertaking for which the misfortunes of the war reduced him to the necessity of borrowing passage money. The trip was a great success. He was given a real ovation, which may seem a bit surprising in consideration of the fact that the war was so fresh in the mind of the American public. His picture appeared on the front pages of all the leading dailies and the kinos ran films of his performances, in return for which he preached the noble gospel of conciliation.

Incidentally Lorenz did some operations on this trip, one in particular upon the child of a multi-millionaire, and received appropriate fees. Perhaps this was his only hope of repaying the borrowed money. According to rumors he was able to meet all his obligations in full. There were some complaints from the orthopedists in New York, but this did not amount to much with the public. His affable geniality was so marked that all opposition disappeared in the presence of his personality. There are few mortals so well adapted to the tasks of ambassadorship as Lorenz.

Much water has gone down the Blue Danube since

the days that Adolf Lorenz played with the birds in the alleys of Weidenau, and while it has been flowing the little street gamin has blossomed and ripened into a renowned professor, has traveled far and accomplished great things. The story of his life reads like fiction; like a sermon for boys in the rural schools, and the strangeness of it all is magnified when one views the man as he appears today before an audience or in the drawing-room. It was the American press that bestowed upon Professor Lorenz the title which there is reason to believe he cherishes as fondly as any received during his long and useful life — "The Grand Old Man of the University of Vienna."

EUGENE STEINACH

Man is a peculiar animal. He treads the earth from pole to pole, scans the heavens and plumbs the depths of the oceans in search of knowledge, while the most vital facts concerning his own body remain unknown and unobserved within himself. If the man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to the human race, what shall we call him who adds a decade to the span of human life? Answer that question and we will tell you how to regard Eugene Steinach of Vienna.

Perhaps no reader of this article ever heard of the little village of Hohenembs in the Tyrol. Nevertheless it was the humble birthplace of the subject of this sketch. He was born in 1862 or 1863, he does not seem to be certain which, nor does he apparently care. Herein lies one of the difficulties of writing about Steinach he does not care to talk much of his own

biography, but prefers to speak of his work. But in his case it is his work rather than himself that is interesting to the public.

Steinach was educated in the picturesque town of Innsbruck, graduating at the University and Medical School. This University is rather a renowned one and not a few of the celebrated professors of the Vienna University have hailed from the Innsbruck institution. One of the greatest of these was Ernst Brücke, the celebrated teacher of physiology, who did so much to fashion the careers of such men as Freud, Lorenz, Ortner and many others. Steinach was the assistant of Brücke for several years at Innsbruck. Later he was called to be professor of physiology at the famous old University of Prague.

There his work was successful in a way but not sufficiently noteworthy to draw the attention of the profession, and to the world at large he was absolutely unknown. Physiology is a subject that has little popular appeal and a most capable man may toil a lifetime in this field and never become famous. A most striking illustration of this fact is the life of the same Ernst Brücke already mentioned. Surgery seems to be the place for the man who wishes to shine as a hero.

But Steinach entered a new field of investigation, experimental work on animal glands. To understand something of this work it is necessary to take a tabloid course of instruction in physiology and anatomy. We hope the little dose we are about to administer will not prove offensive to the refined reader.

There are two kinds of glands, ducted and ductless.

The liver and pancreas are glands which secrete certain characteristic juices which are discharged through tubes and have definite functions to perform. They are examples of the glands with ducts. The thyroid and many others have no ducts and hence their use in the body remained unknown for many years after the others had been somewhat thoroughly investigated. Finally it was learned that the ductless glands are also of vital importance. The thyroid controls the rate of chemical change in the body. It was one of the first to be carefully studied on account of a derangement in its substance which has been given the common name of goiter.

Steinach however began a systematic study of the glands of reproduction, male and female, and has made some most important discoveries. The male gland has a duct and produces a liquid essential to reproduction. This was known long ago and comprised about the sum of all knowledge concerning its use in the body of animals. Yet there were facts staring us all in the face which should have made us realize that it has a definite influence upon growth and development. Every one knows that male animals deprived of the glands of generation in early life take on an entirely different form from those not so deprived. Every farmer and stockman knew this and made use of the knowledge. From Biblical times to the present day there were and are eunuchs in many lands and they may be readily recognized by their physical appearance, voice and manners. Not only were the eunuchs different physically, but also mentally and perhaps morally.

All that has been stated about the male is likewise

true of the female. Hence it is apparent that the generative glands have a deep influence upon the physical, mental and probably the moral nature of all animals.

Steinach left Prague in 1910 and came to Vienna to establish a laboratory for the experimental study of the sexual glands. Thus it happened that the fair city of the Danube folded another adopted child to her breast who was destined to add luster to her name. He set up a laboratory as well equipped as his purse could afford, stocked it with humble guinea pigs and rats and set to work. He learned to transplant glands from the male to the female and vice versa. He performed the strange miracle of developing the rudimentary mammary glands of the male till they brought forth milk and he likewise shriveled the breasts of females. Every male is in part female and every female is part male and he actually tossed individuals from one sex to the other by the trick of transplanting and removing generative glands.

All this was most interesting and entertaining but productive of no great benefit to mankind. Eventually the idea dawned that the decline of the generative glands bore a definite relation to the aging of the animal. By transplanting the glands of young animals into old ones the latter took on the appearance and habits of youth. This was more interesting and contained the germ of an idea that might develop into something of the greatest benefit to the human race. He transformed wizened old gray rats into glossy plump fellows that frisked about and manifested a deep

interest in the surrounding rat femininity. He was in sight of a fountain of youth such as Ponce de Leon sought centuries ago in the everglades of Florida. He was unlocking the hitherto closed doors to secrets that could scarcely fail to be of benefit to his race.

But here he was confronted with great difficulties. Experimenting upon human bodies is dangerous business and human glands are not easily obtained. Of course there were the manlike apes, but they were too expensive to be procured in large numbers and experiments upon them could not be much more convincing than what he had already done. Steinach never transplanted monkey glands but he has transplanted human glands with the same striking results obtained upon rats and guinea pigs.

But we have not yet mentioned what Steinach considers his greatest discovery. He had arrived at the definite conclusion that the male generative glands have two uses in human life; one is reproduction and the other is to secrete something into the blood stream which modifies growth and preserves youth and vigor. In other words the sexual glands act like those with ducts and also like the ductless glands belonging to the thyroid class. They serve a double purpose in animal life.

It was a very easy experiment to tie a ligature around the channel which carries the fluid intended for reproduction. Strange to say this had the effect of stimulating the other function. Perhaps we might say for the purpose of elucidation, that, since the gland is relieved of the task of reproduction, it performs its functions of warding off senility more effectively

Explain it as we may, the fact has been proved by thousands of experiments on lower animals and hundreds of trials on men that ligating this duct does turn back the clock of animal life. Many men testify to the fact that it has given them several years of renewed vigor and lent them courage and endurance. This ligation in the male is very easy to perform. The operation is simple, can be done under a local anaesthetic and is practically free from danger to life.

If we were compelled to draw our information from Steinach alone, we might think he has been carried away with enthusiasm, but the operation has been done by other surgeons in other lands. I have before me a report of one hundred and fourteen cases by Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York. It is written in most conservative language and most of his cases were more or less rejuvenated. A few were not, which is difficult to explain as are many other things in medicine and surgery. Who can explain many of the phenomena of nature? Why do two trees growing side by side take on such different forms and manifest so much difference in vigor?

We must remember that Steinach's first work in ligating the ducts of men was done about 1918. Hence the procedure is comparatively new and there may be much to learn of it yet. This much can be asserted: it is an operation for the after part of life and is most beneficial when done on both sides, which results in sterility but not impotency.

A similar operation is not practicable upon the female because of anatomical considerations. The transplantation of the female gland is also more

difficult and less feasible than in the male, and glands from the lower animals are not so potent. Now it has occurred to Steinach and many others that all the benefits of transplantation of the glands of lower animals should be derived from the use of extracts injected into the body. Such extracts of all the ductless glands of the lower animals have been prepared by the leading pharmaceutical houses of many countries. Some of these extracts, such as that of the thyroid, suprarenals and pituitary bodies, are unquestionably active. But there are observers who claim that an active extract of the sexual glands has never been produced. Steinach is working at this and claims to have one that is two hundred and fifty times as potent as those usually found on the market. He is using this extract upon his own patients and hopes presently to give it to the world.

But he uses another agent in the rejuvenation of women, and this is where Dr. Erwin Last comes into the story. This clever young doctor is Steinach's assistant and right hand man in his investigations and treatments. Dr. Last has brought into service an entirely different agent, a form of electricity known as diathermy. This agent, so we are told, has the power of increasing the blood supply to any part of the body subjected to its influence. Diathermy is one of the many recent applications of electricity to medicine and surgery, and its use is common throughout the world. Dr. Last's claim to distinction in this field is that he has invented some special appliances for its use in rejuvenation, and the removal of evidences of age from the face. His theory is that better blood supply means

better nourishment, and he claims to be able to stimulate the ductless glands in this manner. The principle upon which his treatment rests is the same as that upon which the Steinach operation is based, improvement of the secretion of the mysterious something which preserves youth and vigor. Naturally it is not easy to secure direct testimony of the efficiency of this treatment, for women do not discuss such subjects with the same freedom that men do.

At the present time all the treatments of women are done by Dr. Last and the usual procedure is a combination of diathermy and glandular treatment. The ligations for men are done by a surgeon named Horner. This leaves Steinach somewhat free to continue his laboratory investigations, being interrupted only by consultations and referring suitable cases to Drs. Last and Horner. The number of foreigners coming to consult Steinach is large. Naturally men and women do not advertise their missions when going to consult Steinach. When we read in the papers that Mr. or Mrs. Blank is touring Europe and making a prolonged stay in Vienna to attend the operas, we may sometimes read between the lines that Dr. Last or Dr. Horner probably has another patient.

Like that of Freud, Steinach's work is not universally accepted by the entire medical faculty of the University. Some of them call him bad names and express doubt as to the benefits of the treatments. On the other hand some of the old fellows who are continuing their work past the limit of three score and ten have had the professional services of Steinach. Some of them acknowledge it while others probably remain silent on account of pride.

It seems only fair to say that Steinach has been a pioneer in a field which is likely to yield a rich harvest of benefits to humanity.

CLEMENS PIRQUET

Clemens Pirquet, professor of Diseases of Children in the medical department of the University of Vienna was born in Hirschstetten, one of the suburbs of Vienna in 1874, and is therefore still in the very prime of life. Nevertheless he has already had a much broader experience in his specialty than usually falls to the lot of a single individual in a long lifetime. He was educated in Vienna but graduated in medicine at the University of Graz in 1900. From 1908 to 1910 he was Professor of Pediatrics at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore and from 1910 to 1911 he occupied the same position at the University of Breslau, Germany. Since 1911 he has been Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Vienna and chief of the famous *Kinder-klinik* (Children's Clinic). He has made this clinic renowned throughout the medical world, and it has become a Mecca for specialists from all lands.

He first became familiar to the American public through his services as food commissioner under Hoover during the period following the war. His exceptional knowledge of dietetics, his eminent position in the University, his tireless devotion to the starving children of Vienna and his fluency in the English language all contributed to render him indispensable to the relief commission. Perhaps no other man in the city could have filled his trying position so efficiently,

and certainly no other would have been so congenial to the commission.

But it is not in philanthropy alone that he has achieved eminence. He is one of the world's best authorities on tuberculosis in children. He combines theory and practice in a most unusual manner. His investigations of immunity and predisposition to certain diseases, especially tuberculosis, have been original and of great benefit to medical knowledge. They led him into regions where science is still groping its way toward the truth. It is known that one attack of smallpox renders an individual immune for life, but that pneumonia leaves its victim with a predisposition for the same disease. Yet they are both germ diseases. How can this be? This question is a sample of the mysteries into which Professor Pirquet has delved deeply and brought forth knowledge that has been of the greatest benefit to the human race.

Tuberculosis is fearfully prevalent among the children of Vienna, and, as chief of the largest children's clinic of the city, he has had opportunities for research such as are presented to but few specialists. Long ago he devised what is now considered to be an indispensable serum skin-test for tuberculosis in children, the Von Pirquet test, and it is in common use among the physicians of all civilized lands. It is simple, almost painless and entirely free from danger.

Nearly all remedies for tuberculosis in children suggested by competent experts, have been investigated and tried by Professor Pirquet in his immense practice. Naturally what he says on the subject has the weight of highest authority. Hence it is interesting to know



Roof Garden of the Pirquet Clinic

that he regards no medicine as of much value in the treatment of the disease. He thinks tuberculosis is a nutritional disease and can be best overcome by plenty of wholesome food and pure open air. At the present time he has practically abandoned the use of tuberculin and medicines. Nevertheless his prognosis in this, the most fatal malady of mankind, is more optimistic than ever before.

It must not be inferred from this that Professor Pirquet does not believe the tubercle bacillus to be the primary cause of the disease. He knows that it is, but he also knows that the germs are so widely distributed in all the great cities that contact with them is unavoidable. They cannot be entirely shunned and hence the only hope is to render the body capable of resisting them. In this opinion he is in unison with nearly all authorities.

Since he considers food such an important factor in combating disease it is but natural that he should devote himself to the scientific study of dietetics. To his practical mind the system of computing food values by calories proved too complicated, so he originated a new system based on the nutritive value of one gram of average human milk as a unit. To this unit he gave the name of "NEM", a word derived from the initial letters of the phrase, "Nutritive Element Milk". By much calculation he has determined that the number of nems needed to nourish a child is roughly proportional to its sitting height, by which he means the distance from the bench, upon which the child sits, to the top of its head. Another curious fact is that the square of this measurement equals the area of the

lining of the child's alimentary canal and thus represents its capacity to digest and absorb. The determination of this ability is to him of the greatest importance for he means to use it to the utmost.

When he makes a diagnosis of tuberculosis, he does not write a prescription for a pharmacy but for a kitchen. His pharmacist is a trained cook. Five times a day the little patients take their doses of food carefully compounded and prepared in the kitchen of the Children's Hospital. The youngsters must take all that is measured out to them, and are not permitted to leave the table till their plates are clean. When this rule was established the man who had rented the concession for garbage from the hospital threatened to sue it for having deprived him of his income. In respect to the nature of food Professor Pirquet is guided somewhat by the general conditions of the city. The children get only plain rations so as not to spoil their appetites for home cooking when they return to their parents.

Professor Pirquet is convinced that it is an excess of food over and above the actual requirements of the body that enables the child to conquer the germs of disease. Consequently he marshals his food and fresh air against the invading bacteria with all the skill and courage of a Napoleon, and wins as great a proportion of his battles.

There is no more interesting or pleasing sight in all Europe than the Pirquet Roof Garden Clinic on the top of the Children's Hospital in Vienna. Here the little ones afflicted with tuberculosis live all the year round eating proper food, sleeping in the open,

having their school in the open and accumulating strength and health. Their only shelter is a roof above their heads and their only protection from cold is plenty of warm covering for their bodies. The winters of Vienna are not mild but the little patients endure the rigors of the climate with smiling faces and cheerful spirits. This clinic is an inspiration to visitors, and the same may be said of the whole hospital. It is a large sanitary building with clean halls, clean rooms, clean kitchens, clean nurses and clean patients. The whole institution gives the impression of efficiency most agreeably tempered with cheerfulness and good nature. There is none of the harshness toward patients that is so often witnessed in large charity hospitals. Visitors are treated with exceptional courtesy and consideration. One leaves the place with renewed hope and respect for humanity.

Professor Pirquet is a veritable paragon of ethics in his profession. All the fruits of his research are promptly given to his fellow practitioners. He writes much, discusses his methods freely and teaches what he has learned to all qualified physicians who visit his clinic. His conduct is in striking antithesis to the charlatanism with which the treatment of tuberculosis is involved in many places, even among some specialists that are widely heralded. What Professor Pirquet publishes appears in medical journals and not in the headlines of the daily press. His chief ambition in life seems to be to make a distinct contribution to the control of tuberculosis. He is a modern Hercules battling against the hydra-headed monster that devours the infants of the human race.

Some of Professor Pirquet's writings, such as "Allergy," are very technical and can hardly be explained in a popular way, but they are none the less practical and have proved to be of the greatest benefit to mankind. His work upon Allergy has borne practical fruit in recent discoveries that have done much to control such diseases as diphtheria and scarlet fever. The term, Allergy, was his invention and is now often used in medical literature.

He has written a four volume work on nutrition which is perhaps the best authority on that subject in print. The last volume is devoted to recipes for the kitchen, and tells how to apply the principles set forth in this most elaborate work. The recipes are practical for the public but much of the text is too technical for any one who has not studied medicine. Unfortunately this work is not published in English.

But much that he has written is so simple that it can be readily understood by the laity. Many of his short lectures on the nutrition of children might be easily and profitably read by the average parent. A splendid brief exposition of his system of nutrition has been written in English by one of his assistants, Dr. Edmund Nobel. It is published by Josef Safar of Vienna and is so clear that the general reader may understand it perfectly. It is an explanation of the so-called "Nem System."

Professor Pirquet is very patriotic and much interested in all movements calculated to improve the conditions of Austria and the city of Vienna. He is a prominent member of the America-Austria Society which was organized for the purpose of promoting friendly



relations between the two republics. He stands very high in the medical faculty, being one of the few professors whose theories and opinions are quite generally accepted by all. He is apparently very fond of America, having made a number of trips to the United States. On these visits he reads papers before societies, and lectures to physicians. Americans also appear to be much interested in Professor Pirquet, for perhaps no member of the medical faculty of Vienna receives more invitations to lecture before American doctors, than are sent to him.

He speaks the English language almost as perfectly as German. Furthermore he looks like an American and might readily pass for one in foreign lands. Of all the renowned professors of the University, Professor Pirquet is perhaps the youngest. The world is likely to hear much more from him during the coming years.

OTHER NAMES OF RENOWN

When one passes from the list of professors who are known throughout the world to the laity, and undertakes to enumerate those distinguished in the profession, he is confronted with a hopeless task. However mention must be made of the venerable Dean of the Faculty, Professor Wagner-Jauregg, who is head of the clinic for diseases of the nervous system. Perhaps his greatest contribution to science has been his discovery of a cure for general paralysis, a malady which was hitherto reckoned as incurable. Long ago he observed that any concurrent disease which produces fever affects this malady favorably. He began

searching for some agent that might produce a temperature that could readily be controlled. He tried injections of the proteids and found them unsatisfactory because their effects could not be accurately gauged. Later it occurred to him to use malaria for which we possess a reliable remedy in quinine. It proved quite satisfactory, but he was hampered by the lack of malarial cases in the vicinity of Vienna. The returning soldiers placed in his hand the material needed and progress was rapid. So far has he advanced that one may say that general paralysis, one of the supposedly hopeless afflictions of mankind, has been more than half conquered. The idea of using one disease to vanquish another is clever and may yet find a wider application. Professor Wagner-Jauregg's discoveries have been given to the world and are now being used in most civilized lands.'

Professional readers will also consider any discussion of the Medical Faculty incomplete which does not include an account of the monumental works of Professor Dr. Singer in internal medicine. He is perhaps best known for the treatment he has devised for diabetes, although he has made many discoveries along other lines. Any discussion of his work would be technical and of appeal to the profession rather than the laity.

Professor Anton Eiselsberg has recently been awarded the Lister Medal in London for his contributions to surgery of the brain. This honor has rarely been bestowed upon any resident of the continent.

There are in the University many younger men who have already made distinct contributions to medicine and surgery.

One might mention Dozent* Dr. Oskar Hirsch who has taught thousands of American specialists anatomy of the nose and throat, and has devised a method of operating on the pituitary body for the relief of acromegaly. Dozent Dr. Hirsch is known throughout the entire world as one of the most eminent teachers and operators in the realms of nasal surgery.

Dozent Dr. Isidor Fischer is one of the highest authorities on the history of medicine and surgery in Europe and his works are constantly used for reference by those who write on any medical subject. He has done much research and brought to light many things that are extremely interesting, but naturally appeal most strongly to the profession.

In the Hajek Nose and Throat Clinic is a young assistant, Dr. F. Haslinger, who has almost revolutionized methods of examination by inventing an instrument which enables the surgeon to look directly into the larynx. Hundreds of these instruments are being carried away from Vienna by foreign doctors.

Professor Erich Ruttin was one of the original investigators who discovered the function of the internal ear in relation to the maintenance of balance and helped to devise methods of diagnosing diseases of the brain by means of aural examinations. He has lectured to thousands of American specialists in English.

Professor Gustav Alexander is a veritable walking encyclopedia of otology and is known to every ear specialist in all lands. He has likewise lectured to thousands.

* Since above was written Doz. Hirsch has been made Professor.

In the same manner one might go through all the departments of medicine and surgery and name men who rank with the most eminent of the world.

Surely any land would be proud to possess an institution like the University of Vienna.

THE VIVARIUM

Over in the Prater on Hauptallee, just back of the Ferris Wheel, and in the midst of the merry-go-rounds and other places of amusements, is a large one-story building enclosed by an iron fence and screened by a thick hedge of shrubbery. It is called the Vivarium and is an institution of the Vienna Academy of Science, a sister to the University. There is an air of more or less secrecy about this establishment and a stranger is not allowed to inspect the rooms. Now and then reports are published and they are most interesting.

The institution is engaged in experimentations in animal biology, and is connected with similar ones in American universities. The reports that are of especial interest to the public deal with the transplantation of organs of the body from one animal to another. The reason this is a matter of so much interest is that it raises the hope of restoration of lost organs, particularly eyes, to mankind.

While the transplantation of parts is very common in the plant kingdom, it is extremely difficult in animals. Yet it is a consummation of so much importance as to justify years of patient toil. What would it be worth to restore human sight? The value of such a discovery cannot be estimated in gold.

The Vivarium has been working at this problem for years. Formerly it was in charge of Professor Theodore Koppanyi, and at the present is under the direction of Professor Hans Przibram, a Hungarian whose name is pronounced "Prsheebtram." It is in this laboratory that Professor Steinach has conducted many of his experiments in the transplantation of glands.

The main point of interest to the reader is to learn how far they have progressed, and what are the probabilities of attaining the goal, which may be regarded as the successful transplantation of a human eye endowed with vision. It must be acknowledged that they are still far short of such a wonderful achievement but according to their reports have measured an astonishing portion of the distance.

Long ago they were able to transplant eyes of salamanders and fish. They first transplanted the eyes to other parts of the body, and later actually grafted them from one animal to the eye socket of another and the eyes retained their former appearance and reactions to light. The experimentors believed the transplanted eyes were endowed with sight, but the proof of their conviction is very difficult and perhaps impossible. Then they transplanted the heads of beetles from one insect to another and the new heads apparently served the creatures very much as their own had done. The insects carried on the functions of life, including mating and reproduction. One of the reports contains a lengthy account of the behavior of male bodies with female heads and vice versa. This was amusing, but of no great promise to mankind, for no one can conceive of the same thing being accomplished with mammals.

Finally they succeeded in the remarkable task of transplanting eyes of rats from one individual to another and attempted to prove that the transplanted eyes could see. This is a most astounding thing, and well calculated to raise the highest hopes. The grafted eyes regained reaction to light in about six weeks, and later the rats with transplanted eyes behaved very much as those endowed with sight, and certainly altogether unlike blind ones. They sprang from the hand to an open door of the cage, which blind ones would not do. They played in the light and hid in the dark, and in many other ways acted as if they had vision. All this is according to the reports. It may seem to the reader that it is a simple matter to determine definitely whether or not a rat actually sees, but such is apparently not the case. Even specialists who have examined the rats are not all convinced.

In speaking of the matter one of the men of the University recalled the old story of the amiable dog. "I know it won't bite and you know it won't bite but does the dog know it?" Many of the experimentors know the rat sees, but does the rat know it?

It seems the transplantations in rats were made by immediate enucleation and grafting from one animal to another, which is quite different from grafting an eye into an animal that has been blind for some time. For the experiment to have a wide application the latter must be accomplished. One can scarcely conceive of transplanting a healthy eye upon a nerve that is atrophied from lack of use or disease. Likewise the transplantation of an eye from a lower animal to a human being would be quite another matter.

Plastic surgeons such as Gilles of London and Sheehan of New York have learned the difficulties of transplanting skin from one individual to another, and even from one part to another of the same person. They are much more certain of success in this task when they move a section of skin from one location to another by leaving one end attached for nourishment while the other end grows fast in its new station. Their experiments do not raise much hope of success in such an undertaking as transferring an eye from one individual to another.

Nevertheless the impossibilities of one age often become the commonplace performances of the next, and the investigations being carried out at the Vivarium in Vienna should not be allowed to cease for lack of funds.

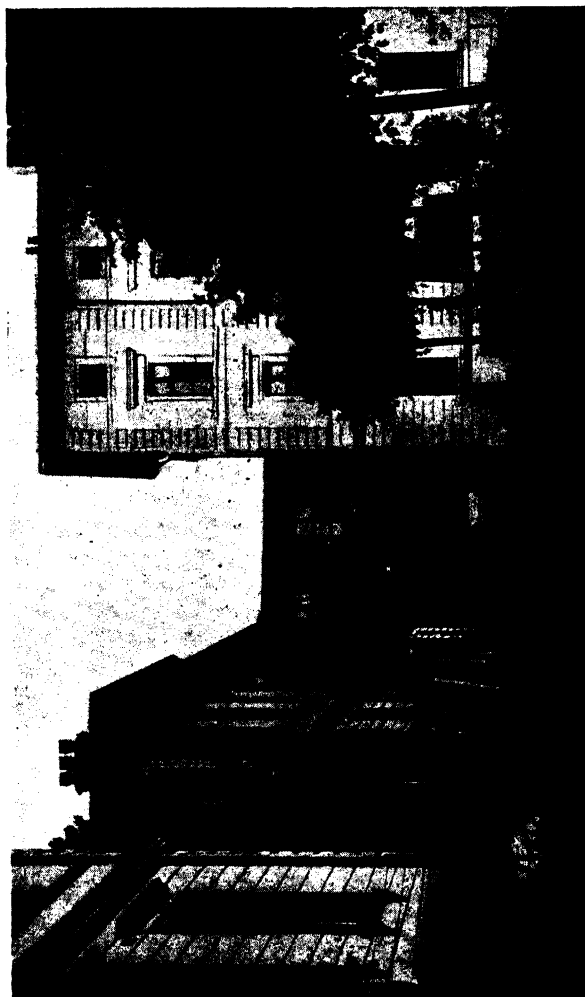
XVI.

THE SOUL OF THE VIENNESE AS
SEEN BY DER ZEHNER

THE life of a human being in a modern city has some striking resemblances to that of a wild animal in the woods. A man is no safer outside his four walls than the squirrel outside its hole. On the street it is necessary to be on guard like a hunted creature, otherwise loss of life or limb is apt to be the penalty. We hear of accidents every day and pause only long enough to make a casual remark concerning the recklessness of chauffeurs or the carelessness of pedestrians. It does not occur to us that we may be standing on the very verge of a disaster ourselves.

With these preliminary remarks we will proceed to set down in order the events as related by an American who acquired a new name and a splendid insight into the character of the Viennese.

The story begins as one fine day he is crossing a crowded street and finds himself suddenly confronted with danger, like the quail flushed by the hunter's hound. He makes a desperate effort to escape when unexpectedly the whole world collapses and drops him



into space. Consciousness is not totally obliterated but he is tossed into a new realm from which he has a dim view of what is taking place.

Somebody has been hurt. It's too bad! They are lifting him to his feet but he cannot stand. He seems to be perspiring and faint. Policemen have arrived. One is pushing back the crowd and another is listening to the story of the chauffeur who is telling how the man walked directly in front of the car which was going very, very slowly. They ask the poor victim about it but he does not seem to know. It all seems silly. They have the proper order of things reversed. Why not help the injured and then find out who is to blame?

But here comes an official in different uniform who seems to know exactly what he is about. The crowd parts to allow him access to the injured. He acts like a surgeon, for he examines the prostrate man with an apparently professional air, skillfully manipulating one limb after another. With the aid of bystanders he lifts the poor fellow into a waiting ambulance, follows and closes the door. Strange realities begin to establish themselves about the injured man, and he discovers that he is not a sympathetic onlooker but is himself the victim of the misadventure. He who had never had an accident before in his life! His transference of pain to another was only some kind of a mental mystery, perhaps the result of hearing of so many others being hurt while he had always escaped. Something unique has happened. The lightning has struck, the volcano has erupted and he himself has been hit. In his new and strange surround-

ings he hears himself called "Der Herr," which he accepts as his name in the mysterious regions into which he has been so suddenly and unexpectedly cast.

Somehow Der Herr senses that the one who has taken charge of him is a surgeon. He reads the word, *Rettungsgesellschaft* on the man's cap. Der Herr has often heard that name mentioned in connection with accidents, and always with good report. Strange he happened to fall into the hands of such an organization so promptly. He is glad for in his confusion he could not have recalled the name.

"How badly am I hurt, Doctor?" asks Der Herr.

The surgeon does not seem to understand and merely answers, "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

"Etwas."

"Was haben Sie gesagt?"

All this came somewhat automatically, but now Der Herr realizes that he is in Vienna, a foreign city and is immediately seized with a terrible nostalgia. What will they do with him? He scrutinizes his attendant anxiously and discovers an honest and sympathetic face. The surgeon comprehends the mental attitude of his patient and extends a friendly grasp of the hand, saying in broken English, "Too bad!"

Then he says in German, "I think you have a bad injury of the knee. Where shall we take you?"

"Please take me to my hotel," the victim answers in poor German. He can really speak German fairly well, but cannot readily command it in an emergency.

"Were you unconscious?" asks the doctor, speaking his German very slowly and distinctly.

"No, only a bit groggy, I think."

"It seems to be only your knee. I am sure it will get all right in time. Don't worry. But you ought to have an X-ray."

"Very well, take me where I can have one."

The doctor consults a slip and says, "I think we had better go to the Eiselsberg Clinic."

"Eiselsberg!" exclaims Der Herr. "That name sounds familiar. It must be a good place. Yes, take me there, please."

Now Der Herr had been in Vienna much of the time for the last few years, studying at the University, attending the operas, sitting in the cafes, visiting the dancehalls, studying the people and their history, making excursions to the environs and occasionally writing little sketches of what he saw. He had already had many remarkable experiences, but the richest of all was in store for him now. He was to see what is inside the hearts of the Viennese.

First, we must say something about the Rettungsgesellschaft. It originated immediately following the awful scenes that attended the burning of a theater with a loss of four hundred lives in 1881. There was so much confusion and delay in the work of relieving the suffering on that occasion that three men, Graf Wilczek, Graf Lamezan and Baron Mundy were prompted to organize a body which would always be ready to relieve sufferers from accidents and similar disasters. It is said the organization was completed the very night of the catastrophe and has operated continuously since.

The Rettungsgesellschaft comes with

surgeon and ambulance fully equipped with emergency supplies. But that is not sufficient tribute. It performs with a degree of tenderness and sympathy not always characteristic of municipal officials. Something is done immediately to relieve pain, and, if the case is not a public charge, any suggestion as to where the unfortunate wishes to be taken is immediately followed. The surgeon accompanies the injured to his destination and sees that he is properly delivered to house or hospital, then grasps the patient's hand, wishes him a "baldige Besserung" and disappears. Any millionaire can have all this service without a penny to pay. After some days, he may receive a circular letter stating that the Rettungsgesellschaft is maintained by charity, and if he feels disposed, a contribution would be appreciated. There are cities in many lands that might well take lessons from this splendid old organization of Vienna.

Have you ever considered for a moment what you would do if suddenly injured on Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, Via Nazionale in Rome or Unter den Linden in Berlin? It might be well to do so at the very beginning of a visit to any of the great cities, for fate has not always dealt with foreigners in a strange land so kindly as indicated by the above incident.

Suppose you are hurt in Vienna. Where shall you tell the Rettungsgesellschaft to take you? Will you go to a hospital, and if so, which one? There are many good ones, but let us get on with our story and then perhaps you will know just what to do.

Der Herr is just entering the Eiselsberg Clinic

at the old Allgemeines Krankenhaus. When he gets back to America and tells his home doctor about it, the latter will probably exclaim, "Ah, so you were really in the Old Allgemeines! Did you see Professors So and So? I studied with them for a year."

But Der Herr needs an X-ray and while it is being developed he is shunted into a ward to wait. There he sees long tiers of beds and every one is occupied. There is a chap not twenty feet away who is partly suspended from a pulley by one leg which is completely enveloped in a white bandage. Der Herr has a brotherly feeling for this gauze-swathed stranger for they are manifestly members of the same fraternity, the "Brotherhood of Broken Legs." The stranger is likewise interested in Der Herr and desires to start a conversation. So turning to the man in the next cot he says, "I wonder who the new Herr is. He looks like a foreigner." Having said this in German, he scans Der Herr's face trying to discern whether or not the German has been understood. He is not certain, so makes a more direct effort. Calling an attendant he takes a package of cigarettes from beneath his pillow, deftly extracts one and sends it to Der Herr.

The ice is broken.

"There is nothing like a smoke when one is in pain," the friendly native says in broad Viennese dialect.

"Danke sehr," answers Der Herr.

That is enough. The native knows the new arrival speaks German but is a foreigner. He would have known the latter if Der Herr had said one word less.

"Engländer?" asks the native.

"Nein, Amerikaner," answers Der Herr.

"Ah, so-o-oh? Ein Amerikaner."

"Ja."

Now the native is delighted and continues in German which we translate.

"You must know my brother Fritz, in New York."

"No, I don't live in New York," replies Der Herr.

That was a sad disappointment to the native. He supposed everybody in America knew his brother in New York.

"What happened to you?" he asks.

"Automobile accident," replies Der Herr.

"I thought so," he answers. "Look! When you and I get well, we will go out on the street and jerk the first ten chauffeurs we meet out of their cars and beat them to death. I was hit by an auto too. Been here six months, operated on three times, the last one by Eiselsberg himself. Going to be all right this time."

But here comes the Assistant and all patients become silent as mice in the presence of a cat.

"The X-ray shows a fracture and the leg must be put into a plaster cast, after which you must go to a hospital for a few days."

Der Herr realizes that the "few days" was tacked on to the end of the sentence as a mark of mercy — merely to soften the blow. It provokes a smile from some of the occupants of the ward who are promptly squelched by a furious look from the Assistant. The speaker has the manner of one who has complete knowledge of what he is saying, and

Der Herr immediately consents. As he is wheeled away his sympathetic new-found friend and brother braves the Assistant's wrath by calling, "Guten Tag, auf Wiedersehen!"

Der Herr dreads what he knows is about to take place, but the Assistant begins at once and without another word. Certainly no one could complain of his manipulations, for he is so gentle and careful. The painless manner in which he mummifies the limp extremity is perfectly uncanny. Without the least pain Der Herr sees himself being transformed into a marble statue almost beautiful enough to stand on a pedestal in a park. His trust in the foreigners is growing rapidly. He is convinced that no one else could perform this task with more neatness and dispatch nor with less pain to the patient.

It is soon finished and Der Herr is laid out to dry and petrify. The Assistant recommends the Rudolfinerhaus and offers to write a letter to Professor F. who has charge of the surgery there

"But I prefer to remain here under your care," replies Der Herr.

"This hospital is principally for charity," answers the Assistant. "You can go where you wish, but the Rudolfiner is a good place. Shall I ask them to send for you?"

"Yes, please do," answers Der Herr.

As the two strong-armed attendants bear the stretcher down the long silent corridors of the Rudolfinerhaus Der Herr feels that he is being transported into a new and strange world and wonders if it will prove to be a Paradise or a Purgatory.

Presently he is gently laid on a bed in room Number Ten and from that moment he is identified by the number of the room. He is referred to by the nurses as "Der Zehner," which peculiar nom de plume he accepts without question. In fact it rather fascinates him and he refers to himself as Mr. Der Zehner in a spirit of amusement.

What is the Rudolfinerhaus like? We will describe one day. They are all much the same to a patient with a fractured knee. He has but little pain and can see the humorous side of what is taking place.

The first callers are the Spatzen.* They live in the Castanias** that expand high and wide in the hospital yard. About four o'clock a "cheep, cheep, cheep" gets tangled in the dreams and pulls away the net of slumbers. It is the call of the leader mustering his orchestra and choir. In a moment the whole woodland bursts into a wild concert. Then come the ambassadors, the Herr O b e r s, volplaning through the open window, just like Lindberg soaring into Paris. They wish to collect for the music, and ask not silver nor gold, but crumbs of Semmel and Zwieback. One little prig certainly calls to mind the mendicants in Andalusia or across in Algiers. He has a broken leg which has healed almost at right angle to the sound one. He flaunts this deformity most conspicuously — and effectively. These envoys start the day rather early but most happily.

* Spatzen, sparrows.

** Castanias, horse-chesnuts.

The door opens and in sweeps the first of the attendants.

"Guten Morgen, mein Herr, haben Sie gut geschlafen?"

Such a pleasant greeting is worth something extra, but it and all that follows are included in the price of the room, for conspicuously posted on the wall is a notice stating that nurses and attendants are not permitted to receive presents from the patients. This notice is genuine and not like similar ones often found in hotels, intended to be honored more by breach than observance. She places a shortlegged table across the bed and loads it with all the requisites for the morning toilet — never forgetting a single one. Next she takes Der Zehner's temperature and jots it into the continued story of which he is the hero. This piece of literature is illustrated with many jiggly lines that mean much when one understands the plot, which Der Zehner does not.

Now Der Zehner reaches up monkey-fashion, grasps a trapeze placed in exactly the right position and sits while she deftly adjusts a prop to his back. Meanwhile other things are happening. Two white-capped Schwestern have arrived and passed the compliments of the morning. Their task is to wash and polish the doors and woodwork, which were as clean when they began as a silver dollar fresh from the mint. They finish and vanish like actors who have completed a turn in a play. Next comes the plain-garbed scrub-girl to wash the floor. She might very reasonably complain of the crumbs left by the overfed sparrows, but no, never a word. No sooner has she disappeared than

another Schwester Sunbeam arrives with the Frühstück; Kipfel crescent shaped, recalling the vanquished Turk. Der Zehner remembers how the Viennese baked their bread in crescent shaped loaves and held them aloft over the walls to taunt Kara Mustapha at the time of the great siege. The Schwester also brings coffee fit for a prince, also reminiscent of the same siege and such strange names as Sobieski and Kolschitzky.

No sooner is breakfast finished than another fairy enters and whisks away the dishes. Every single one of the visitors has inquired most solicitously if the patient slept well and seemed positively delighted to hear that he has.

Now come two white-capped performers who are magicians rather than nurses. They are the bed-changers. Der Zehner does the act of an acrobat with the trapeze and they do some legerdemain and before he realizes what they are about, every square inch of the linen has been changed and they have vanished like ghosts.

It is time to light the Dunhill, but Der Zehner does not smoke in solitude. In marches the Herr Assistent with a white robed attendant at his heels. He is gross and dick* and wears a countenance that smiles and beams like a full moon. He has an abundance of knowledge and skill, but, not having full charge of the case, is not likely to exercise either to any great extent. His real mission is to add a touch of wisdom and dignity to the genial air of hospitality.

* Gross, dick, large and stout.

He flips back the cover, gives the marble Bein the "once over," grasps Der Zehner's hand twice, remarks "Alles ist in Ordnung" and passes out through the double doors.

Now all watches that have run down may be set at ten o'clock for the Gabelfrühstück (fork-breakfast) has arrived and is precisely what was ordered the day before. It is delivered with smiles and a few pleasant words.

Next comes the great event of the day, the visit of Herr Prof. F. who has the responsibility of the case. He comes properly escorted by one or two assistants and at least one Schwester. There is a most profound silence while he scrutinizes the stony shell of the inert "peg." Der Zehner marks his words with breathless anxiety for he is one of the world's greatest bone specialists. He knows exactly how that knee is constructed and just what is taking place in the way of reparation within the white walls of its case. What he says "goes" for many reasons, not the least of which is that he knows precisely whereof he speaks. He is friendly, but also earnest and serious. Der Zehner thanks fortune that he is under the Professor's care and not away off in the Sahara where he spent the winter straddling camels and tumbling about in the sand-dunes.

Next the doors open wide and a Schwester trundles in an iron truck. In a moment it is properly adjusted under the bed and Der Zehner feels himself hoisted by some kind of machinery. Away he goes, bed. Bein and all to the veranda, where he can view the Castanias and roses and join a small throng of

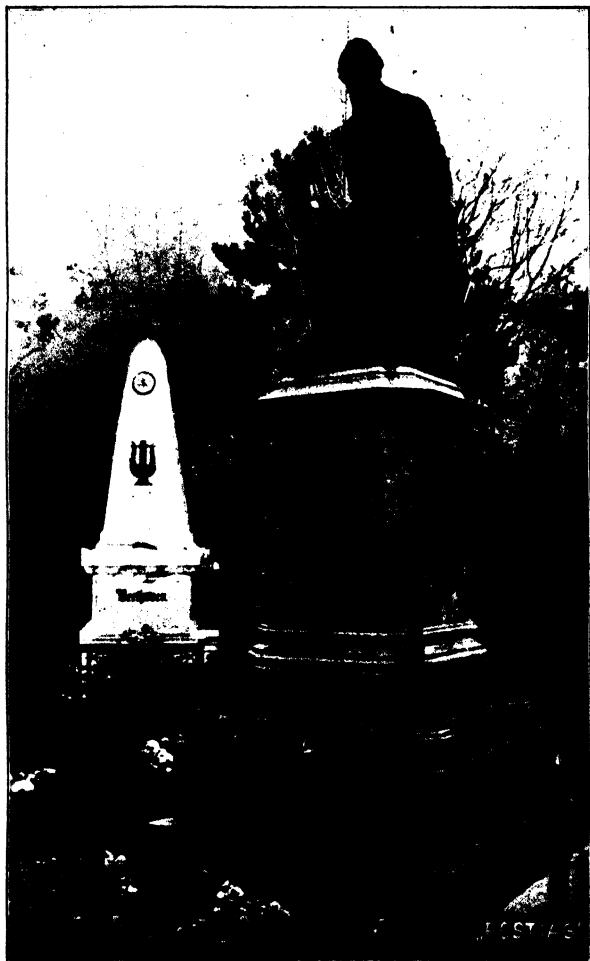
other convalescents similarly enthroned. He may now indulge in a glorious gossip-fest on all subjects from the scandals of society to the number of stitches holding *Frau Hofstetter* together. When he becomes weary of conversing in a foreign tongue, the dainty truckster is at hand to wheel him back to his own *Zimmer*.*

Der Zehner is in a foreign land and naturally does not expect many callers. Hence he is most agreeably surprised when the jeweler from the corner near the hotel, who is but a chance acquaintance, arrives with his pretty wife and a handful of roses to wish the foreigner a baldige *Besserung*. Such pleasant surprises occur frequently as the days roll along. The *Herr Ober* and the *Besitzer* from the little hotel where *Der Zehner* lived come often with best wishes and new volumes from the *Tauchnitz* editions in English. Scarcely a day passes that the cripple is not the recipient of some token of friendship from the Viennese.

Sometimes during the long days *Der Zehner* lies back on his pillow, closes his eyes and thinks very hard. Why are these people so kind to a stranger? What can they hope to gain by it? The only answer he can find for these questions is that it is their nature. Sometimes he wonders if Viennese would receive such warm-hearted kindnesses in an American hospital. He hopes they would.

Other events of the day are *Mittagessen* (lunch), *Jause* (afternoon tea), *Abendessen* (dinner) and *Nachtmahl* (bedtime lunch). Last of all comes the lullaby scene, when the *Nacht-*

* *Zimmer*, room.



Tomhetones of Beethoven and Mozart in Central cemetery

schwester takes the pillow from Der Zehner's back and drapes him most picturesquely for the night solicitously reminding him of the bell in case of need.

One day the Herr Professor announces that Der Zehner is ready to attempt the crutches. Schwester Lily soon appears with a used pair. Der Zehner notices that one of them has a tag attached upon which something is written in English. It reads: "Having walked for two years in America, across the Atlantic Ocean and Mediterranean Sea to the Rudolfinerhaus where Prof. Frisch cured me in one month, I now bequeath these crutches to any one in need of them, hoping they may serve him as well but not so long as they have me." Signed by a prominent American.

Schwester Lily gave long and patient lessons in "crutching," which is not learned in a minute nor an hour. It ranks with the tango, but is more easily acquired than the charleston.

Such was the treatment received by an Ausländer in the Rudolfinerhaus. No wonder the American pegged across two oceans to reach it. Some one must have told him about it before he started.

One day the Professor said to Der Zehner, "What you need now are Schlamm-bäder."

"Schlamm-bäder?"

"Yes, Schlamm-bäder. You can get them at the Dianabad."

Out comes the Liliput Dictionary to reveal that he means mud-packs. So in due time Der Zehner arrives at Dianabad and hands the courteous director of the institution a letter from the Professor.

"Yes, Schlamm-bäder are just what you need now," says the Herr Direktor, and gives Der Zehner a slip to the bureau for the purchase of tickets. Just to make sure that he has not been mistaken for a millionaire, Der Zehner takes the precaution to ask the smiling Fräulein at the bureau for the quotation on a dozen Schlamm-bäder. She makes out a neat statement for twelve treatments at thirty-three cents each, together with a consultation fee of seventy cents for the Herr Direktor. Der Zehner is satisfied. The Director's smile was worth half that amount and he has donated a brochure of one hundred pages and as many engravings, all concerning Diana-bad. The latter was certainly worth the rest of his charge.

A few moments later Der Zehner lies in a cabinet which is spotlessly tiled and equipped with a pearly glistening bathtub, and on a lounge covered with a snowy sheet while the head Schlammer packs the Schlamm around the tender knee, using his broad hands like trowels. The Schlamm is black, grimy stuff and hot as mush fresh from the pot.

"Did you get the mud from the Danube?" asks Der Zehner.

"No, it comes from Pistyan in Czechoslovakia. It's the only good thing in all Czecho," the Schlammer says, which answer naturally has a deep political significance.

He wraps the Schlamm with a rubber sheet, washes his hands, adjusts Der Zehner's pillow with the gentle touch of a sister and disappears saying he will return in a half hour. Now is the time to read the brochure.

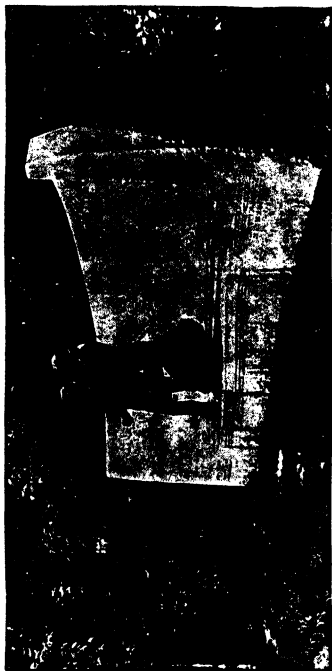
It proves to be most interesting. On the first page is a quotation from the celebrated Professor Lassar, "Bäder bauen heißt Krankenhäuser sparen." (Building baths means saving hospitals.) Then comes an allusion to the wonderful baths of the Romans. The brochure argues that baths may be used as a yardstick to measure the degree of civilization attained in any land or age. It shows that up to the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century the number of bathtubs in central Europe could not supply each inhabitant with a bath oftener than once in thirty-eight years. Think of that! Kaiser Leopold who ran away to Linz to avoid the plague and then built the Trinity Column of the Graben in thankfulness for the cessation of the epidemic, had his country fighting for thirty years to win the Spanish Crown and during all those years his subjects could not have even one bath apiece!

Next comes the history of the Dianabad. There has been a bath establishment of some kind on this spot for a century and a quarter. About 1855 there was a large swimming hall built here that was destined to shine in history. The Viennese used it for swimming in summer but in winter they preferred music to bathing, so at the latter season they drained the water and turned the place into a music and dance hall. It was here that Johann Strauss and Lanner held forth with their celebrated orchestras. It was in this swimming pool that the public first heard Strauss play the famous Blue Danube. Here Ziehrer wielded the baton and here Patti sang to delight the population. Mask balls were held and the Diana-saal became known far and wide throughout all Europe. People journeyed from all

lands to hear the music and participate in the festivities. One may imagine the costumes that appeared, the jewels that sparkled and the pranks that were played by the merry throng. Princes and princesses from near and far attended incognito and wealth, beauty and royalty exhausted themselves to make the splendor of each event surpass the preceding ones. Remember all this was in a swimming pool. But in summer it was Schluss with the music and every one went swimming.

This remarkable pool remained with some alterations till 1913, but had long since given over its function as a music hall and was used for bathing during the entire year. At length it was decided to wreck the old bath house and erect a modern up-to-date establishment. It is said the Donaukanal was lined with people when the destruction began and many tears of regret fell from the sad spectators.

The old structure had just been cleared away when the great World War began. Then comes the surprising information that the present beautiful and elaborate building was constructed all the way from thirty feet below the ground surface to seven stories in the air during the great war. It seems that Vienna could not think of postponing the erection of a bath house for the period of the struggle and so went right on with construction according to the original plans of Architect Peter Paul Brang, not omitting a single statue nor porcelain plaque. Thus it happened that during the terrible war in which Vienna lost so much, she erected a colossal bath house which is the very last word in sanitation and beauty.



Strauss-Lanner Monument

It is asserted that the Dianabad is the largest and best bath station in the world, which is a rather broad claim to make. The brochure may be a trifle old, for the literature of the Social Democrat Party claims this distinction for the new million and a half dollar bath house opened recently on Favoritenstrasse.

But the Dianabad is also what is called a Kur-anstalt or place for treating the sick and crippled. It has the following departments: Chemical and Microscopical Laboratory, Roentgen Institute, Electrographical Examinations of the Heart, Gas and Mud Baths, Hot Air Treatments, Light Treatments, Electrical Treatments, Radium Station, Inhalation Station, Gymnasium, Massage and Cosmetics. In addition there are immense swimming pools, hundreds of tub and shower cabinets, a hotel, cafe, rest rooms and a sales room for all kinds of luxuries and conveniences to the patrons. And there must be still more, for on the walls are posted notices that the patrons may have their clothes pressed for forty cents per suit during the time the garments are not in use.

As a mark of the care used to preserve health it may be mentioned that the water for the swimming pools is filtered and sterilized by means of quartz lamps. The best place to see real blue limpid water from the Danube is in the swimming pools of the Dianabad.

The prices charged the public for the various accommodations are rather surprising. The Schlammbad mentioned above includes a tub bath at the finish. This means furnishing two freshly laundered sheets and one towel for each treatment. The swimming pools

are classified and the price charged for swimming first class is twenty-one cents for as long as you wish. One may have tub and shower baths for fifteen cents. It is certainly not necessary to go unwashed in Vienna.

But we have forgotten about the broken knee. After finishing a course in Dianabad it was so well that Der Zehner lost interest in hospitals and Kuranstalts, preferring to discuss the Five O'Clock Teas and Tanzlokale.

XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS

" 'The time has come.' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things,
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings.' "

THIS quotation is supposed to supply an excuse for introducing under one heading a number of topics having no connection whatever with one another. Some of these subjects are important enough to justify a special chapter if space were not too limited. Others are just odds and ends that may prove of interest to the reader and are therefore tucked into this final receptacle.

THE AUSTRO-AMERICAN INSTITUTE

The day of the guidebook, conductor and ballyhoo is at its meridian hour. Such aids to the traveler have been organized and commercialized as never before in the history of the world. Their usual business is to display cathedrals, museums, art galleries, ruins and public buildings. This is the Europe that the average excursionist sees and it is distinctly worth while. But

It is like viewing the external walls of a house, its rooms and furniture without meeting the dwellers. Perhaps every one who has visited one of the great capitals in this manner has felt a longing for a more intimate acquaintanceship with its inhabitants. Heretofore such a contact could only be obtained by settling in a city, learning its language and gradually absorbing its spirit.

Now there is an endeavor to shorten this process by organizations to assist in the orientation of strangers. No city needs such an agent more than Vienna for the simple reason that the inhabitants of no city are better worth knowing. Vienna has a great University with a brainy faculty desirous of promulgating new ideas, music teachers who wish students, art products which she must sell and a friendly population just boiling over with eagerness to delight foreigners. A short cut to all these is needed for the Americans who are equally desirous of quick access, but cannot gain it without the assistance of some trustworthy non-commercialized counselor. Such an organization exists

The America-Austria Society is quite young but already has a most promising son, named for its parent, The Austro-American Institute. The child has left the parental roof and settled at Elizabethstrasse 9. It is an active offspring busily engaged in looking after the welfare of American students and visitors. It has already been showered with many pages of testimonials from Americans, particularly teachers and students. It is under the supervision of Dr. Paul Dengler, an Austrian whose nativity one almost doubts when talking with him. He has traveled and studied in America and acts as if part American.

If the student or traveler wishes to save many days in becoming adjusted in Vienna he should not fail to get in touch with the Austro-American Institute upon arriving, or better still before arriving. From it he will receive advice from an unbiased and uncommercialized source which knows the inhabitants of both countries even to their foibles and idiosyncrasies.

The Institute conducts a summer school embracing courses in languages and lectures in English. The lectures are given for the most part by professors of the University and are of the most interesting character. They are not cut and dried affairs, but delivered somewhat in the spirit of a Chautauqua week. The speakers step aside from their professorial dignity and meet the students as fellows, which adds much to the enjoyment of all.

Through the Austro-American Institute the student will find doors standing wide open that swing very slowly for him who attempts to find his way alone. This also applies to the shopper. The barrier of language is much lowered and the stranger has a congenial and competent counselor on all subjects. It provides for the laity just such assistance as is afforded to the physician by the well known American Medical Association, to the benefits of which thousands of American doctors bear testimony.

One of the Institute's chief concerns is to give information in regard to the Austrian educational system which in recent years has attracted much attention from foreign teachers. Dr. Dengler believes, and seems to have convinced visiting pedagogues, that Austria has

something worth while in her common school system to show the world; something quite in advance of the methods now in use in the other countries of Europe and America. Students of psychology should not fail to investigate the common schools while visiting Vienna, especially since they have at hand such a competent and agreeable personage as Dr. Dengler to assist them.

But the responsibility of assisting strangers in investigating the new school system of Vienna does not rest upon one man alone. Any one wishing to visit any of the schools of the city need only go to the Stadtschulrat building at Number 9, Burgring and ask to see Hofrat Dr. Franz Wollmann, who is School Inspector. Hofrat Wollmann is another Viennese educator who speaks English like an American and is delighted to meet and assist American teachers. If not too much engaged he is likely to drop everything and conduct the visitor himself, in which case a mine of information is immediately accessible.

Vienna is destined to become a Mecca for American travelers second only to Paris and Rome, and in organizing the Austro-American Institute Dr. Dengler has placed his shoulders beneath a burden that is likely to grow to an enormous weight. Already he has found it necessary to add a staff of Viennese Fräulein who speak their English with just enough German accent to lend it charm, and they smile in Esperanto. He also has an assistant who one time served as teacher of languages in a American College. The Institute is connected with the leading colleges and universities of the United States. The address is Austro-American Institute of Education, Vienna, I., Elizabethstrasse 9.

CLIMATE AND WEATHER

Before beginning a discussion of the climate of Vienna, it may be instructive to say a word about that of Europe in general. If the reader will clip out a map of the continent and lay it over one of North America, matching parallels of latitude, he may be surprised to discover that about two thirds of Europe rests north of the northern boundary of the United States. A comparison of the latitudes of the great cities of the two continents is also instructive. Beginning at the top and going downward we observe that Edinburgh, Scotland lies less than two degrees south of Sitka, Alaska; London is about on a level with the southern end of Hudson Bay; Paris is much north of Quebec; Berlin is about on a line with Winnipeg; Vienna corresponds almost exactly with the northern boundary of Minnesota; Rome lies near the same parallel as Chicago; Naples matches Indianapolis and all the famous winter resorts of the Riviera are in the same latitude as southern Michigan. Crossing the Mediterranean to tropical Algiers we find ourselves but little south of Louisville, and Cairo is about in the same latitude as New Orleans.

But climate is not entirely a matter of parallels. The climate of Europe is milder than that of corresponding latitudes in North America east of the Rocky Mountains. However the traveler will seek in vain for winters in Europe that compare with those of Florida or southern California, and the summers of Europe do not equal those of the Mississippi Valley in heat.

In Scotland the American traveler freezes much of the time, and in Ireland a hot water jug is a

delightful bed companion most of the year. American tourists are as a rule not enthusiastic over the winters of Paris. The chap who invented the phrase, "Sunny France," was a clever humorist. As for London, neither tongue nor pen can adequately delineate the gloom of a foggy December. Rome is not warm and the out-door joys of a winter in Nice belong in some book on mythology.

Most of the inhabitants of the old world are quite hardened to cold. An Englishman spends his winter in a room supplied with a grate about large enough to house a canary, and in Nice a radiator no larger than a buffalo's horn is expected to make a large chamber comfortable. Public buildings are often not warmed by any artificial means whatever. In Scotland if one attends church in the winter time he should select a seat near the door where he can get out at least once an hour and warm up by taking a brisk walk. In Italy and the Riviera the glorious doctrine that the shores of the Mediterranean are never cold seems to be proclaimed by all hotels and pensions. The idea that the visitor should need a fire is to them ridiculous — almost verging on treason. The weather is never cold. Why discuss it?

Here is where Vienna wins the hearts of her visitors. She pleads guilty of having winters at the very beginning of the hearing and assumes the responsibility of making arrangements to counteract cold. If any one doubts this we call him to witness a Viennese stove, which no American ever recognizes at first view. He mistakes it for a monument, some kind of a Teutonic representative of one of the ancient Roman Penates.

It stands higher than a giant's head and is often decorated with all sorts of ecclesiastical and secular figures in porcelain. Inside of its artistic exterior is a business-like lining of fire-brick which when once heated sheds warmth for hours. Many a winter traveler would actually embrace one of these museum pieces if he should encounter it anywhere on the shores of the Mediterranean. Then there are the double windows with cushions fitted to stop the chinks and fasteners that close like letter presses. They conserve the warmth that radiates from the glowing tower.

When one rents a room in Vienna the heat is not included unless the house has central heating. The guest is supposed to furnish his own coal and help himself to his fuel. This arrangement does not impress the visitor very favorably at first but the longer he stays in Europe the more he appreciates its advantages. He has the cherished ability to keep warm within his own control, and soon learns that the expense is not great.

According to official weather reports the climate of Vienna is just a little colder than New York both summer and winter. The winters do not compare in severity with St. Paul or southern Michigan. The annual rainfall is about half that of New York, but there are more rainy days. Thunder storms are rather common in summer, but cyclones and severe wind storms are almost unknown.

Some of the hotels of Vienna have central heating systems concerning the conduct of which it is well not to take too much for granted. One of their most common faults is that they settle down to business too late in the autumn and break off too early in the

spring. However there are many with well established reputations for good behaviour.

Vienna summers abound with glorious sunny days that are just the right temperature for out-door life. The autumns are also most delightful. If one intends to make a short visit to Vienna it should be planned for any season other than winter, so as to be able to get about comfortably and see the parks and environs. But if he wishes to study, attend the opera and see Viennese life, winter is the season of choice.

Vienna of the winter is quite different from Vienna of the summer. One is a time of dancing, operas and concerts and the other of excursions to the Wienerwald and the swimming resorts. Each has its charms and he is fortunate who can participate in both.

VIENNA'S INDUSTRIES

"Peace hath her victories," and they are no less noteworthy than those of war. The truth of this adage is remarkably illustrated in the recent history of industry in Vienna. When the peace of St. Germain and the Treaty of Versailles stripped Vienna of her coal, wool and oil, the death sentence of her industries was supposed to have been pronounced. Forbidding walls of tariff soon began to frown on all sides in startling proximity and a heartless commercial world proceeded to appropriate her foreign trade. Then began Vienna's plucky fight for existence, a struggle as heroic as the famous one waged against the Turks in 1683. Such courageous behaviour eventually won assistance from her former enemies by appealing to their sense of chivalry. But concerning this there is something to be said of a

different character from what is generally written. Most of this aid was comprised in a foreign loan equivalent to one hundred and twenty-six million dollars arranged for the Republic of Austria by the League of Nations. It is fair to remind the reader that Austria has been paying seven per cent interest on this sum ever since and moreover that the bonds proved very profitable to the holders by rising on the stock exchanges to several points above the price that Austria received.

Instead of eating and drinking this loan away the republic used it to put industry on its feet and stabilize currency, thus rendering it possible for the population to earn a living. As for Vienna, she taxed herself most unmercifully for the purpose of developing her own resources. She enlarged and improved her power plants in order to relieve the distress from lack of coal.

A survey of the industries of the city shows that Vienna is still the leading industrial center of the great valley of the Danube. Four hundred and eighty thousand of her workers are engaged in manufacturing. This accounts for the support of fifty-two per cent of all the inhabitants. The metal industries engage one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and constitute the largest department of the city. Among the articles manufactured are bridge materials, locomotives, farm machinery, wire cables, metal grates, wagons, safes, radios, incandescent lamps, bicycles, silverware and all kinds of jewelry.

One hundred and ten thousand are employed in the textile industries and they manufacture clothes, woolen and cotton goods, yarns, hats and leather articles. Forty thousand are engaged in making pianos, umbrellas

and furniture. A small army is employed in printing books and the manufacture of paper articles. The tobacco factories have a large payroll. The breweries, distilleries and confectionaries require the services of several thousand, the porcelain and glass factories are extensive and a large group are engaged in compounding medicines and perfumeries. The preparation of surgical supplies and instruments furnishes employment to a few thousand.

Sixty thousand are occupied in building enterprises. This class depends for employment principally upon the construction of apartments by the municipality. Another large group is employed in manufacturing articles of art. The exportation of leather and art goods is one of the best resources of the city.

Then there is a fairly large class serving as caterers to tourists. While Vienna's tourist patronage is not so large as that of Paris, it is increasing rapidly. In 1926 forty thousand Americans came to the city and some of them being students remained for a considerable length of time. The United States is one of Austria's good customers. She sells Uncle Sam over five million dollars worth of goods annually and buys about one half as much in value. In addition the tourist and student patronage supplies several millions that do not appear in the reports of international trade. One may safely assert that the American tourists leave in Austria more than the amount of the interest on the thirty or forty millions of Austrian bonds held by Americans.

In this connection should be mentioned the Vienna Messe, or trade fair which is held each spring and fall. These fairs were inaugurated in 1921 and have

grown to immense proportions. The exhibits fill the enormous old Imperial Stables, the New Hofburg, the great Rotunda at the Prater and spread over a large part of the adjacent park. Nearly all the nations of Europe participate with exhibits, and scores of buyers come from the Americas to purchase goods for large department stores. This trade fair forms a connecting link between the Orient and the Occident and constitutes a half-way meeting place for the exchange of products. It is one of the most largely attended trade exhibitions of all Europe.

SPORTS IN VIENNA

No civilized people in the wide world enjoy outdoor life more than the Viennese, and fortunately the environs are most favorable for excursions into the open. The call of the wild is to the *echte Wiener* an irresistible summons, and doubtless often strives with the call to duty and wins the battle. When this occurs he banishes business and troubles behind bolted doors, dons a suit of khaki, a Tyrolean hat and his hobnailed shoes, straps on a Rucksack and becomes a wayfarer.

His conduct on his excursions is not the same as that of the American. As a rule he does not cook and sleep in the open, but patronizes some of the little inns that are so numerous in the *Wienerwald*. He does not carry a gun for there is little game in the vicinity and besides he was trained for centuries to regard shooting as a privilege reserved for the nobility. Instead of a rifle he carries a camera, concerning the use of which he knows more than the average American professional photographer. With him, securing a good picture is

not a matter of luck for he is thoroughly grounded in the why and how of Zeiss lenses. He will go without meat for months in order to save for the purchase of a first class camera, and having possessed himself of one never stops till he has mastered the workings of all its parts. Almost all that has been said about the men applies with equal aptitude to the women for the excursionists usually wander in mated pairs.

The lure of the environs is just as strong in winter as in summer. One must be an early riser to see the departure of the pleasure seekers in winter for the anticipation of sport sets them going by the light of the stars. But in the evening the cars from the suburbs are jammed with tired hikers carefully guarding their seven foot skis and numerous trophies from the hills. They are usually enthusiastically recalling their adventures and planning the next trip. Most of the Viennese women are perfectly at home on skis.

The Wienerwald is to the native an earthly paradise. He has it all mapped with a maze of spiderweb lines. Each line represents a path worn deep by the feet of his ancestors and permanent as the railroads. The crossings are marked by signboards that no one but the Viennese can interpret, and even they sometimes get lost much to their embarrassment and chagrin.

The week-end is a time of enchantment to the Viennese. Many of them migrate on Saturday afternoon and return Monday morning. If only a Sunday excursion is planned they dispose of mass with the earliest bell and set out immediately afterward. The hills are not the only attraction, for the Danube also has its lure. Nearly all the inhabitants of both sexes are good

swimmers and believe in keeping themselves in practice. They usually divide their week-ends between the water and the mountains.

In the winter when a youth has an afternoon or evening free he has difficulty in deciding whether to take his best girl to a dancing place or to the outdoor artificial skating rink which is almost in the center of the city. The choice often falls upon the latter. Almost every young lady of Vienna is a good skater. The artificial pond is an immense affair and is of course supplied with an excellent band. The skaters describe many intricate figures, dance tangos and do the dizzy Johann Strauss waltz. Now and then a game of hockey on ice is staged or the pond cleared for exhibition performances of renowned experts. After the revelers have left, the scarred floor is swept clean of ice dust and flooded with water to be frozen for the next day.

In the line of field sports football is very popular. The city has three large football grounds. The one on Hohe Warte accomodates sixty thousand comfortably, the Simmeringer Sportplatz has a capacity of forty thousand and the Rapid sportplatz has places for about twenty-five thousand. A Vienna football team recently made a tour of America.

Golf and tennis are in Vienna considered as rather exclusive games. They are perhaps more in vogue with the foreign colony than with the natives. However their popularity is increasing.

Horse racing is also quite popular. The race-track is in the Prater and during the season is the scene of great animation. Naturally the betting is in smaller amounts than at the celebrated Longchamps in

Paris, but the stakes are sufficiently high for the average tourist. Horseback riding is also very popular in Vienna. There are several riding schools and they are well patronized. Many of the foreigners enjoy this sport.

Facilities for boating are afforded by the Danube and the artificial lake at Laxenburg. Most Viennese can handle a boat even in the unquiet waters of the great river. The Danube is navigated from Passau to the Black Sea and it is possible to travel by water from Vienna to any seaport in the world.

From the above it is seen that Vienna possesses even within the boundaries of the municipality the features of both a watering place and mountain resort, something of which but few large cities can boast.

RELIGION

There are some very noteworthy facts concerning the religious character of Vienna. The percentage of Catholics is higher than in any other large city of Europe. This is not strange for Austria was ruled for more than six centuries by a catholic dynasty and during much of that time was considered the defender of the faith in Europe. However the percentage of Roman Catholics has decreased from about eighty-seven in 1910 to about eighty-one in 1923 which is the date of the last authentic census.

Of the four large cities of Europe, Vienna has much the largest percentage of Jews. This is probably due to the fact that it lies so near the countries which have persecuted that nationality in the past. The percentage of Jews is probably larger than is shown

by the statistics for the well known reason that many have left the Jewish church and are enumerated under the other groups. The percentage of inhabitants who claim no church affiliation in Vienna is very small — perhaps smaller than in any other capital of Europe.

Below are given the percentages of the various religions as shown by the official statistics, fractions of less than one half have been discarded and those larger than one half reckoned as one.

1923

Roman Catholic	81 per cent
Jewish	11 „ „
Protestants	5 „ „
No Church	2 „ „
Miscellaneous	1 „ „

1910

Roman Catholic	87 per cent
Jewish	9 „ „
Protestants	3 „ „
No Church	— „ „
Miscellaneous	— „ „

1900

Roman Catholic	87 per cent
Jewish	9 „ „
Protestants	3 „ „
No Church	— „ „
Miscellaneous	— „ „

BURG KREUZENSTEIN

There are mountains and there are museums, but a museum on top of a mountain is not a common spectacle. Yet such a double attraction is offered

by Burg Kreuzenstein. In addition to all this the castle has historical associations of the most interesting character. Kreuzenstein is located about ten miles north of Vienna and furnishes one of the most desirable excursions to the environs.

The original castle dated from the twelfth century and passed through many ownerships. At the time of the Turkish siege of 1529 it was in the possession of Niklas Salm, one of the heroes of the defence of Vienna. At that time it escaped capture and destruction at the hands of Soliman. And next comes a marked variation from the usual phrase, "destroyed by Kara Mustapha in 1683," so common in the stories of castles outside the Ring-wall. Kara Mustapha did not destroy Kreuzenstein for the simple reason that it was in ruins when he arrived on the scene. Neither is the second most usual phrase, "destroyed by the Hungarians," applicable.

The enemy which destroyed this famous old castle came from the opposite direction. The so-called Thirty Years' War, which was a bloody contest between the Protestants and Catholics ended with the peace of Westphalia in 1648. During this war the Protestant Swedes under Torstenson almost captured Vienna in 1645. The Catholics were compelled to abandon Kreuzenstein and it was taken over and used as headquarters by the Swedes for several months. Finally Torstenson found it necessary to vacate the castle on account of a break in his line of communications with the north. So one day in October he planted mines under each of the four corners of the famous old structure and blew it into the air. After that the castle was a pile of ruins for two and a quarter centuries.



Burg Kreuzenstein



In the course of time it came into the possession of Count Wilczek who was one of the prominent builders of the time of Franz Josef. He conceived the idea of restoring it to the condition of the period before the days of the Thirty Years' War. Later he undertook to equip it with furniture of the medieval times and make of it a museum of the articles used by the knights of those ages. His idea was to have it appear both externally and in the interior as it was before the Swedes planted their blasts.

The restoration was a large undertaking and was not completed until 1906. Since that time it has been a museum where the inhabitants of the twentieth century may see how their ancestors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries lived. It is a faithful reproduction of the castle of a knight of the middle ages. It has many large rooms all completely furnished and doubtless if the spirit of Niklas Salm still lingers in its old abode it is perfectly satisfied with its surroundings.

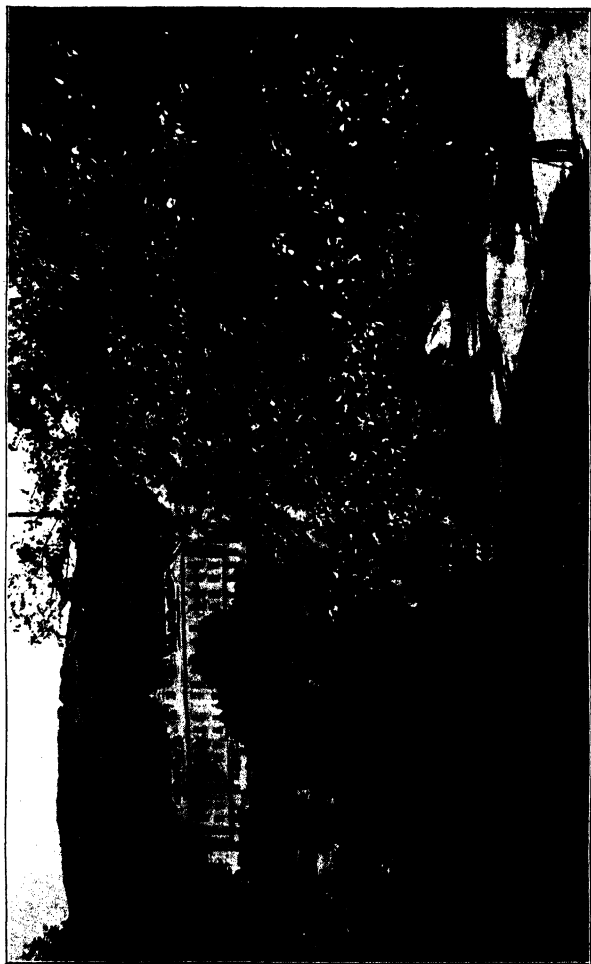
The kitchen, servants' quarters, workrooms, armory, priest's room, library and knights' room are all in perfect order and ready for the old warrior to walk in and unbuckle his armor. In addition there are some splendid tapestries and numerous works of art that are well worth seeing.

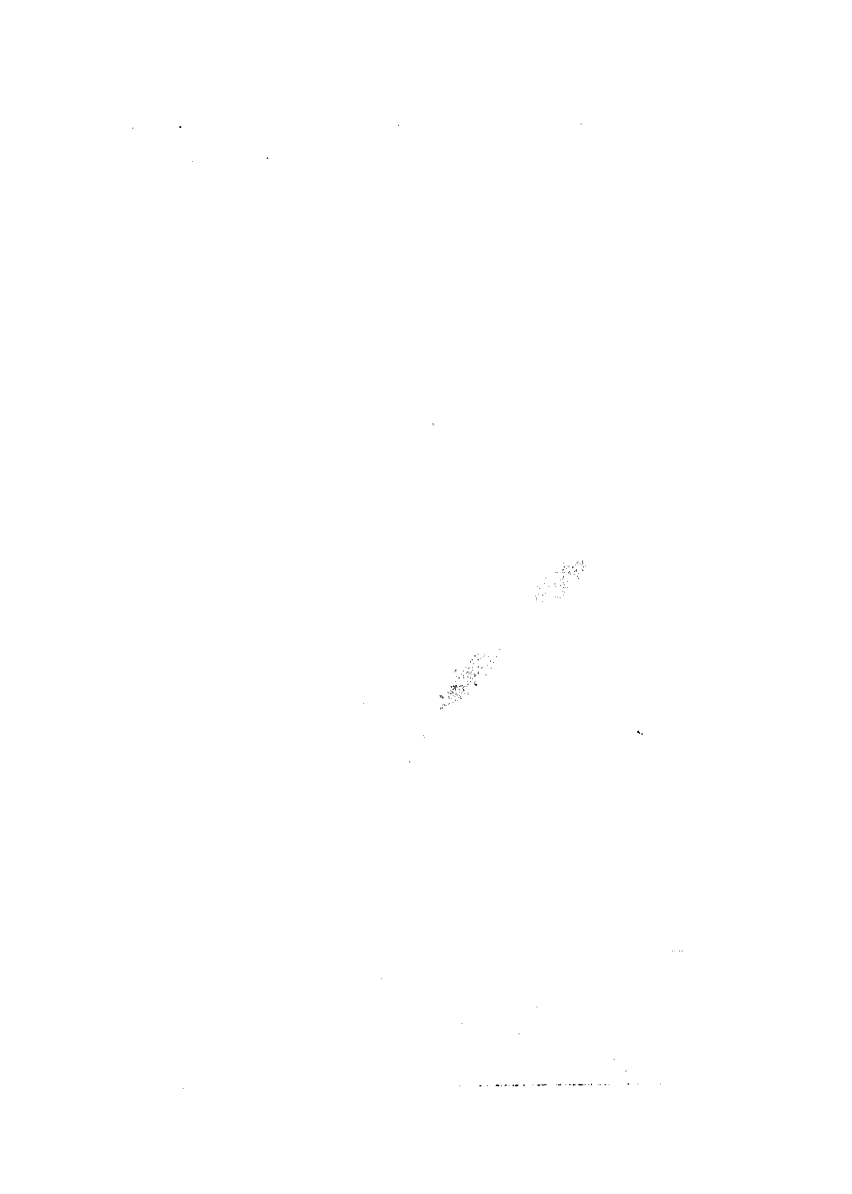
There are not many places in the world where one can step back five or six centuries by simply entering a door, and hence a visit to Kreuzenstein is a most interesting experience. Moreover the view from the tower is one of the best in the environs. It commands the Danube and surrounding hills and plains from the Alps to the Carpathians.

THE NORTHERN ENVIRONS

In immediate contact with Vienna to the north are scenic environs that much surpass those to be found near any of the other great capitals of Europe. The Alps and Carpathians are really one continuous chain of mountains through which the Danube in bygone ages cut its narrow path to the east, producing a combination of running water and rugged peaks not often encountered. Some of the peaks like Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg rise almost from the banks of the river and were formerly much visited. Owing to the falling off of tourist traffic following the War the cogwheel railway which formerly ascended Kahlenberg has fallen into disuse and the ascent is now somewhat tedious. These two mountains have much historical interest and one of them was at times the residence of the Babenbergs before the first royal castle was built in Am Hof and later at Hofburg.

However, just southwest of Kahlenberg is the Schloss Cobenzl which is easy of access and affords the most popular excursion to the environs at this time. The Schloss was built about the end of the eighteenth century by Graf Cobenzl. In recent years it has been remodeled into a hotel and cafe. The place is much frequented during the afternoons and evenings. Refreshments are served on the veranda where the guests have a most inspiring view of the mountains and river as well as the city of Vienna. The hotel is charmingly located in a little clear space of the Wienerwald on the side of the mountain. The approach is by Grinzing of Heurigen fame, and a mountain road that winds





through the woods affording vistas that one never forgets. The trip can be made by street car and stage or by means of one of the *Rundfahrt* excursions. We have yet to hear of anyone who was disappointed in the trip to Cobenzl.

THE GREATEST DAY VIENNA EVER SAW

The seventh of May 1552 was not marked with battle or slaughter but on that day arrived in Vienna a triumphant procession destined to leave an impression on the life of the city for centuries. A span of nearly four hundred years has not been sufficient to wipe out all traces of the stirring events of that memorable occasion. It was the day that Archduke Maximilian, the son, came home to Emperor Ferdinand, the father. In those times Spain, the hub of all Christendom, was ruled by Charles V., the pious one, the shadow of whose sceptre stretched from the Americas to India. He was greater than Charlemagne and it seemed that all the civic liberty of the world rested in the hollow of his hand.

Now young Maximilian was an adventurer and had performed many deeds of valor and daring in Granada and other parts of Spain. As a reward for these, the mighty King had received him into his household as a son-in-law. When this piece of news reached Father Ferdinand in Vienna he called the wandering prince home to be groomed for the throne of Austria. With this throne went the title of Emperor and Maximilian did not wait for a second message.

The time of his arrival but not the manner thereof was announced by runners and all Vienna was at

hand to witness his entry by the Kärntnertor. The course of the parade from the gate to the Hofburg had been given out and was lined with an immense throng, eager to catch a glimpse of the future emperor and his Spanish bride. But the people were not in the least prepared for what was to occur.

The moment arrived and the Archduke rode through the door in a carriage richly gilded with gold from foreign lands and drawn by eight gaily caparisoned stallions. His chariot was escorted by a plumed guard of honor and the people were delighted with the brilliant equipage of their Archduke. However they were a trifle surprised to see following the royal carriage many wagons loaded with blooming plants from the Orient and trees laden with tropical fruits. This seemed a bit strange and extravagant but not inappropriate for the son-in-law of the greatest ruler on earth. But immediately to the rear of the botanical display marched scores of men bearing dishes and ornaments wrought in gold and decorated with glittering stones from the East. Still others came and still the wonder grew for now appeared footmen bearing aloft poles having crossbars on which perched parrots with chattering tongues and crumpled beaks, scolding like feathered witches. Immediately after them came Spaniards leading strings of monkeys frisking like squirrels, gibbering to themselves and making horrid grimaces at the innocent onlookers. They produced some alarm and the children began to whimper and run to their mothers' arms for protection. Then lo and behold, in stalked a caravan of dromedaries, their heads nodding and their faces sulking as if knowingly on

the way to their own executions. The bewildered spectators had progressed from surprise to astonishment and on through amazement to fear and were now on the threshold of terror, when they beheld some sort of a mountain of flesh squeezing through the gate and in lumbered a two and a half ton elephant. Such a creature had never been heard of in those parts and its sudden appearance caused much consternation. Here was a living demon with two glistening swords long and large enough to impale a half dozen men at one thrust. The throng was absolutely paralyzed, but after advancing a few stiff-legged strides the monster raised its proboscis, waved it high over the horrified crowd, opened its strange mouth and snorted like seven devils! The result was pandemonium. Children cried, women shrieked and men quaked with fright. The crowd stampeded and matters looked serious for a moment. But the drivers began doing acrobatics on the back of their charge and caressing the dangling trunk to reassure the people. This restored order and a measure of confidence.

So the parade with all Vienna bringing in the rear filed along Kärntnerstrasse to the Graben and then through the Kohlmarkt to Michaelerplatz where all save the elephant entered the Hof. The enormous pachyderm stubbornly refused to enter the royal grounds and was eventually taken outside the wall and placed in a barn on the Waterglacis where the Stadtpark is today. There he remained till the eighteenth day of December when he perished from pneumonia on account of the cold. During his stay in the barn he attracted visitors from all the

German countries and the entrance fees netted a neat nucleus for the founding of a zoological garden.

But the Viennese were not finished with their first elephant. The Archduke gave the skeleton to the burgo-master who had the bones fashioned into stools which are still on exhibition at Kremsmünster. The animal's picture stood for years in front of a house at No. 3, Stock im Eisen and the building itself was called the Elephant House till past the middle of the nineteenth century.

When Maximilian became emperor he collected many more animals and prepared a place for them near where the Crematorium now stands, and this constituted the first zoological garden of Vienna. Now it so happened that the ground selected was the spot where Soliman, the Turk, had erected his tent at the time of the siege of 1529. In his hasty departure he left this tent standing and it was so much admired by the Hapsburgs that they built a permanent imitation of it on the same location and used it for a hunting lodge.

When Kara Mustapha came in 1683 he spared this lodge and also the animals, out of respect for his illustrious predecessor. Historians state that not a hair of the wild animals was harmed by the Moslems who destroyed almost everything else belonging to the Christians. But in a few decades came another and different foe, the Hungarians under Rakoczy, who killed and ate all the tigers and lions in the hope of absorbing their courage along with their flesh. This practically wiped out the first menagerie. It was carried away in the stomachs of the Hungarian soldiers.

But soon another collection was made by Prince Eugene and placed in the upper end of the Belvedere Gardens. The story is often told of how some of the lions refused to eat except from his hand and died on the same day as their master. However one white-faced brute refused to do hara-kiri at the time of his master's death and lived in the menagerie at Schönbrunn till 1824, nearly one hundred years after Prince Eugene's funeral.

Shortly after Prince Eugene's death there came into existence the cruel animal sport which the Germans are so careful to explain came from Rome by way of Spain. It was called Tierhetzen which was the German name for the sport of torturing and killing animals as a public exhibition. Many amphitheaters rose in Vienna built after the plan of the Roman Colosseum or the more modern Spanish bull-rings. The most famous of these stood on what is now Hetzgasse, named in honor of the celebrated Hetztheater.

This theater was extremely popular and it was useless to attempt to fill any of the play-houses when a show was on at the animal theater. In such exhibitions the animals from the Zoological Garden were brought in and teased till angry and then allowed to kill bulls, deer and wild boars to delight the audience. Occasionally men fought with the wild beasts in true Roman gladiatorial style.

When Josef II. came to the throne he stopped the performances at the Hetztheater, but immediately after his death they were resumed and continued till the amphitheater burned to the ground in 1796. Then

Franz II. forbade its reconstruction. Thus ended the Tierhetzen which sprang from the little menagerie that Maximilian brought through the Kärntnertor on the seventh of May, 1552.

But this date may also be taken as the starting point of all zoological gardens in the German countries. What a wonderful train of events began with the day that Archduke Maximilian came home from Spain. Was it or was it not a great day?

THE BAUERN FEUD

According to tradition there was in the olden times a feud existing between the urban and city populations in and about Vienna. Indeed some traces of this enmity have apparently remained to this very day. In politics for instance, the city is Social Democrat and the country is Christian Socialist and there is much more difference between these two parties than their names would seem to indicate. When they meet in the halls of parliament they are at each other with hammer and tongs from beginning to end. The press takes up their quarrel and carries it to the people with screaming headlines. All this, as we have stated previously, is not a matter of paramount importance except that it emphasizes the enduring influence of the event we are about to relate.

Again we are told that at the close of the World War the farmers hoarded their food while the city starved. What they shared with the town people was delivered only for hard cash. All the laws that city brains could devise failed to make the hens lay more eggs or reveal their securely hidden nests. This is perhaps

another residium of the old feud and illustrates the depth of the chasm it formed between the two classes.

The little incident, which it seems cannot be forgiven and forgotten, occurred centuries ago when the limits of the city of Vienna were bounded by the Ring wall and the broad glacis. At that time there were many towns outside the open space before the bastions, but they were no part of the city. They were Bauern towns set off from the Stadt not only by a wall, a moat and a glacis, but also by a wide social gap which the affair now to be described greatly broadened and deepened.

With this introduction, which is certainly no more than the occurrence demands, we will now proceed to relate the unseemly conduct of a Bauer* in connection with a "Veilchenfest."** However we must also call attention to the fact that since those times the climate of Vienna has greatly changed. In those days the winters were very long and very cold, much more severe than at the present time. In recent years they are so short and mild that the echte Wiener scarcely gets his tanned skin bleached between the long sunny summers, and the violets are common in March, while in those sterner seasons the first stunted token of spring did not show its cyanosed face before the month of May. During the long dreary winters the population grew weary of dancing and listening to the songs of Walter von der Vogelweide and longed for the open and a few relishes from the gardens

* Bauer, farmer or land owner.

** Veilchenfest, feast of the first violet.

of the Bauern. These longings gave birth to the Veilchenfest which we shall now explain.

No sooner had the snow vanished than the more adventurous of the inhabitants scattered along the Danube and among the sunny slopes of the hills seeking the first violet. When it was found the fortunate searcher marked the spot and ran like a winged Mercury never stopping till he stood before the Duke in the Hof. The news caused the wildest excitement. Trumpets blared, cymbals clanged, drums rattled and hurrahs of ecstasy resounded from the Schottentor across Stephansdom to the Badstuben, rousing the hibernating population to a glorious fête. Everybody young and old, rich and poor, who possessed two capable feet, put on best bib and tucker and hurried to the Hof. The Duke donned his brightest regalia and led the exultant throng to the violet, where the prettiest maiden of the town was elected Queen of the May and honored with the privilege of plucking the blossom. After this ceremony the May-dance was held then and there.

On the occasion in question events ran true to form up to a certain point. The first violet was discovered by a gay Lothario, named Otto Reinhart Fuchs, but more commonly called "Happy." He covered it with his hat and ran bareheaded to break the news to the Duke, who was likewise named Otto. The latter promptly sounded the tocsin summoning the town and away they went led by the bareheaded Happy to find the hidden flower. Arriving at the spot they circled the hat and elected a blushing damsel, whose name was Maria Amelia and who

happened to be Happy's temporary sweetheart, Queen of the May. Beaming with pride and under the scrutiny of all eyes she advanced to remove the cover and pluck the precocious violet. Horrors! the flower was gone! A common Bauer had discovered the hat, lifted it, picked the cherished blossom, replaced the hat and triumphantly borne the first glad token of spring to a nearby Bauern village outside the glacis to celebrate the fête with his fellows. Moreover the ground beneath the hat had been visibly defiled. Such a base insult transformed the goodnatured throng into a frenzied mob which immediately set out to find the villainous Bauer.

The miscreant was presently located conducting a drunken fête with his friends and gloating over the trick he had played on the dwellers from within the wall. The ensuing battle was long and bloody and several lives were sacrificed on both sides. Thus originated the Bauern Feud.

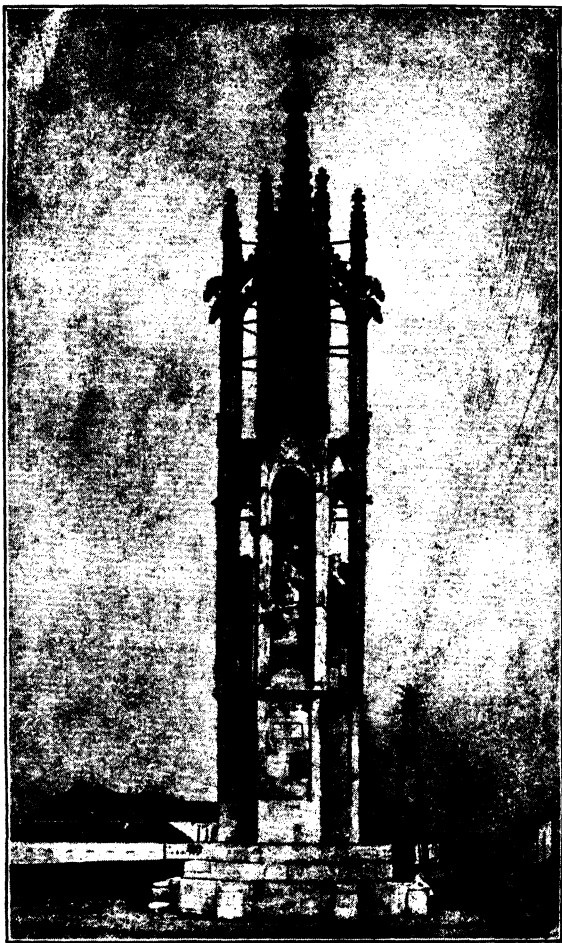
SPINNERIN AM KREUZ

About two miles south of the center of Vienna on Triesterstrasse and a short distance beyond the Franz Josef-Spital stands a beautiful Gothic tower dating from the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Concerning the building of this monument there is but little that is definitely known. Historians differ by almost twenty-five years as to the time of its construction, a wide discrepancy in regard to an event that must have occurred not more than five or six centuries ago. There is one great mystery in connection with this tower. According to all historians

it was there before the Turkish invasions of 1529 and 1683, and it stood directly in the path of the approaching and retreating Mussulmen. Outside of Stephansdom it was probably the sightliest and most artistic shaft in existence during those days. Moreover the legend of its erection connects it directly with the crusades, which were little else than a warfare for the extermination of Islam. Why was this tower not destroyed? Is it possible that a trifle too much black has been used in painting the character of the Moham-medans? We have just seen how they spared the menagerie which was in a position that must have interfered with the operations of Mustapha before the bastions.

It may not be amiss to mention the fact that the Spinnerin am Kreuz is a monument to the fidelity of a woman, a virtue much extolled in the Koran. We hasten to say that the natural inference from this statement is without authority. But we ask again, why was this beautiful monument spared? The Turks had plenty of powder to blast great sections out of the Ring-wall and could easily have wrecked the monument at any moment during their sieges.

At the time of the crusades a knight named Hintberg marched away to fight the Mohammedans. As far as the Wienerberg he was accompanied by his beautiful young bride. At that point the road begins its descent, and just where he had his last view of Vienna they parted. The separation was a sad one but the bride promised to meet him at the same place upon his return. One may easily imagine the faithful Frau waving her fond farewells as the warrior dis-



Spinnerin am Kreuz

appeared down the long road leading to the mysterious Orient. She marked the spot with a few hastily gathered stones and from that moment the place was to her a hallowed ground. Every day she returned to sit and recall the last moments with her departing husband. As the time for his probable return approached she came at daybreak and remained till darkness veiled the road so that she might not possibly fail in her promise.

Presently she built a cottage on the cherished spot and took up residence to make sure of being there at the important moment. To support herself she spun garments and sold them to the passing soldiers. Weeks stretched into months and months into years and still her husband did not come nor did he send her any message by returning knights. He was given up for dead by all save his faithful wife. Many of her friends tried to persuade her to abandon hope and re-marry and some spoke of her as being unbalanced by the long vigil. But all this only increased her faith. At length the idea entered her head and took possession of her heart to build a monument to celebrate the day of his arrival. The only way to earn money for such an enterprise was to spin and sell more garments. So she spun in wind and weather, and sold to all who came to buy. Hot or cold, rain or shine, she spun and spun and spun. No one in Vienna and perhaps not in the whole wide world ever spun as she did. She was in a certain sense the medieval prototype of all modern spinsters. The longer she waited the stronger grew her love and the more magnificent must be the monument. So the impulse to spin waxed ever more and more compelling.

Finally one day an old man, shriveled, bent and gray, after many long years of imprisonment by the Saracens, stumbled up the road searching for the bride of his youth. There he found her busily spinning. It was a happy reunion and they immediately set about building a memorial which should stand for centuries to remind all women to be faithful to their absent husbands. Thus was built the *Spinnerin am Kreuz*.

Some historians seem to wish to destroy this beautiful legend by attributing the shaft to Leopold III., the Emperor who was so unfortunate in contending with the Doges of Venice and the Swiss Arnold Winkelried of "Ten swords he swept within his grasp" and "Make way for liberty" fame. They point to the fact that the stone for the monument came from the same quarry as that for the vault and facade of St. Stephan's. They further claim that the plans were designed by Hans Puchsbaum. But it is hard to kill an attractive legend by the cold weapons of historical reasoning.

Those who love the tradition say that if Leopold had been in any way connected with the construction of the column, his name would have appeared in some conspicuous place and most likely his statue would tip the spire. The legend and the name rise to smite the historians who would rob Frau Hintberg of the fruits of her long years of spinning.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again.

The eternal years of God are hers,

But error wounded writhes in pain

And dies among her worshipers."

This quotation, which is not used here for the

first time in connection with this controversy, shows that the matter has been taken rather seriously.

For centuries the *Spinnerin am Kreuz* was the place of execution for criminals from the city of Vienna. One mentions this with regret in connection with a monument that stands for such a noble sentiment.

The column is a perfect little gem of Gothic architecture, rising delicate as lace to the height of fifty-two feet. It was faithfully restored in the year of 1892.

PUNISHING THE BAKER

Ignaz Schneider, the baker, walks along the streets of *Alte Wien*, his right arm hooked through the semicircular handle of his basket now empty of bread but containing a few plump *Würsteln* and a slice of fragrant *Salami*. He has sold all his *Semmeln** and *Pumpernickel*, made a few purchases at the butcher's and is on his way home. If he has pangs of conscience they are not manifest in his countenance nor manners. He is apparently quite happy.

Suddenly he stops short, his pupils dilate, his face turns chalky white and cold beads of perspiration come from nowhere and moisten his brow. There is an angry crowd facing him and each man and woman holds in one hand a loaf of bread or a *semmel*, threatening to assault him with his own handicraft.

„Cheat! Thief!! Defrauder!!! Catch him! Hold him!” they yell.

* *Semmel*, small roll.

"Mein Gott!" cries Ignaz, "I am innocent, I swear I am innocent!"

"He's a robber! He takes money out of the sack for the poor people," they answered. "Hinaus mit ihm! To the Gerichtssaal (Court). Take him to the Gerichtssaal!"

The poor baker is hurried to the court by the angry throng. The session is held forthwith and there are no lawyers to trammel the footsteps of justice. The loaves and Semmeln are weighed and measured and a just sentence pronounced by Heinrich Schönhauser, the judge. "Since you, Ignaz Schneider, a baker, having been forewarned, have the mass and weight of Semmeln shortened; therefore I, Heinrich Schönhauser, a judge by the will of God Almighty and his Majesty, the Kaiser, hang over your head the judgment. You shall be bound hand and foot and your body soused three times in the Donaukanal by the Rotenturmthor. Away with him!"

Many willing hands bind the baker with inexorable thongs and bear his helpless body through the gate to the canal, where an apparatus for the execution of the sentence is ready and waiting. It consists of a cage, large enough to hold a man securely, suspended from the end of a long pole. Two firmly grounded upright posts connected at their tops by a strong beam serve as a fulcrum and in a moment the quivering form of Ignaz Schneider dangles over the cold racing waters of the canal. A half dozen men at the other end of the pole stand ready to supply the motion.

In the meantime the news of the show has spread with lightning rapidity throughout the Stadt and all

the inhabitants have slung on best bonnets and hats and rushed pell-mell to the well known place of punishments. All Wien has arrived to serve not only as spectators but also as participants.

"Bitte, meine Herrschaften, bitte, ich bin unschuldig" (Please, people, please, I am innocent), pleads the baker.

"Nieder mit ihm! Nieder mit ihm!" (Down with him!) comes from a hundred throats.

Down he goes deep into the icy waters of the Danube Canal. "One, two, three — — —, ten!" counts the sheriff. Up he comes sputtering, dripping and gasping for breath. After a short interval the dip is repeated once and then again. The poor baker shivering like a half-drowned pup is swung to the shore, released from the cage and escorted through the jeering crowd by the sheriff.

The show is over and the crowd disperses. Justice has been executed. "Das Vaterland ist gerettet!" (The country is saved.) The loaves of Pumpernickel and the Semmeln will come out of the Schneider bakery gross und dick for some time in the future. How much have we improved in the administration of justice during the last five centuries?

DER LIEBE AUGUSTIN



"All the world loves a lover." Of that statement we are sure. Dare we add that all the world loves a tramp? Perhaps we may only say that all the world is fascinated by a vagabond. If Vienna were a pagan city Liebe Augustin would be a god, for its inhabitants and all the German people adore him. He is the personification of happy-go-lucky shiftlessness. His character is the one cherished legacy of the great pest epidemic of 1679. No, that statement can scarcely pass the censor, for there is the Pestsäule on the Graben. Such a sentiment must only be uttered in privacy or in a Gesellschaft between draughts of Pilsener. Then it is not usually spoken but sung. The whole world uses the tune with all sorts of words and many who hum it do not know where or how it originated.

Liebe Augustin was a folk singer at the time of the pest and he played his own accompaniments on a Dudelsack which may have been a Scottish bagpipe, or the bagpipe may have been originally a Dudelsack, we are not sure about it. Augustin wore a broad-brimmed torn hat, a ragged coat, ripped trousers with the pockets turned out to prove that "Geld ist weg" (money is gone), and shoes ready

to fall from his feet. He had a goose-feather in his hat, and round his neck and left shoulder always circled his famous wind instrument. He played folk songs and



Der liebe Augustin, Monument

passed his hat for contributions. He had no preference as to whether his pay came in the form of money, Würstels or crackers but did have a decided predilection

for beer and liquor. His addiction to intoxicants was fortunate in a certain sense for it led him to renown.

Thousands died at the time of the pest. Dead bodies lay in piles in the houses and on the streets and alleys. The cemetery was filled so they dug an immense ditch and guards gathered the remains from all places and cast them in, and when the long grave was full shoveled it over with dirt. Liebe Augustin was picked up for dead while lying drunk in an alley, and thrown into the ditch along with scores who had died of the pest. There he lay among the dead and had a nice long refreshing sleep. Some time the next afternoon he awoke, extricated himself and appeared at the nearest restaurant to play his *Dudelsack* and beg for more liquor. The man who had picked him up for dead came in and saw him singing, "s Geld is hin, 's Mensch ist weg, Augustin liegt im Dreck." (Money is gone, Sweetheart is gone, Augustin lies in dirt.)

The story soon circulated that Augustin had risen from the dead and he had, both literally and figuratively, for he had achieved immortality. From that time all Vienna was his for the asking. This striking incident made such an impression upon the writers of the time that they seem to have forgotten to record what finally became of the hero. Many years afterward his little melody and homely phrases were written out by a German song writer and constitute one of the dearest folk songs in the language.

That is about all there is to write concerning Liebe Augustin except to say that they have erected a monument for him at the corner of *Kellermannngasse*

and Neustiftgasse and that whenever the name is mentioned to an echte Wiener his feet begin to jiggle and he sings:

"Ei du lieber Augustin, 's Geld ist hin, 's Mensch ist hin,
Ei du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin."



XVIII.

SUPPLEMENT TO FOURTH EDITION

CHAPTERS III. AND IV.

Although it was likely the intention of the socialists to place the landlords on an equality with the bondholders, yet there have been developments, quite unforeseen, which afford the former many advantages over the latter. In the first place, most of the apartment houses were mortgaged for half their values at the beginning of the war. Almost all these mortgages continued until after the depreciation of currency, so that the owners were able to pay off their obligations for sums too trifling to mention. Again, since rents were so ridiculously cheap, any tenant in possession of a good apartment, in the event that he wished to leave the city or quit his home for any reason, was able to sell his rights for a substantial sum. But in all such cases it was necessary to secure the consent of the owner who naturally demanded a share of the purchase price. In return for his share he usually agreed not to raise the rent in the event of the repeal of the rent law. The selling of apartments, for what seems to the stranger a very high price, has become almost an every-day transaction in Vienna. Once more, upon the death of a

tenant, the owner was allowed to sell the apartment for a similar consideration and pocket the entire amount. What is said in this connection does not apply to the apartments built by the city for wage earners, since the rent law does not cover them. But, in a city the size of Vienna, there are naturally many homeseekers who are not eligible for city apartments.

On the first of August, 1929, a new rent law went into effect. It fixes the rent permitted to be charged by the owner at approximately one-seventh of the pre-war rent and raises it to one-fifth in the course of two years. This the owner is allowed to keep for himself, but the law makes it necessary for him to pay the cost of repairs which was assessed to the tenants under the old law. This cost, in many instances, will entirely consume the additional amount collected by the owners. Many of the houses in Vienna have just been repaired at the expense of tenants, or, in many cases, the cost of repairs was spread over a period of years and the tenants have made most of the payments. In such instances, the tenant's rent is raised and the landlord benefits, but, if repairs are now needed, the tenant escapes the cost and the landlord may find himself collecting but little more for himself than before.

In discussing the rent laws with strangers, I have often been asked who pays the taxes. The answer is very simple. There is no property tax on houses in Vienna. The tax is based upon the rent and is paid by the tenant as explained in the original chapter. There has been no change in this respect. This fact should also be taken into consideration in comparing the taxes

of Vienna with those of other cities, particularly in America.

The amount paid by the tenant is now made up of the sum allowed the owner together with the taxes due the city for building new apartments. But the entire amount is less than is paid in almost any other city of Europe, so that rents are still very cheap. Of course, the stranger must calculate in with his rent the purchase price paid for an apartment as already explained. In this way he often finds himself paying a rental which is not far below the cost of similar accommodations in other cities. He is not able to take advantage of the cheap rents afforded by the city apartments built only for Viennese.

The list of taxes given in this chapter is still nearly correct, although I am told that the authorities are on the verge of reducing them. The annual tax on a Ford car is now two hundred dollars instead of two hundred and fifty as stated in the text. Not all taxes are mentioned in this list, but, when all the taxes collected by the city are totaled, the sum comes out at less per capita than in any city of similar size in the United States of America of which I have been able to secure authentic figures. The per capita tax in Vienna for city purposes is approximately twenty-three dollars, so that the reader may make his own comparisons.

The other side of the story is revealed by the incomes in Vienna. As a matter of information in this respect, I append an extract from the minimum wage scale in the city. I regret to say that the minimum wage allowed very often turns out to be about the maximum paid.

WEEKLY SCALE OF MINIMUM WAGE IN FORCE IN 1929, CONVERTED INTO DOLLARS

Carpenters and Masons	\$ 10.14
Helpers	" 8.00
Men's Tailors	" 9.14
Women's Tailors	" 7.30
Shoemakers	" 6.50
Printers	" 9.00
Cabinet Makers	" 6.50
Bakers	" 10.00
Metal Workers	" 6.00
Metal Workers Helpers	" 5.00
Female Helpers in Metal Works	" 3.50

I also add a few examples showing the wages actually paid by the city of Vienna for certain employees.

MONTHLY WAGES, CONVERTED INTO DOLLARS APPROXIMATELY

Pupic School Teachers

At beginning	\$ 35.00
After fifteen years	" 60.00

Messengers

At beginning	" 30.00
After fifteen years	" 40.00

Street Cleaners

At beginning	" 30.00
After fifteen years	" 35.00

**WEEKLY WAGES, CONVERTED INTO DOLLARS
APPROXIMATELY****Skilled Workers in Electricity**

At beginning \$ 10.00

After fifteen years „ 12.50

Street Car Conductors

At beginning „ 6.00

After fifteen years „ 12.00

Unskilled Workers on Tramways

At beginning „ 5.50

After fifteen years „ 12.00

The cost of living in Vienna has risen steadily during recent years. As a sample of this rise the price of street car tickets, given as four cents in the original chapter, must now be changed to five. This represents a rise of twenty-five per cent, and I should say it is a fair sample of the upward trend in cost of living since the first edition of this book was published less than two years ago. This has been in keeping with the general upward tendency in the cost of living in all European cities.

It is certainly fair to state that by no means all the "BENEFITS RETURNED" are mentioned in the text. In fact the list of benefits rendered by the city in return for the taxes collected is so long that I can hardly understand how the municipality manages to make ends meet. Perhaps we should mention here that since the first edition of this book was printed, the city has secured a loan of thirty million dollars from a New York bank, and that the money has been largely spent in making improvements in tramcars and

autobuses. The streets and parks of the city are clean and the transportation of passengers is excellent. But few cities of Europe appear as well as Vienna in these respects.

The construction of apartments by the city is progressing more rapidly than previously. By the time this is in print the city will probably have forty thousand completed. Eight thousand are under construction at the present moment. This movement of the municipality is soon to be proudly flaunted to the world by the erection of a skyscraper apartment house on Währingerstraße. An eighteen-story building would create no sensation in America, but will be most conspicuous in Europe. At present there is no such a structure in the whole valley of the Danube.

The present goal of the city is sixty thousand apartments, capable of housing three hundred thousand people, a whole city of socialistic dwellers. The mammoth one mentioned above will be of steel construction and equipped with elevators and central heat. It will have several apartments larger and more luxurious than any now completed. Thus far, the rent charged for municipal apartments has been based upon upkeep, with no allowance for construction, grounds and replacement. The municipal apartments of Vienna represent the most conspicuous accomplishment of the socialistic government. Nothing like it has been done in any other city of Europe.

CHAPTER XII.

The American Medical Association has developed rapidly during the last two years. It has enlarged and

improved its quarters, and added to its clerical force. English-speaking doctors enroll for study at the rate of approximately seven hundred per annum. It has an official periodical, the „Ars Medici“, which appears monthly and gives a splendid review of the German medical literature, and the Association issues a catalogue biennially; the last one has three hundred and six pages. The American Medical Association is the largest postgraduate medical institution in the entire world. Its address is Number 9, Alserstrasse.

CHAPTER XV.

By way of revising this chapter, the author regrets exceedingly to announce the death of Professor Clemens Pirquet, one of the best known Professors of the Vienna University. He was especially well known to the English-speaking visitors to whom he had endeared himself by many kind services. His death is an irreparable loss to Vienna and the scientific world. Professor Pirquet and his wife were found dead in their apartment on the twenty-eighth of February, 1929. The cause of death was declared to be suicide by poisoning.

This chapter is the only one in the book concerning which any complaints have been made to the author. Many readers have been disappointed at not finding the names of their favorite Professors of the University. The chapter is necessarily incomplete, and the selection of names to be included was most difficult. The aim was to give brief biographies of celebrated men who were known to the general public; men whose names appear often in the English and American press. Many

of the men discussed in this chapter are no better known in professional circles than others who were not mentioned for lack of space. It is interesting to note that certain names have been urged upon the author repeatedly by members of the American Medical Association. Perhaps a score have insisted that the celebrated Nestor of ophthalmology, Professor Fuchs, be included in this edition, and possibly no man in the whole world is so well known in his special field. Then almost as many have suggested that Professor Alfred Luger, a renowned teacher of internal medicine, belongs in any well-selected list of eminent men of the university. The names of Professors Lindner, Julius Bauer, Frankl, Wenckebach, and many others have been repeatedly mentioned. The truth is that any comprehensive discussion of the distinguished men of the University of Vienna would require a whole volume, and a much larger one than this.

I was most forcibly reminded of this just the other day when I chanced to come into contact with the work of Professor Max Neuberger who has devoted a lifetime to a study of the history of medicine. I called upon him at his department at Number 25, Währingerstrasse, and was completely astonished at the wealth of material he has gathered concerning the history of medicine and surgery, especially of the eminent Professors of the University of Vienna. I found several large rooms packed with relics of the great teachers and founders of the various specialties. He has thousands of instruments and manuscripts belonging to the pioneers of the many specialties into which the science of medicine has become distributed. He has written several books; one.

which I hope to read, traces the science of medicine and surgery from the pyramids of Egypt to modern times.

Another man who certainly belongs in this book for many reasons is Doctor J. Tandler, Professor of Anatomy in the University. Such a technical subject as anatomy rarely brings a man conspicuously before the eyes of the general public, but Professor Tandler has become renowned for his accomplishments in public health and philanthropy through the Social Democrat Party of Vienna. There are many who fearlessly criticise the socialistic measures of the municipal government of Vienna, but most of them stop before they reach what is being done for the welfare of the children, which means they do not find much fault with Professor Tandler. In spite of all the vicissitudes through which Vienna has passed in recent years, she has taken care of her youth in a manner which should make some of the wealthy cities of the world ashamed of themselves. The energy and brains behind most of the health measures in Vienna is largely supplied by Professor Tandler who has become well-known in this respect throughout Europe.

GENERAL REMARKS

Perhaps it may be in order to state that nothing has been written into this book at anybody's request, nor on account of any pecuniary considerations. There are no concealed advertisements nor propagandas in any of the chapters. The intention was to supply reliable unbiased information in a popular style, especially to those who are not familiar with the city and its history.

The writer looks at the politics of Vienna with the disinterested attitude of an outsider who has not formed a definite opinion of the merits and demerits of Austrian political parties, but who has a deep sympathy with the people.

Out of consideration for completeness we must mention something which is at the present moment uppermost in the minds of the people of Vienna. Recently much publicity has been given to rumors of an impending revolution in the city. There is at the present time in Austria a military organization, not authorized by law, known as the Heimwehr. There is an air of mystery about its purposes, but it is known to be opposed to the radical socialistic government of Vienna. It is presumed to be backed morally, and possibly financially, by the Fascists, and there have been reports that it is about to advance on Vienna and set aside the present government. Rumor places the membership of the organization at from one to four hundred thousand.

Opposed to the Heimwehr is another military organization known as the Schutzbund, and said to have one hundred thousand members. It is presumably backed by the radical socialists of Austria and some other countries, especially Germany. There have been minor clashes between these two military organizations during the past year, and pessimists say the ground is prepared for a political war centering in and about Vienna. The city has an exceptionally well organized police force, and it is unlikely that there will be any serious trouble. Neither of the military organizations has displayed any ill will toward foreigners; on the contrary good will toward English-speaking people is universal in Vienna

This impending revolution has been loudly advertised at home and abroad. The date for the uprising was first given out for the first of September, then it was postponed to the fifteenth, twenty-ninth, and finally to the seventh of October. Now it is postponed indefinitely. The truth is that the Austrians prefer rioting in hot weather, when they can take off their hats and shirts, and show their shaved heads, hairy chests, tanned backs and tattooed arms. This gives the performance more dramatic value. Also hot weather affords the push-cart vendors an opportunity to sell more beer, Wursteln and ice-cream cones. But tourists with movie cameras need not hesitate to come to Vienna, for, while they may be disappointed in securing a riot film, they are pretty sure to get one of a lively parade.

XIX.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FIFTH EDITION

CHAPTERS III. AND IV.

Nothing about Vienna of Today seems to interest the English-speaking visitors more than the construction of municipal apartments as set forth in Chapters III. and IV., and continued in the supplement to the fourth edition. The Social Democrat Party is still sitting firmly in the saddle in Vienna, and continuing its building program with more energy than ever. At the time this is written the municipality has finished fifty-three thousand apartments, and has six thousand under construction. It is now at work upon a program of sixty thousand dwellings which will be completed in the year of 1933.

Upon its building program the city has spent seven hundred million Austrian schillings, or the equivalent of approximately one hundred million dollars, and nearly all this has been raised by actual taxation. During all these years the rent tax has been continued substantially as outlined in the first edition of this book. But the law has been altered so that the owners are now permitted to collect for themselves about one fifth as much as their properties earned before the war. Hence the dark cloud overhanging the landlords is beginning

to have a silver lining. But nothing has occurred to lighten the hearts of the bond and mortgage holders who long ago abandoned all hope of ever receiving anything for their depreciated paper.

The colossal dimensions of some of these new structures may be emphasized by comparing them with well known buildings along the Ring. Karl Marx-Hof, a municipal apartment building near the suburb of Nussdorf, covers as much ground as the Bourse (Stock Exchange), Rathaus (City Hall), Burgtheater (Imperial Theater), Reichsratsgebäude (Parliament Building), Justizpalast (Palace of Justice), Staatsoper (Imperial Opera House), and the Hofburg (Imperial Palace) combined. Yet Karl Marx-Hof represents only about one twentieth of the apartment construction by the city of Vienna during the last decade. Perhaps the comparison is somewhat misleading, for doubtless the spirit of Franz Joseph would feel insulted to have his pompous array of architecture compared with the simple dwellings of the Social Democrats. But just the same his stupendous structures cost about fifty million dollars of easy money (see page 110), while the apartments cost twice that amount of hard-earned cash.

The rental charged tenants has not been changed from that indicated in the first edition. It is in reality not a rental, but a charge to take care of the upkeep of the buildings and grounds.

Some American tourists visit the Apartments of the City of Vienna, and are so charmed with them that they become inspired with the idea that the same plan might be carried out at home. This is absurd. No American

city would tolerate such a sweeping confiscation of property for the sake of providing funds to build rent-free houses for laborers. Only the obliteration of bonds, mortgages, and credits of all sorts through inflation, made the building program of the Social Democrats excusable or even possible in Vienna.

It is difficult to say just how and when this building program in Vienna will terminate, but it cannot continue indefinitely, for that would mean that presently the whole population would be living in municipal houses. The backbone of the fund for construction comes from the tax upon rents (see page 65), which is not applied to the municipal apartments. Hence, the more people move into city dwellings, the fewer there are to pay the tax; so the fountain will presently dry up entirely. The building program is popular with the masses and is likely to reach a stage where it will be difficult either to stop or continue.

The wage scale in Vienna has not increased, and has become adjusted to cheap rent. This makes a serious complication, but the problem must presently be solved. Any one, who knows Vienna well, marvels at the patience and courage of its people in contending with the difficulties imposed upon them by the great war and the treaty which terminated it. Those of us who are watching the drama they are playing may well applaud the manner in which they are performing their parts.

CHAPTER XII.

The American Medical Association is still continuing as before at the same place. The attendance has fallen

off some because of the world depression. But the membership is still of a very high order and the character of the courses has not been changed.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is pleasant to note that the Palace of Justice which was wrecked in the riot of July 15, 1927, has been completely restored. No trace of the damage done on that unfortunate day now remains to disfigure the countenance of the city. In spite of all the political upheavals and financial distress throughout Europe since the last edition of this book was published, there has never been a single day when the safety of foreign visitors to Vienna has been disturbed by disorder of any kind. Vienna is one of the safest and most orderly cities in all Europe, and offers the best protection conceivable to nonresidents. In spite of their misfortunes, its people are chivalrous, polite, and pleasant to tourists. They want and need the money of tourists, but, as a general rule, wish to give something worth while in return.

CHAPTER XV.

To me it is sad to recall the names of so many distinguished men of Vienna — most of them were my personal friends — who have fallen before the grim reaper since the first edition of this book appeared. For the most part they were comparatively young, and should have lived many more years. I believe the misfortunes of the city weighed heavily upon their hearts and shortened their lives.

On August 3, 1932, Dr. Ignaz Seipel died at the age of fifty-six. He was perhaps the most outstanding figure of the reconstruction period of the Austrian Republic, and three times its chancellor. It was he, more than any other single individual, who secured the loan from the League of Nations that enabled Austria to stabilize her currency in 1922. Dr. Seipel was a prolific writer on political subjects, in which field he published a number of volumes. He was an exceptionally strong character, and his political career was a most turbulent one. He was regarded as the protector of the *Heimwehr*, a semi-military organization which wielded great power from 1927 to 1931. In addition to all this, Dr. Seipel was a Catholic priest and a professor of political economy in the University of Vienna. His final place in Austrian history is destined to be a most prominent one.

On August 21, 1932, Dr. Johann Schober died at the age of fifty-eight, and his death marked the passing of one of the most sturdy and picturesque figures of the same period to which Dr. Seipel belonged. Schober was the greatest leader of the *Grossdeutschen Party*, the one which favored a union of Austria with Germany. This being forbidden by the *Entente*, he became identified with the Christian Socialists. He was twice chancellor of the Republic, and for many years director of the police force of Vienna. It fell to his lot to quell the riot of July 15, 1927 (see Chapter XIV.), and I know personally that the sacrifice of lives necessary to restore order on that occasion greatly saddened his remaining years. He was one of the founders of the *America-Austria Society*, and the special friend of Americans. One of his dearest trophies was a large American flag

presented to him while on a visit to the United States. It was spread on the walls of his den, and proudly exhibited to the many Americans who enjoyed his hospitality. Under his direction the police force of the city became one of the most efficient organizations in all Europe. The position he held caused him to be severely criticized by the press of the Social Democrat Party, but when the unbiased history of Austria is written, the place assigned to Dr. Schober will surely be an honorable one.

We feel certain that thousands of American physicians who have studied in Vienna were saddened by the news of the death of Professor Alexander on April 12, 1932. Professor Alexander was known and loved by all members of the American Medical Association in Vienna. He was regarded as one of the greatest aural surgeons in the world, and several times visited America to lecture before specialists of the larger cities. His end was extremely sad. He was shot through the heart by an insane man upon whom he had operated more than twenty years before. The assassin had an imaginary grudge over the operation which was a plastic one for a deformity of the nose. Professor Alexander had not seen him for years, but it seems that all the while this insane patient harbored a fixed intention to kill the man who had sought to benefit him. On the twelfth of April he lay in wait and shot Professor Alexander dead on the street.

GENERAL REMARKS.

In writing VIENNA YESTERDAY AND TODAY, I had two purposes in mind: one was to make the stay

of English-speaking visitors to the city more enjoyable and instructive, the other was to reveal the charms of the city and its people to those contemplating a trip to Europe. I did not intend to write either a guidebook or a history, but, if possible, a happy combination of the two. In this task I was very much in earnest, for I thought no one should miss seeing and understanding Vienna when making a tour of Europe.

Since that time I have visited almost every large capital in the world, but I still like Vienna the best of them all. If I could bring one hundred thousand tourists to Vienna each year, I would be happy, and quite confident that all of them would be well repaid. Perhaps I am not boasting when I say that but few foreigners know Vienna as intimately as I do, and I do not hesitate to declare that the Viennese like to have Americans in their midst, a statement which cannot be made of all the cities of Europe. It is hardly fair to hold the people of Vienna responsible for the predicament in which they were placed by the Treaty of Versailles. They were the victims of an unfortunate chain of events largely beyond their control. But they are certainly to be commended for the courageous manner in which they are striving to adjust themselves to adverse conditions.

I am not a socialist, but I feel that the Social Democrats, who have ruled the city during this period of tribulation, are to be commended for the manner in which they have taken care of the poor and needy, and for having kept the city so very attractive that it is a pleasure to behold and a delight to visit.

Vienna's charms are too numerous to be even sum-

marized here. Who can avoid being interested by the old relics of the House of Hapsburg, the greatest dynasty of modern times? Art, music, beautiful parks, picturesque environs, stately architecture, and romance, await the visitor in Vienna, and the people wish foreigners to come and enjoy them. It is a mistake to omit Vienna from the itinerary of a European trip.

Dr. J. Alexander Mahan,
Vienna, January, 1933.

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